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ABSTRACT

These curriculum pieces, developed by teachers involved in the New York and the World Program, vary from single lessons to full units and indicate new approaches that all teachers can use in determining what to teach and how to teach it. The first section provides an overview of an interdisciplinary model along with steps in the process. The next section illustrates a two week interdisciplinary unit on perception that includes lessons in social studies, English, and art. The third section, "A Latin American Unit: Forest Hills High School" (Mark Kaufman, RoseAnne Coons), focuses on Colombia. The fourth section, "Japanese Aesthetics: High School of Telecommunications" (Philip Weinberg, Kathleen Nilsen), consists of activities to lead students through a visual experience of Japan and the United States. The fifth section, "Africa/Latin America - English Lessons: Port Richmond High School" (Janet Schoor), offers lessons to be used in conjunction with appropriate social studies lessons or as ideas for co-planning between the English and social studies teachers. The sixth section, "'Enrichment' Ideas: Townsend Harris High School" (Lynne Greenfield, Debbie Michlewitz, Judy Biener), provides lessons to enrich humanities offerings. The sixth section, "Interdisciplinary Art: Richmond Hill High School" (Leslie Marti-Munoz), delineates four projects adaptable to different organizing centers and different regional areas of study. A final section describes other projects conceived and developed by teachers in the program. (CK)

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ED 378 085

A MISCELLANY OF ETCETERAS

An "in-process" collection of interdisciplinary units and enrichment lessons.

NEW YORK AND THE WORLD PROJECT
1991-2

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A Miscellany of Etceteras

For the last four years, the **New York and the World** program of The American Forum for Global Education has been offering a seventy-two hour staff development program to New York City public high schools. In keeping with the mandated ninth and tenth grade Global Studies mandate of New York State, we have worked with teachers to increase their knowledge and understanding of the term "Global Village." Each year the project has shifted its focus - Asia, Africa, Latin America. For the 1991-2 school year, we have worked across cultures, using the theme of "Encounters." We have introduced teachers to a diversity of resources. We have provided "experts" who can help teachers bring new information into their classrooms. On a larger scale, we have encouraged schools to adopt an interdisciplinary approach to the teaching of global studies.

All of these endeavors have borne fruit. Teachers have been energized. Schools have created Humanities programs. Teachers have scrutinized their syllabi and curriculum to discover new ways to connect previously unconnected disciplines. Teachers have begun to work as teams, introducing new materials into their classrooms as well as new methodologies for the delivery of instruction.

We realize that this project has just planted some seeds and time is necessary for these to grow into blossoms. In the interim, a body of exciting new material has been developed by the teachers for their classrooms. This material is either part of the daily menu or enrichment for special humanities classes. It has been designed to meet the needs of a specific school and specific cultures. The material is the result of many extra hours of teacher work - hours spent exploring new resources, examining different perspectives, opening new avenues for the teaching of global studies. The curriculum pieces show strong teacher initiative and redoubled teacher commitment to providing the best education possible for their students.

This publication is not a "finished" curriculum guide. Instead, it it will be published as the work of teachers titled Miscellany of Etceteras. Some of the contributions are full-units of one week to three week duration developed by teams of teachers; other offerings are just single lessons; some pieces show close collaboration between English, social studies and art; some are just for use in a single discipline classroom; some entries are for enrichment while others are for special education. We present the entire piece as a "work in process" - an example of the new approaches all teachers can use in determining **what** they want to teach and **how** they want to teach it.

This project has given us an excellent opportunity to "network" with teachers in many schools and to share materials. It is designed to spark additional examples of teacher creativity which, hopefully, can be published as Volume II. The work shows originality, imagination, and a concern for learning. I want to thank all the teachers who contributed and look forward to more exciting work.

Hazel Sara Greenberg

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NEW YORK AND THE WORLD

Interdisciplinary Humanities Units

The purpose of the New York and the World Project is to develop a cadre of humanities teachers (primarily English, social studies, art and music) while developing in-depth regional studies programs as part of teachers in-service education. The larger goal is to sponsor global education through wider teacher participation resulting in greater student understanding of the world. These goals are in concert with the New York State Regents Action Plan which mandates two years of intensive Global Studies for secondary school students.

From its inception, many teachers stated that the project was too "social studies driven." The breadth and depth of the Global Studies Curriculum appeared to override all choices in other disciplines. English teachers felt provoked that they would have to lock step with a curriculum both unfamiliar to them and not necessarily in keeping with their own educational goals. Art teachers saw themselves as adjuncts who would develop insignificant projects to supplement social studies education. It was necessary to adopt a "model" where teachers from different disciplines could maintain their own discipline integrity and yet find a common ground to help students make connections.

New York and the World selected the interdisciplinary model promulgated by Dr. Heidi Hayes-Jacobs, Professor of Curriculum and Instruction of Teachers College, Columbia University. Prof. Hayes Jacobs, the author of the 1989 ASCD handbook on curriculum, is one of the leading experts in the United States of interdisciplinary teaching.

The basis of the model is the non-specific center of each unit. In other words, the team of teachers will select a generic or neutral organizing center (either word or phrase) as the starting point for their discussions. This allows the discipline based teacher to feel non-threatened from the onset of the discussion while still providing a focus for their dialogue. The steps involved in the process are as follows:

- The team of teachers meet to select an **organizing center**, some term or phrase which they feel can be adapted to their subject area as well as interesting for their students. Examples of organizing centers might be: Family, Youth, Growing Up, Exploring, Asia and the World, Character, etc.

Once an organizing center has been determined, the teachers brainstorm in their disciplines. They may jot down ideas, write questions, ask questions or make any comments which they feel fall within the purview of the organizing center.

- The teachers will them share their brainstorming activity with others in the team. Generally, an advisable format is to allow each teacher to read the comments aloud and they should be placed on a flip chart of board for all to see. This will continue around the circle until all the teachers have recorded their thoughts.

Once all the comments are posted, the team will try to find questions across discipline areas which are similar or have the same train of thought. These are circled and a guiding question is developed which is acceptable for all teachers. If the unit is one week, usually, one guiding question is enough. If the unit will be longer, several guiding questions are created. These are then honed and clarified until all teachers agree.

- Teachers now return to their disciplines to conceptualize the unit. This type of planning is often difficult for teachers. Customarily, teacher planning is inductive. The teacher plans the lesson on a daily basis and adjusts outcomes and assessments as the lessons progress. This interdisciplinary model sponsors the deductive path. After the guiding questions are completed, teachers are asked to examine the learning outcomes, specifically, what concepts, skills, content and assessment procedures they will use in the unit. This pro-active planning helps the teachers get a better overview of what they want to teach, what materials they will need, what questions they will ask and how they can improve their students thinking skills. In other words, in this early stage of planning, the teacher will develop all or as many of the questions necessary to answer the guiding questions. The teacher's questions will follow Bloom's taxonomy and encourage students to move from recall to evaluation. Each teacher will do this activity within the subject discipline before they reconvene.

- The teaching is a team process. It can be team teaching (if that can be arranged) but it is primarily team planning. Connections are planned, not happenstance. The teachers reconvene to share their outcomes and create common goals for the students. Now they begin to narrow down to the instructional process itself. how will the students be grouped? Who is responsible for teaching either a skill or a content piece? What materials/resources are available? What can they create? What activities would be appropriate to achieve the instructional objective? All of this is broad team planning.

- The final stage is the creation of the daily lesson, selecting relevant questions, exciting strategies and interesting materials for the classroom. Daily evaluation, as well as weekly and unit evaluation can be discussed.

The process that is described above is alien to most teachers. They generally do not meet in teams to co-plan. They usually do not create units, rather than lessons. They seldom share their decision making process with other professionals. It is time consuming, it is frustrating, it is baffling, it is encroaching, it is process. The teachers who decide to become an interdisciplinary team give up something and, hopefully, gain a good deal more in the process. They are willing to spend many extra hours planning to help their students see that learning is an exciting process. More importantly, they teach their students that all learning connects to other learning, that life is many bits to make a whole and that we model in the classroom what life is like in the world. We live in an interdisciplinary world, not a discipline based world. The teacher committed to this type of teaching prepares the student for the greater challenge of lifelong learning.

A QUICK REVIEW OF THE PROCESS

- The team will generate a neutral **organizing center.**
- Teachers brainstorm in disciplines - questions, statements, ideas.
- Teachers return to large group and share their questions, etc.
- Teachers create **guiding questions** through consensus.

  The number of guiding questions is determined by the amount of time devoted to the organizing center.

- Teachers return to disciplines to determine learning outcomes - concepts, skills, content and method(s) of assessment for the guiding questions.

  Teachers develop a discipline-based thinking skills taxonomy - specifically, questions ranging from recall to evaluation.

- Teachers reconvene as a group to share and discuss.
- Team determined the **instructional process** - activities, groups, responsibilities and materials.
- Discipline-based teacher develops the classroom activity (lesson plan), selecting appropriate questions from the previously developed "bank" of questions, outlining procedures (strategies), Materials/Resources and Evaluation.
- Teachers **must meet daily** to assess their progress, make connections, replot the course (when necessary) and make joint decisions. "Teacher talk" generates "student talk."

Unit I: Introduction (2 weeks)

Organizing Center: **PERCEPTION**

Activity 1: **Brainstorming Around the Wheel - Social Studies**

- How do I perceive the world?
- How does the world perceive me?
- What perceptions/misperceptions exist between people?
- What perceptions/misperceptions exist among cultures?
- Why is perception important?
- Should we care about how we are perceived?
- How do we change/alter perceptions?
- Is perception important?
- How are you influenced by people's perception of you?
- How can perception become a self-fulfilling prophesy?
- How does the East perceive the West?
- How does the West perceive the East?
- How do races/cultures/ethnic/religious groups perceive each other?
- How is the individual perceived?
- How much of our environment is real and how much is perceived?
- Why is technology perceived as progress?
- What connections exist between reality and perception?

The group reassembled and all statements were shared. As a result, two decisions were made:

- Two guiding questions would be developed.
- The unit would be extended to two weeks, with one week for each guiding question.

Activity 2: **Guiding Questions**

Week 1: **What affects the way we see?**
Week 2: **Why is understanding how we perceive important?**

Activity 3: **Learning Outcomes**

Concepts: Diversity, Choice, Change, Empathy, Culture
Skills: Reading, writing, map understanding, charts, visuals
Assessment: Survey (before and after), interviews (oral/written) vocabulary acquisition, writing exercises.

Taxonomy Questions

Knowledge-based questions:

Define "seeing", "perception."
List examples of how we "see" other people.
Identify some of the characteristics you "see" in yourself that you like/dislike.
Identify how perception influences our daily lives.
Describe what you perceive in your environment.
Recall your first perception(s).

Comprehension-based questions:

Explain how "seeing" is part of our daily lives.
Discuss how you are perceived by your family. Friends, Colleagues. Peers.
Give an examples of a perception in our culture.
Give an example of a perception in another culture.
Outline how perceptions influence our view of other cultures.
Explain how "perception" differs from "seeing".

Application-based questions:

How do we apply our perceptions in our daily lives?
How does perception impact on race and ethnic relations?
What examples can we find of how man has applied his perceptions to his culture?
Demonstrate how someone's perception of your actions causes a reaction.

Analysis-based questions:

Compare/contrast how two societies "see" each other.
Chart the influences in your life which have helped to determine your perceptions.
Have we been "carefully taught"?
What assumptions are "built into" our perceptions?
Differentiate between or among several perceptions of an event.
Investigate the motives for people's perception of a culture, event, etc.
Why do we say that "we only see what is behind our eyes?"

Synthesis-based questions:

If you were in someone else's shoes, predict how your might see a situation.
If you were king/queen, how might you change the way people "see" things?
Write a play, scenario. docudrama showing how you might alter perceptions.
Propose an alternative manner of perceiving another culture.
Combine several cultural elements to create a new culture.

Evaluation-based questions:

Assess the degree to which perceptions color our daily actions.
Weigh the importance of stereotypes in coloring our perceptions.
Determine criteria for examining other cultures.

Skills (Affective and Cognitive)

- Reading comprehension
- Interpretative skills
- Writing skills
- Prior knowledge (Drawing upon student knowledge)
- Making predictions
- Role Playing
- Interviewing
- Information searches
- Comparing/contrasting
- Identifying goals
- Generating criteria
- Evaluating data

Activities (Affective and Cognitive)

- Whole group instruction
- Small group discussion
- Reading/writing activities
- Role playing/ scenarios
- Drawing
- Whole group discussion

Learning Outcomes (Affective and Cognitive)

- Perceptions are cultural
- Perception are ingrained in a culture
- Perceptions are "passed on" covertly as well as overtly.
- The way we see influences the way we act.
- Cultural stereotypes are present in all of us.
- Different societies and different cultures often judge each other superficially.
- Differences and diversity should not be subject to value judgements.
- Misperceptions cause racial, religious and ethnic conflicts.

Evaluation (Affective and Cognitive)

- Quizzes, tests
- Oral discussions
- Group work
- Written assignments

Social Studies lesson prepared by Hazel Sara Greenberg

Guiding Question I: <u>What Affects the Way We See?</u>

Aim: <u>What Affects The Way We See?</u>

<u>Major Idea:</u> The primary source of our learning is our senses. We "see" hundreds of objects/events/people/artifacts/etc. each day. Some of it is absorbed; some of it discarded. The distinction between "seeing" and "perceiving" is how our senses translate our observations into behaviors and reactions. This is caused by the multiple factors which determine who we are in the culture we live in.

Concepts: Identity, Choice

Performance Objectives: SWBAT

1. Define "seeing" and "perceiving".
2. Analyze and explain how our mind processes what we see/perceive.
3. Determine the importance of examining the elements that affect the way we see.

Strategy:

- Teacher will draw two circles on the chalkboard - one very large, and one very small.
  - Students will draw a large circle (the Universe) on a piece of paper.
  - Students will then create a series of small circles to show where they perceive their place in the universe with regard to:
    a. Family b. Peers c. School d. Government e. Self

    Students will mark each small circle (A to E).
    Students will be asked to share their diagram with a neighbor.
    Some students will be asked to share their diagram with the class.

  - What factors did you consider when you made that decision?
  - Did you find this an easy or difficult task? Why? Explain your answer.
  - What "perceptions" (known and unknown) acted to help you to make the decision?
  - What factors might change the placement of the dot?

- The activity we just did is very interesting for a number of reasons. In each case, where you placed your small dot was determined by your perception of the situation. What does that mean?

  - Everything we learn, we learn through our senses - **hearing, smelling, tasting, seeing, feeling** - the five senses.
  - Which of these senses did you think about when you placed the dot regarding:
    You and your family?
    You and your peers?
    You and the government?
    You and school?
    You alone?

- Sometimes someone's perception is by seeing.
  Have you had that experience? Share with others.
- Sometimes we perceive someone doesn't like us although they may speak nicely to us.
  Have you had that experience?
  Why did you form that perception?

Allow some time to discuss as whole class or in groups about their perceptions.

We have been talking about perception.
- How many of you know your perceptions are always correct?
- How many of you have made an error in your initial perception?
- How many of you think your "misperception" was:
  Language?
  Cultural?
  Body language?

- If you perceive yourself as a success, will you be a success?
- If you perceive yourself as a loser, will you be a loser?

- Based upon our discussion, how does each of the following affect the way we perceive:

- Physical differences
- Cultural differences
- Differences in past experiences
- Differences in present circumstances

Summary :

- Distribute the drawing

  - What do you see?
  - Why do you see the different things (old woman, young woman)?
  - Why is it difficult to be "open" in your perception once you have become "locked in to seeing them in a certain way?

- Working in pairs, students will write a definition of perception.

Students will share their answers.

Attachment 1A

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Guiding Question I: ***What Affects the Way We See?***

Aim: ***How Do We Account for Different Responses Within a Culture Group?***

Major Ideas: The way we see is influences by our culture. Cultures create different responses in people. Many of these responses are based on age, gender and perspective. Although we frequently suggest that it is important to "see through the other person's eyes", that is a difficult task because of the covert lessons we have garnered from our culture.

Concepts: Identity, Culture, Empathy

Performance Objectives: SWBAT
1. Identify how age, gender and perspective influence our responses.
2. Discuss how these responses are frequently conditioned by our culture.
3. Assess how culture creates different responses to a situation.

Strategy:

- This will be a group work lesson. Teacher will divide the class into 5 groups. The readings will be given in length so the teacher may decide to combine Reading 1 and 2 and give it to one group. Each group should have no more than 4 students. Two or more groups may have the same reading.

  You will be reading a Japanese story called In a Grove written by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. As you read your section, be prepared to discuss the following questions:-

  a. Who is the narrator?
  b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
  c. What is the story the narrator tells?
  d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

  Group 1. The Testimony of the Woodcutter
  The Testimony of the Travelling Buddhist Priest
  Group 2. The Testimony of a Policeman
  Group 3. The Testimony of an Old Woman
  Group 4. Tajomaru's Confession
  Group 5. The Confession of a Woman
  Group 6. The Story of the Murdered Man

  Allow each group time to complete reading and assigned task.

  Have groups report. Teacher will make a chart on the chalkboard identifying all the characters:

In The Grove

Woodcutter Priest Policeman Old Woman Tajomaru Woman Murdered Man

At the completion of the reporting, ask the students:

- Are all the stories alike? Why?
- What differences do you note in the stories of each narrator?
- Why do you think the stories are different?
- What part does age, gender, relationship, culture and perspective play in determining the story?
- How does "who you are" determine the story you will tell? What other motives influence your story?
- Who do you think is "telling the truth"? What makes you think that?
- If you were watching a murder mystery on T.V. today, would you have the same situation as we found in this story? Why? Why not? Explain your answer.

- How does this story relate to our discussion of perception? Explain your answer.

Summary:

Everyday we read in the press or see on T.V. a story of a crime or event which captures people's attention.

Reform groups.

In your groups, select some event (local or national) which has created some controversy. You may even use a story you have seen on T.V. Each member of the group will become a narrator of the event, just as in the story *In The Grove*. Write your role and then share it with members of the group, explaining why you selected your particular "slant" on the story.

Teacher will allow students time to work in groups and ask some groups to enact their scenarios for the class.

How Do We Account for Different Responses within a Cultural Group?

Group 1: ***The Testimony of the Woodcutter***
The Testimony of the Travelling Buddhist Priest

The Testimony of a Woodcutter Questioned
By a High Police Commissioner

Yes, Sir. Certainly, it was I who found the body. This morning as usual, I went to cut my daily quota of cedars, when I found the body in a grove in a hollow in the mountains. The exact location? About 150 meters off the Yamashina stage road. It's an out-of-the way grove of bamboo and cedars. The body was lying flat on it's back dressed in a bluish silk kimono and a wrinkled head-dress of the Kyoto style. A single sword-stroke had pierced the breast. The fallen bamboo-blades around it were stained with bloody blossoms. No, the blood was no longer running. The wound had dried up, I believe. And also, a gad-fly was stuck fast there, hardly noticing my footsteps. You ask me if I saw a sword or any such thing?

No, nothing sir. I found only a rope at the root of a cedar near by. And...well, in addition to a rope, I found a comb. That was all. Apparently he must have made a battle of it before he was murdered, because the grass and fallen bamboo-blades had been trampled down all around.

"A horse was near by?"

No sir, It's hard enough for man to enter, let alone a horse.

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

The Testimony of a Travelling Buddhist Priest
Questioned By a High Police Commissioner

The time? Certainly, it was about noon yesterday, sir. The unfortunate man was on the road from Sekiyama to Yamashina. He was walking toward Sekiyama with a woman accompanying him on horseback, who I have since learned was his wife. A scarf hanging from her head hid her face from view. All I saw was the color of her clothes, a lilac-colored. Her horse was a sorrel with a fine mane. The lady's height? Oh, about four feet. Since I am a Buddhist priest, I took a little notice about her details. Well, the man was armed with a sword as well as a bow and arrows. And I remember that he carried some twenty odd arrows in his quiver.

Little did I expect that he would meet such a fate . Truly human life is as evanescent as the morning dew or a flash of lightning. My words are inadequate to express my sympathy for him.

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

How do we account for Different Responses Within a Cultural Group?

Group 2: ***The Testimony of a Policeman***

The Testimony of a Policeman Questioned
By A High Police Commissioner

The man I arrested? He is a notorious brigand called Tajomaru. When I arrested him, he had fallen off his horse. He was groaning on the bridge at Awataguchi. The time? It was in the early hours of last night. For the record, I might say that the other day I tried to arrest him, but unfortunately he escaped. He was wearing a dark blue silk kimono and a large plain sword. And, as you see, he got a bow and these arrows somewhere. You say that this bow and these arrows look like the ones owned by the dead man? Then Tajomaru must be the murderer. The bow wound with leather strips, the black lacquered quiver, the seventeen arrows with hawk feathers - these were all in his possession I believe. Yes, sir, the horse as you say, a sorrel with a fine mane. A little beyond the stone bridge I found the horse grazing by the roadside, with his long rein dangling. Surely, there is some providence in his having been thrown by the horse.

Of all the robbers prowling around Kyoto, this Tajomaru has given the most grief to the women in town. Last autumn a wife came to the mountain back of the Pindora of the Toribe Temple, presumably to pay a visit, was murdered, along with a girl. It has been suspected that it was his doing. If this criminal murdered the man, you cannot tell what he may have done with the man's wife. May it please your honor to look into this problem as well.

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

How do We Account for Different Responses Within a Cultural Group?

Group 3: *The Testimony of an Old Woman*

The Testimony of an Old Woman Questioned
By a High Police Commissioner

Yes, sir that corpse is the man who married my daughter. He does not come from Kyoto. He was a samurai in the town of Kokufu in the province of Wakasa. His name was Kanazawa no Takehiko, and his age was twenty-six. He was of gentle disposition, so I am sure he did nothing to provoke the anger of others.

My daughter? Her name is Masago, and her age is nineteen. She is a spirited, fun-loving girl, but I am sure she has never known any man except Takehiko. She has a small, oval, dark-complected face with a mole at the corner of her left eye.

Yesterday Takehiko left for Wakasa with my daughter. What bad luck it is that things should have come to such a sad end! What has become of my daughter? I am resigned to giving up my son-in-law as lost, but the fate of my daughter worries me sick. For heaven's sake leave no stone unturned to find her. I hate that robber Tajomaru, or whatever his name is. Not only my son-in-law, but my daughter...(her words are drowned in tears.)

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

How Do We Account for Different Responses Within a Cultural Group?

Group 4: ***Tajomaru's Confession***

Tajomaru's Confession

I killed him, but not her. Where's she gone? I can't tell. Oh, wait a minute. No torture can make me confess what I don't know. Now things have come to such a head, I won't keep anything from you.

Yesterday a little past noon I met that couple. Just then a puff of wind blew, and raised her hanging scarf, so that I caught a glimpse of her face. Instantly it was again covered from my view. That may have been one reason; she looked like a Bodhisttava. At that moment I made up my mind to capture her even if I had to kill her man.

Why? To me killing isn't a matter of such great consequence as you might think. When a woman is captured her man has to be killed anyway. In killing, I use the sword I wear at my side. Am I the only one who kills people? You people with your power, with your money. Sometimes you kill them on the pretext of working for their good. It's true they don't bleed. They are in the best of health, but all the same you've killed them. It's hard to say who is greater sinner, you or me. (An ironical smile.)

But it would be good if I could capture a woman without killing her man. So I made up my mind to capture her, and do my best to kill him. But it's out of the question on the Yamashima stage road. So I managed to lure the couple into the mountains.

It was quite easy. I became their travelling companion, and I told them there was an old mound in the mountain over there, and that I had dug it open and found many mirrors and swords. I went on to tell them I'd buried the things in a grove behind them mountain, and that I'd like to sell them at a low price to anyone who would care to have them. Then...you see, isn't greed terrible. He was beginning to be moved by my talk before he knew it. In less than half an hour they were driving their horse toward the mountain with me.

When he came in front of the grove, I told them that the treasures were buried in it, and I asked them to come and see. The man had no objection - he was blinded by greed. The woman said she would wait on horseback. It was natural for her to say so, at the sight of a thick grove. To tell you the truth, my plan worked just as I wished, so I went into the grove with him, leaving her behind alone.

The grove is only bamboo for some distance. About fifty yards ahead there's a rather open clump of cedars. It was a convenient spot for my purpose. Pushing my way through the grove, I told him a plausible lie that the treasures were buried under the cedars. When I told him this, he pushed his laborious way toward the slender cedar visible through the grove. After a while the bamboo thinned out, and we came to where a number of cedars grew in a row. As soon as we got there, I seized him from behind. Because he was a trained sword-bearing warrior, he was quite strong, but he was taken by surprise, so there was no help for him. I soon tied him up to the root of a cedar. Where did I get a rope? Thank heaven, being a robber, I had a rope with me, since I might have to scale a wall at any moment. Of course it was easy to stop him from calling out by gagging his mouth with fallen bamboo leaves.

When I disposed of him, I went to his woman and asked her to come and see him, because he seemed to have been suddenly taken sick. It's needless to say that this plan also worked well. The woman, her sedge hat off, came into the depths of the grove, where I led her by the hand.

The instant she caught sight of her husband, she drew a small sword. I've never seen a woman of such violent temper. If I'd been off my guard, I'd have got a thrust in my side . I dodged, but she kept on slashing at me. She might have wounded me deeply or killed me. But I'm Tajomaru. I managed to strike down her small sword without drawing my own. The most spirited woman is defenseless without a weapon. At last I could satisfy my desire for her without taking her husband's life.

Yes...without taking his life. I had no wish to kill him. I was about to run away from the grove, leaving the woman behind in tears, when she frantically clung to my arm. In broken fragments of words, she asked that either her husband or I die. She said it was more trying than death to have her shame known to two men. She gasped out that she wanted to be the wife of whichever survived. Then a furious desire to kill him seized me. (Gloomy excitement.)

Telling you in this way, no doubt I seem a crueler man than you. But that's because you didn't see her face. Especially her burning eyes at that moment. As I saw her eye to eye, I wanted to make her my wife...the single desire filled my mind. This was not only lust, as you might think. At that time if I'd had no other desire than lust, I'd surely not have minded knocking her down and running away. Then I wouldn't have stained my sword with his blood. But the moment I gazed at her face in the dark grove, I decided to leave there without killing him.

But I didn't like to resort to unfair means to kill him. I untied him and told him to cross swords with me. (The rope that was found at the root of the cedar is the rope I dropped at the time.) Furious with anger, he drew his thick sword. And quick as thought, he sprang at me ferociously, without speaking a word. I needn't tell you how our fight turned out. The twenty-third stroke...please remember this. I'm impressed with this fact still. Nobody under the sun has ever clashed swords with me twenty strokes (A cheerful smile.)

When he fell, I turned toward her, lowering my blood-stained sword. But to my great astonishment she was gone. I wondered to where she had run away. I looked for her in the clump of cedars. I listened, but heard only a groaning sound from the throat of the dying man.

As soon as we started to cross swords, she may have run away through the grove to call for help. When I thought of that, I decided it was a matter of life and death to me. So, robbing him of his sword, and bow and arrows, I ran out to the mountain road. There I found her still gazing quietly. It would be a mere waste words to tell you the later details, but before I entered town I had already parted with the sword. That's all my confession. I know that my head will be hung in chains anyway, so put me down for the maximum penalty. (A defiant attitude.)

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

Group 5: ***The Confession of a Woman***

The Confession of a Woman Who Has Come to the *Shimizu* Temple

That man in the blue silk kimono, after forcing me to yield to him, laughed mockingly at my bound husband, How horrified my husband must have been! But no matter how hard he struggled in agony, the rope cut into him all the more tightly. In spite of myself I ran stumblingly toward his side. Or rather I tired to run toward him, but the man instantly knocked me down. Just at that moment I saw an indescribable light in my husband's eyes. Something beyond expression...his eyes make me shudder even now. That instantaneous look of my husband, who couldn't speak a word, told me all his heart. The flash in his eyes was neither anger or sorrow... only a cold light, a look of loathing. More struck by the look in his eyes than by the blow of the thief, I called out in spite of myself and fell unconscious.

In the course of time I came to, and found that the man in blue silk was gone. I saw only my husband still bound to the root of the cedar. I raised myself from the bamboo-blades with difficulty, and looked into his face; but the expression in his eyes was just the same as before.

Beneath the cold contempt in his eyes, there was hatred. Shame, grief and anger...I don't know how to express my heart at the time. Reeling to my feet, I went up to my husband.

"Takejiro," I said to him, "since things have come to pass, I cannot live with you. I'm determined to die,...but you must die, too. You saw my shame. I can't leave you alive as you are."

This was all I could say. Still he went on gazing at me with loathing and contempt. My heart breaking, I looked for his sword. It must have been taken by the robber. Neither his sword or his bow and arrows were to be seen in the grove. But fortunately my small sword was lying at my feet. Raising it overhead, once more I said, "Now give me your life. I'll follow you right away."

When he heard these words, he moved his lips with difficulty. Since his mouth was stuffed with leaves, of course his voice could not be heard at all. But at a glance I understood his words. Despising me, his look said only, "Kill me." Neither conscious or unconscious, I stabbed the small sword through the lilac-colored kimono into the breast of my husband.

Again at this time I must have fainted . By the time I

managed to look up, he had already breathed his last - still in bonds. A streak of sunlight streamed through the clump of cedars and bamboos, and shone on his pale face. Gulping down my sobs, I untied the rope from his dead body. And...and what has become of me since I have no more strength to tell you.

Anyway I hadn't the strength to die. I stabbed my own throat with the small sword. I threw myself into a pond at the foot of the mountain, and I tired to kill myself in many ways. Unable to end my life, I am still living in dishonor. (A lonely smile.) Worthless as I am, I must have been forsaken even by the most merciful Kwannon. I killed my own husband. I was violated by the robber. Whatever can I do? Whatever can I...I...I (Gradually, violent sobbing.)

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

How Do We Account for Different Responses Within a Cultural Group?

Group 6: *The Story of the Murdered Man*

The Story Of The Murdered Man, As Told Through A Medium

After violating my wife, the robber, sitting there, began to speak comforting words to her. Of course, I couldn't speak. My whole body was tied fast to the root of a cedar. But meanwhile, I winked at her many times, as much as to say "Don't believe the robber". I wanted to convey some such meaning to her. But my wife, sitting dejectedly on the bamboo leaves, was looking hard at her lap. To all appearances, she was listening to his words. I was agonized by jealousy. In the meantime, the robber went on with his clever talk, from one subject to another. The robber finally made his bold, brazen proposal. "Once your virtue is stained, you won't get along well with your husband, so won't you be my wife instead? It's my love for you that made me be violent toward you."

While the criminal talked, my wife raised her face as if in a trance. She had never looked so beautiful as at that moment. What did my beautiful wife say in answer to him while I was sitting bound there? I am lost in space, but I have never thought of her answer without burning with anger and jealousy. Truly she said,... "Then take me away with you wherever you go." This is not the whole of her sin. If that were all, I would not be tormented so much in the dark. When she was going out of the grove as if in a dream, her hand in the robber's, she suddenly turned pale,and pointed at me tied to the root of the cedar, and said, "Kill him!I cannot marry you as long as he lives." "Kill him!" she cried many times, as if she had gone crazy. Even now these words threaten to blow me headlong into the bottomless abyss of darkness. Has such a hateful thing come out a human mouth before? Have such words ever struck a human ear, even once? Even once such a...(A sudden cry of scorn.) At these words the robber himself turned pale. "Kill him," she cried, clinging to his arms. Looking harder at her, he answered neither yes nor no... but hardly had I thought about his answer before she had been knocked down into the bamboo leaves. (Again a cry of scorn.) Quietly folding his arms, he looked at me and said, "What will you do with her? Kill her or save her? You have only to nod. Kill Her?" For these words alone I would like to pardon his crime. While I hesitated, she shrieked and ran into the depths of the grove. The robber instantly snatched at her, but he failed to even grasp her sleeve.

After she ran away, he took up my sword, and my bows and arrows. With a single stroke, he cut one of my bonds. I remember his mumbling, "My fate is next." Then he disappeared from the grove. All was silent after that. No, I heard someone crying. Untying the rest of my bonds,I listened carefully, and I noticed that it was my own crying. (Long silence.) I raised my exhausted body from the root of the cedar. In front of me there was shining the small sword which my wife had dropped. I took it up and stabbed it into my breast. A bloody lump rose to my mouth, but I didn't feel any pain. When my breast grew cold, everything was as silent as the dead in their graves. What profound silence! Not a single bird-note was heard in the sky over this grave in the hollow of the mountains. Only a lonely light lingered on the cedars and mountain. By and by the light gradually grew fainter, till the cedars and bamboo were lost to view. Lying there, I was enveloped in deep silence.

Then someone crept up to me. I tried to see who it was but darkness had already gathered round me. Someone...that someone drew the small sword softly out of my breast in its invisible hand. At the same time once more blood flowed into my mouth. And once and for all I sank down into the darkness of space.

a. Who is the narrator?
b. What is the relationship of the narrator to the victim?
c. What is the story the narrator tells?
d. What is the "point of view" of the narrator about the crime?

Guiding Question I: *What Affects the Way We See?*

Aim: *How Does Studying Other Cultures Show Us Differing Responses?*

Major Ideas: Culture frequently conditions our responses. This conditioning is often instinctive. Many of the responses that we find automatic in our culture can be antagonistic in another culture.

Concepts: Culture, Empathy

Performance Objectives: SWBAT
1. Identify examples of "body language" in culture.
2. Discuss the significance of body language in a culture.
3. Determine the extent to which a study of other cultures will help us understand differing responses.

Strategy:

- Distribute Worksheet A: Body Language

  Student will work in small groups on the worksheet. Teacher will debrief with whole class.

  - How did you know the meaning of each gesture?

  - When did you first learn the meaning of the gesture?

  - Did everyone in the group agree on the meaning? Explain your answer.

  Ask class to "pantomime" the following gestures as they learned them:

Great!	Yes	No	"I don't care"	"Shame on you"
Hello!	Good-bye	"HighFive"	Delicious	" He's/She's crazy!"

  Allow class to suggest other gestures.

  - If you went to another country, would these gestures be regarded the same way? Why? Why not? Explain your answer.

  - How can a study of other cultures show us differing responses to body language?

- Distribute Worksheet B: Reading a Japanese Like a Book...

  Read aloud with class or have students read in small groups.

  - According to the article, what are some of the "foreign" gestures which make the Japanese uncomfortable? Why?

  - What Japanese gestures make the foreigner uncomfortable?

- What examples of rudeness can we find in the gestures described in the article?

- Why does the author say,"...When you are in Tokyo, do at least try to do as Tokyoites are supposed to do"?

Summary:

You have been hired by a major United States corporation for a public relations job. Your first job is to assemble a team of co-workers. Your task is to write a short "in-house" memorandum for business executives calling their attention to appropriate body language in their travel abroad. Divide the class into groups. Allow groups ample time to complete their memorandum.

Have class "report out" and discuss.

How Does Studying Other Cultures Show Us Differing Responses?

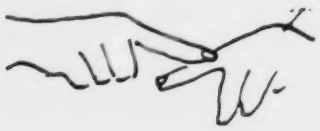
Worksheet A: Body Language

Directions: Indicate the meaning of each of the gestures.

1. _____

2 _____

3. _____



4. _____

6. _____

5. _____

How Does Studying Other Cultures Show Us Differing Responses?

Worksheet B: Reading a Japanese Like a Book Through Body Language

Even the best intentioned behavior of a visiting businessman from abroad sometimes gives us irritation and embarrassment, though we do not say so in public. One of the recent examples to illustrate the case in point is my encounter with a group of IBM engineers and executives. To my great surprise, all of them made very polite, but abrupt one hundred degree deep bow in unison, saying *Hajimemashite, Yoroshiku.* (Hoe are you? I am very glad to see you.) They have apparently gone through the intensive cross-cultural orientation program to familiarize themselves with Japanese language and culture. 90 degrees or more bowing simply does not exist any longer perhaps with the exception of the occasion of being granted a special audience by our Emperor.

When you are employed by the major Japanese department stores, the first lesson you have to go through is how to differentiate your appropriate spine-bending practices using a special device called "bowing angle meter." Their manuals suggest a 45 degree bow is sufficient enough to express your courteous welcome in your first encounter even with the prestigious guest you have never met.

To us, the very deep bow reminds of the pre-war humiliation kowtowing of the samurai or low-ranking *samurai* who had to touch their forehead on the *tatami* mattresses when they are called by their lord.

Another example of behaviors which makes the Japanese somewhat uneasy and uncomfortable is to see a guest from overseas with their hands clasped in prayer when we meet them. It may be perfectly alright in meeting the Thais, or some of the Indians perhaps. We do not practice joining our hands with folded palms any longer in most of our social encounters probably with some exceptions in the fundamentalist type of Buddhism believers and the ITTOEN religious group (One of the Japanese religious groups which focuses upon humble and self-sacrificing devotion o humanity.)

There are typical examples of our psychological discomfort in our contact with the well-intentioned mannerisms expressed by the visitors from abroad. But the foreign guests also experience uncomfortable Japanese body languages, and the unconscious way of expressing themselves nonverbally.

The first and foremost behavior which often results in suspicion and misunderstanding is the Japanese lack of eye contact in speaking to the foreigners. As a child, if a son looks straight into the eyes of a father if he is scolded, he might take the risk of farther fueling the oil to the already angry father. This is because obedience and piety is usually believed to be expressed by avoiding eye contact and averting his eyes, while in most of the Western countries, keeping the eye contact is regarded as the sign of honesty and sincerity.

To second example of the irritating body language to the people from overseas is our pointing to a person with a foreigner, sometimes accompanied by quick shakes of the forefinger. This may be acceptable to the politicians or orators who attempt to accuse their enemies in the non-Japanese environment. However, many Japanese businessmen both young and old do this gesture quite unconsciously when they are with the foreigners, let alone Japanese colleagues.

Speaking of forefinger movement, a common way to call attention of the waiter in the United States is to keep your forefinger upright. But this may not necessarily work in the Japanese context. Sometimes this upward pointing with your forefinger remind the Japanese of a story of Great Buddha's birth in old India where he stood immediately after the birth pointing to the heaven with his right forefinger and pointing to the earth with his left forefinger, saying "in the Heaven and on the Earth, I am not any man's man, but my holy own." Therefore, if you want to get the attention of a waiter, you had better wave your hand or, as Dr. Robert T. Moran, an expert on cross-cultural communication, suggests, "to extend the arm upward, palms down and flutter forefingers." Moreover, knocking on the table may not work, but slapping your hands may be effective in a Japanese style restaurant.

If you come from abroad for the first time to Japan, and bump into somebody, you may usually be upset because of the lack of "Excuse me" from supposedly polite Japanese. Even though we try our best to keep our arm's length even in congested traffic, most of us gave up the idea of apologizing for the unintentional physical contact with fellow Japanese citizens. For instance, in a day, the entire number of passengers getting off and going through one of the JNR terminals, called Shinjuku station in Tokyo, is close to 2.5 million., which is almost equal to the size of the Singaporean population.

In most of the Western countries, scratching your heads, unless you really feel itchy, is understood as a sign of not understanding or not comprehending of what is being spoken. To the Japanese, scratching the head means that you are either trying to hide your clumsiness and embarrassment or docile acceptance of your failure. Of course, to some Japanese, scratching can be interpreted as a sign of bewilderment and a perplexed state of mind. In some of the Western countries, formation of an "O" by making a circle with your thumb and forefinger is a gesture of either "O.K." or "Guaranteed". But if Japanese does this sign, it usually means "money." But difference does not lie in cross cultural meaning, but in the actual position of the rest of the fingers when people put this sign. In a case of Western O.K., the gesture of the rest of the fingers are usually vertically extended and straight, while the other fingers, in the case of the Japanese, are slightly bent inward. If a Japanese waves his hands while forming this money sign horizontally, it means he has no money or he cannot afford that much.

Professor Yuko Kobayashi, one of the foremost cross-cultural analysts of the body codes, points out some of the subtle differences between the Japanese and Western physical expression. For instance, sitting straight or in a rigid, upright position in Japan usually means he or she is seriously and formally ready to face your honorable guest or anybody who is superior in social ranking, while sitting in an upright position is normally referred as a sign of surprises, shock or anxiety in the Western context.

In the Western world, sitting straight with legs crossed for a man is recommended as the most desirable way to express his confidence and composure. But, if you seat yourself crossing your legs in front of the Japanese, particularly senior businessmen, you will have a greater chance of being misunderstood as a rude, defiant, and aggressive person, because this gesture commonly suggests a provocation, a challenge and offensive attitude.

If you meet children and want to praise them, it is perfectly acceptable in Japan to pat the children on their heads and slightly caress their heads. This is a sign to signify a good child. But you'd better avoid this practice in most of the South East Asian countries and some of the Islamic countries, because the head is considered to be a sacred area where the spirit resides and should not be impured by your touch. So when you are in Tokyo, do at least try to do as Tokyoites are supposed to do.

Guiding Question I: *What Affects the Way We See?*

Aim: *How Do Cultures and Experience Influence Our Response to Our Environment?*

Major Ideas: Our Culture colors and influences our experiences. Each culture develops and endorses cultural "icons" which become part of our everyday lives Coinage, paper money, flowers, national animals, historic buildings, flags and national anthems are all part of the iconography which makes us feel part of our own culture.

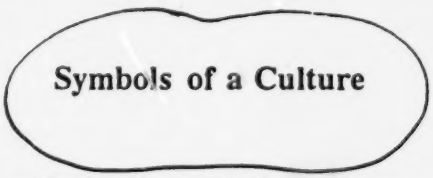
Concepts: Culture, Identify, Political System

Performance Objectives: SWBAT
1. Identify some of the "icons" of a culture.
2. Explain how these "icons" or symbols help develop a sense of cultural identity.
3. Evaluate the significance and impact of symbols in our cultural lives.

Strategy:

- If you saw someone burn the American flag or the flag of your country, how would you feel? Why? Explain your answer.
  If you saw someone burn paper money (American or other) how would you feel? Why?
  When you hear the national song of your country, how do you feel? Why? Explain.

  - When we speak about flags, money or anthems, we are speaking about symbols (icons) of our culture. Let's develop a semantic map of symbols of different cultures.



  - Teacher will brainstorm with the class and place all answers on the chalkboard, without personal judgement.

  - Which of these symbols would you classify as political? Economic? Social? Personal? Why? Explain your answer.
    (Class will classify the symbols derived from the semantic map)

  - Based upon what we have just done, what statement can we make about symbols in a culture?

- It is important to look at cultural symbols and examine what they tell us about a culture and people.

Distribute Worksheet A: The Symbols of a Culture

Working in dyads or triads, allow students time to complete worksheet. Debrief in class.

- Why were some of these symbols easy?
- Why were some of these symbols difficult?
- What other symbols of a culture can you list that were omitted from the worksheet?
- How do you know all this information?

Summary:

You are going to get a country of your own. You hire a team of specialists to create the appropriate symbols for your country.

Working in a group:

- Decide what cultural values you want in your country.
- Select the appropriate symbols to convey those values.
- Determine the responses you want your symbols to invoke.
- Create a symbol for your new country.

Class will share their ideas and post them around the room.

- How did this activity help you understand the importance/significance of how a symbol of a culture brings out a cultural response?

- What is the relationship between this activity and the discussions we have been having about perception? Explain your answer.

How Do Cultures and Experience Influence Our Response to Our Environment?

Worksheet A: Symbols of a Culture

Directions: For each of the symbols below, identify the country of origin as well as the meaning of the symbol(s).

1.

FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THIS NOTE IS LEGAL TENDER FOR ALL DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
A 35649209 A
WASHINGTON, D.C.
A 35649209 A
ONE DOLLAR

2.

3.

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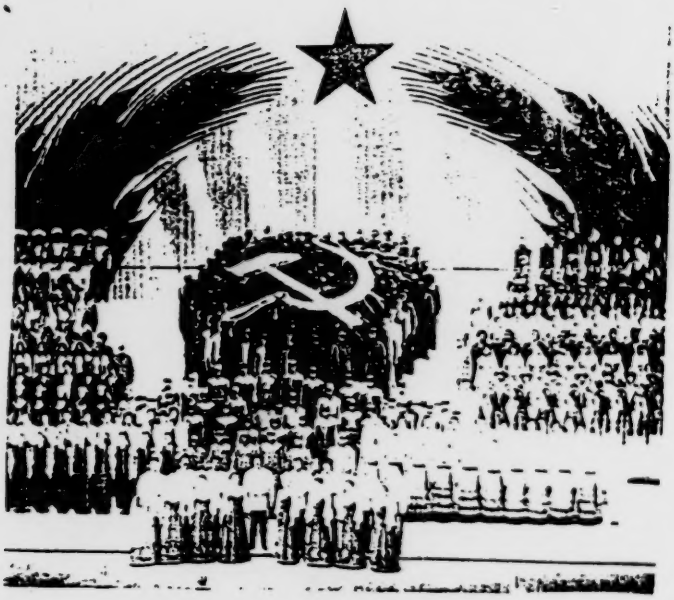
I WANT YOU

5.



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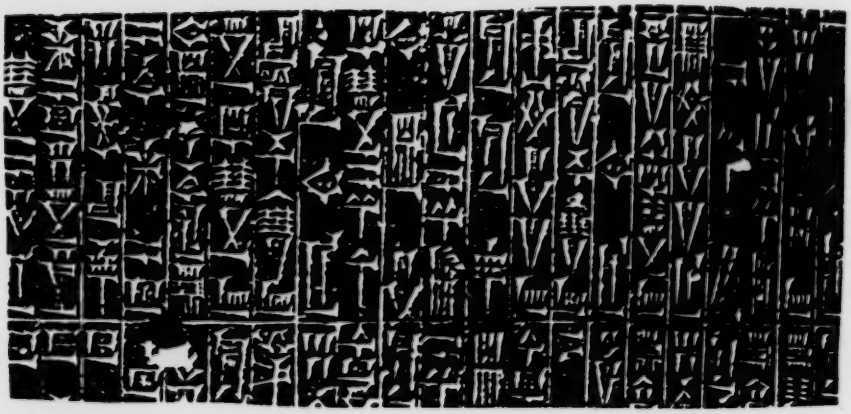

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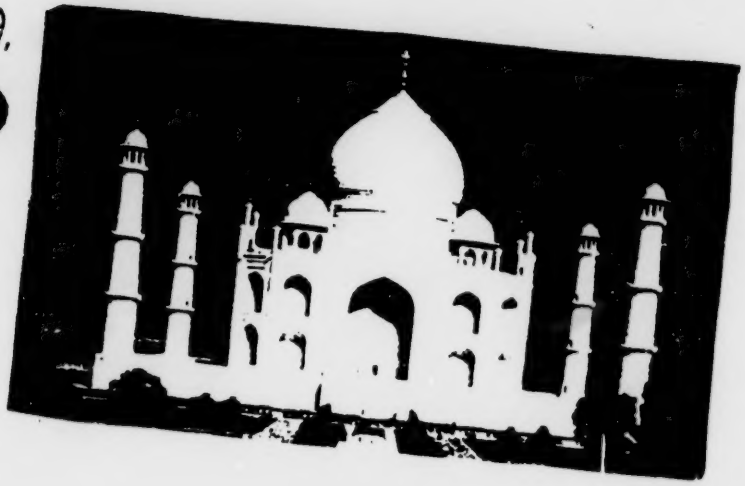

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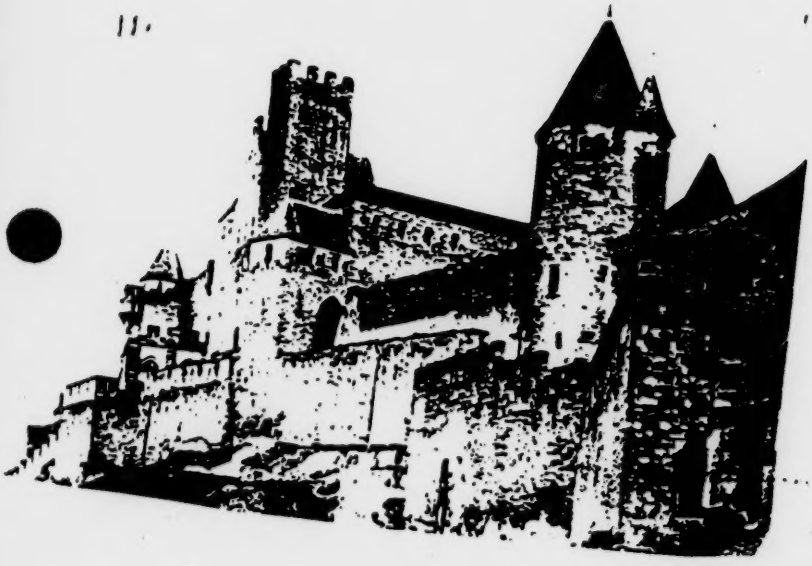

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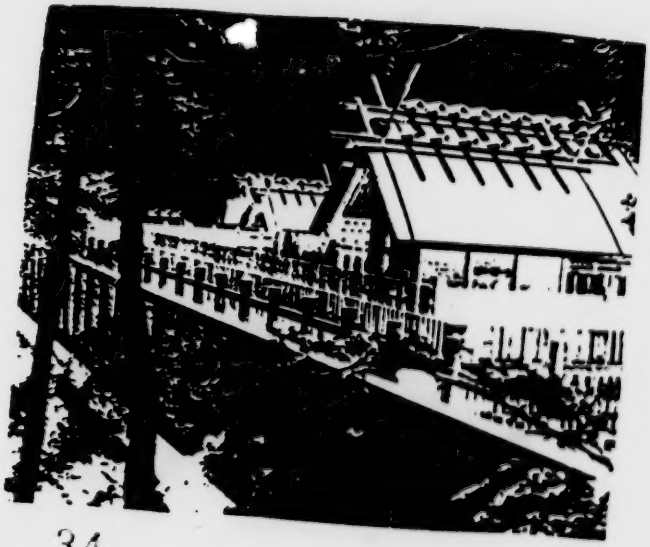

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Guiding Question 2: *Why is Understanding How We Perceive Important?*

Aim: *Why is it important to understand the Customs and Conventions of Other Cultures?*

Major Ideas: It is very difficult to "get under the skin" of another culture because we are all somewhat "culture bound". To understand another culture it is important that the outsider be a careful observer. The other important component for understanding the customs and conventions of another culture is the refining of "situational awareness" - cultural sensitivity toward cultures different from your own.

Concepts: Culture, Citizenship, Identity, Empathy

Performance Objectives: SWBAT

1. Identify the qualities and attitudes necessary to approach a different culture.
2. Role play a cross-cultural experience
3. Discuss and evaluate the need to understand the culture and conventions of another culture.

Strategy: *This is a two day lesson. The first day is devoted to "brief-ing" the participants for their roles and allowing them time for practice. The second day will incorporate the role play and the cultural sensitivity debriefing discussion.*

- How do we feel when we are invited to a party of "new friends" for the first time?
  How do you behave when you first come into the party?
  What personal strategies do you use to make yourself part of the group?
  Which of your perceptions do you find most alive? Why? Explain.

- **Day 1:**

This strategy is adapted from *Beyond Experience: The Experiential Approach to Cross-Cultural Education, Edited by Donald Batchelder and Elizabeth G. Warner. Published by Experiment Press, Brattleboro, VT. 1977*

We are going to try to "get under the skin" of another culture, a very difficult task sitting in a classroom. Today I will explain our process to you and allow you enough time to meet and plan your strategy. Tomorrow, we will "travel" to another land and play our roles. We will end by discussing what we have learned and how we feel about it.

Teacher creates groups of five - 2 will be the Americans and 3 will be the people of country Z.

Group A (Americans) will be given a "briefing sheet". They will draw apart and, based upon the reading, discuss their strategy for the role play for the following day, practice their role and work on the fine points. Be prepared to play your role as freely as possible.

Group Z (Zuppians) will be given a "briefing sheet". They will draw apart and, based upon the reading, discuss their strategy for the role play for the following day practice their role and work on the fine points. Be prepared to play your role as freely as possible.

(Each group may write a "script" if they feel more comfortable.)
Teacher will circulate among the groups, assisting when necessary.

- **Day 2**

After the class settles, quickly review the day's activity and clarify any questions. Class will return to groups.

Class will spend about 18 minutes on the role play. Teacher will and observe the groups but will not intercede, even if asked. At the completion of the time, the teacher will ring a bell and the whole class will discuss the activity.

- How many got a "yes" answer ? How many got a "no" answer?

From the Americans who got a "no", what can you say about culture of Zuppa?
(Teacher records observations on chalkboard)

From the Americans who got a "yes", what can you say about the culture of Zuppa? (Teacher records observations on chalkboard.)

- Review data with class.
- Why do you think some of you were "turned down"?
- Why do you think some of you were accepted?

From the Zuppians who said no, why did you give that answer?
From the Zuppians who said yes, why did you give that answer?

- What did it feel like to be the American?
- What did it feel like to be the Zuppian?
- How many of your decisions were based on what you perceived?
- How many of your decisions were based on "body language"?
- What other lessons did you learn from this activity?

Summary:

Return to your original groups.
"Replay" the role play, changing roles. Debrief the class.

Briefing Sheet - The Americans

You are two Americans, male and female. Both of you are well-known journalists. You are very well educated and considered to be outstanding in your field. Both of you have spent several years in international travel. You have reported on political, cultural and artistic subjects in a number of countries.

You are now in Istanbul, Turkey, enjoying a quiet dinner. As you are speaking, you see three people who enter the restaurant. You met them once, many years ago, you do not remember their names, but you do remember they are from an exotic and unusual country called Zuppa. Zuppa is not on the usual tourist route. In fact, there are more legends about Zuppa than facts. You do know that the society has a strong interest in the arts and literature. One of the most unusual aspects of Zuppa are the gardens. Every once in awhile you see something in a newspaper or a magazine about the Zuppian Queen's Garden festival, a very special event held only once a year. No foreigner has ever visited this festival and it has never been photographed. The Zuppians do not appear to be too interested in getting tourists. But this is a rare moment because, if you can make contact with them, you might be able to see the Garden festival and be the first journalists to write about this wonderful event.

In this exercise, you will approach the Zuppians at their table and ask to join them. Talk with them about 15 minute. Keep the conversation general and polite. Then ask permission to leave the table for one or two minutes and decide together the best way to get the real topic: can you get permission you get permission to observe the next Queen's Garden festival and take photographs.

Try not to let your conversation run too long. After you return from your private conversation, make your request. You will get a "yes" or "no" answer. After you get your answer, the exercise is over and you can excuse yourself again and leave.

There are three things to keep in mind:

- keep the sequence of the role play clear to all
- think like a journalist when possible as ask clear questions
- push for "success". Find some motivation, if necessary, to use with the Zuppians.

Briefing Sheet - The Zuppians

You are member of Country Z, an ancient land. Your country has a high culture and has developed away from the course of the world. The Zuppian way of life has not changed in centuries. Zuppians believe in the sense of perfection and harmony of life and these beliefs come from their culture. They totally accept their way of life.

In Zuppa, women are the natural leaders, administrators, heads of house-holds, principal artistic creators, inherit the wealth and rule the state. Men rarely work outside the home. They keep house, cook and mind the children. They do participate in heavy labor. Women are educated, frequently to the university level. Men show little interest and are not encouraged to go beyond basic literacy. There is a well-known Zuppia motto, "Don't send a man on a woman's errand."

The Zuppian's know about the outside world and are aware of male-female relationships in many other countries. They realize their country is unusual and tend to withdraw into themselves. In Zuppa, two women form what is known as a Bond. The two women (the Bond) may jointly decide to accept a man into their household, for purposes of creating children, for taking care of the house and other domestic issues. Both women in the Bond are equal in all respects, jointly agree in all decisions and together have responsibility for the man. The Man received protection from the Bond; he is considered "cherished" by the Bond. His relationship is to the Bond. A state of being "cherished" is considered very desirable among men.

Once a year, the Queen's Garden is open to celebrate the Queen's birthday.No men are allowed to the party. No foreigners have been able, so far, to observe this Garden Festival, although there is no law prohibiting this. The Zuppians, like many other cultures, feel uncomfortable with eye contact. They will look at another person for a brief, polite minute. Everyone is careful not to "stare" - that is considered impolite and very aggressive.

You are a Z-Bond - Ms. One and Ms. Two, with your Cherished Man Him. Ms.One is an important person in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. She is the Directress of Cultural Affairs. Ms. Two is also in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs as Special Assistant to the Minister. Both women are distantly related to the Queen. Cherished Man has been taken along by the two women of the Bond on an official trip. The three are now in the restaurant in Istanbul, Turkey and have been spotted by an American couple they once met but do no know well. When you speak with the Americans, you must limit your vocabulary to words of only one or two syllables. You have limited command of English.

The American couple will try to gain your help in getting permission to attend the Queen's Garden Festival. They will talk with you for about 15 minutes. After that time, they will excuse themselves, and, when they return, they will ask you for your help.

You must decide whether to say "yes" or "no". There are <u>three</u> things to consider. Basically, you should decide to say "yes" if, in your judgement, the Americans have shown cultural sensitivity to what Zuppoian are like. You are looking for three main things:

- The American woman must be the one asking for permission and she must ask the Zuppian Bond, not Him. Both men in the role play must not be involved in the request.

- You must decide how thoughtful the Americans have been about your limitations in using English. They should not just let you rattle on, when it is obvious you do not understand what they are saying. If they show sensitivity in this, it will help you say "yes".

- The Americans must also show sensitivity to your customs in eye-contact. If they continue to "stare" at you during the conversation (and the request), then your answer would be "no".

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Guiding Question 2: Why is Understanding How We Perceive Important?

AIM: *How is Language A Reflection of A Culture?*

Major Ideas: Language is a strong cultural component. The language we speak and understand is central to our identity. Like other aspects of a culture, language evolves, adding and adapting new expressions as well as fostering traditional values.

Concepts: Culture, Identity

Performance Objectives: SWBAT
1. Show how language evolves from a cultural context.
2. Explain and discuss how language helps us perceive who we are.
3. Assess the degree to which language differences help of hinder international understanding.

Strategy:

- Let us look at language as a case study in understanding a culture.

  Distribute Worksheet A: All About Language
  Allow students time to complete reading and answer questions.

  - What role does language play in forming a culture?
  - How is language "an example of national pride"?
  - How do some languages reflect "feeling"?
  - How do some languages deny "feelings"?
  - What examples can you find from your own language which support these ideas?
  - Do you think it would be good or bad to have one international language? Explain your answer.

- Nations have fought wars over languages. For example, in India, there are 15 official languages and there have been many "language wars".

  The Chinese today are very concerned about "inroads" into the Chinese language.

  Distribute Worksheet B: China Takes Hard Line, Waging War on Words.
  Allow class time to read article from *New York Times,* Jan. 31, 1991

- Why are the Chinese so upset about the language issue?
- The article says that the young Chinese are including too many Western words. What do you think are the real issues? Point out examples, if possible.
- Is this an issue in American society today? Give examples.

Summary:

You have been appointed to a National Commission on Language. You have to prepare a report either favoring or rejecting other languages as part of our "American culture."

In small, informal groups, meet and discuss the issue. Write a short report on the question of language as a cultural component. It is important that you focus on how a nation is perceived because of its language decisions.

Read reports aloud and discuss as a whole class activity.

How is Language A Reflection of A Culture?

Worksheet A: <u>All About Language:</u>

Adapted from <u>All About Language,</u> Mario Pei

One-tenth of the world's population speaks English. But there are 2,795 languages which, side by side with English, exist on the present- day globe. For centuries some scholars have stated it would be desirable to have a single language so that people all over the world could understand each other.

The speakers of each language say, "Let it be my language!" Of course, one language would make it easier for all of us to travel. We could read the signs, travel on business, pick up the newspapers talk to the people. We would no longer need interpreters in the United Nations. We could travel, study, work, play and trade with people all over the world.

But here is where national pride comes into play. A language reflects the habits of thought of the people who speak it. Language gives us an insight into the customs, folkways, mores, religion, attitudes, interpersonal relations, sexual standards, ethnic attitudes and other aspects of a society. Each nation deals with these issues passed upon their national history, their contact with other nations, their role in the world and their vision of themselves.

Among the Chinese, for example, there is no word for "privacy" because privacy is not a value in society which stresses harmony and working together. In America, on the other hand, the word "privacy" is a keystone in understanding American culture and the laws which govern that society. Some languages turn away from words which will help people define their feelings. They prefer to remain vague and feelings are "figured out" by the context of the statement. Emotional outpourings are not encouraged in that society. On the other hand, other cultures are explicit and specific in creating language. Love, adore, idolize, "crazy about" and other expressions of endearment are carefully selected by the speaker. The "lover" really wants his "beloved" to understand his/her specific message. From another point of view, some languages appear aggressive when commands are used frequently. "Listen up!", "Pay attention!", "Look at me!" etc. are examples of a society in a hurry.

In Asian societies, language closely reflects age, gender and family relations. A woman is called a girl until she is of marrying age; once she is over 25, she is called "aunt"; over fifty, "grandmother". This occurs whether or not the person is married. The age determines the appropriate title. Within families, there are many different words for "uncle" or "cousin". For instance, there is a separate word for "my father's eldest brother" or "my father's youngest sister". The language is hierarchical as well as gender biased. The importance of family in some cultures requires the need for many words to develop specificity in explaining relationships. In contrast, American society is very sports oriented. As result, we have developed an extensive and specific vocabulary (sometimes amazing) related to all aspects of sports and all sports. Furthermore, much of this vocabulary is transferred into business jargon because the language of sports competition is adaptable to the marketplace. Managers "huddle", salesmen "pitch", you don't "throw a customer a curve" and you "Kick off" a new business venture.

In summary, language is both a doorway to understanding another culture as well as a reflection of the values of that culture.

1.What difficulties might you encounter when you learn another language?

2.How does language help us in our perception of another culture?

How is Language a Reflection of a Culture?

Worksheet B: China Takes a Hard Line, Waging War On Words

Nicholas Kristof, *New York Times*, Jan. 1991

Beijing: As part of the broad struggle for the soul of China, a tug-of-war has emerged over the future direction of the Chinese language, and therein is the tale of comrades, poisonous weeds, Misses and kisses.

Put most simply, the hand-line leadership seems to be trying to wrench the language backward and restore Maoist phrases from its revolutionary, anti-Western past. And young people are tugging the language toward the West, twisting their tongues around as many foreign phrases as possible.

The linguistic tussle has no direct link to the struggle for democracy that was crushed by the tanks in June, 1988, but in a fundamental sense it reflects the yearnings on the two sides: the desire by the hard-liners to burnish Communist values and eradicate subversive Western influences, versus the longings for change of a restless youth that is often transfixed by the sparkle of abroad.

The great bulk of the Chinese language is unaffected, but at the fringes of society it sometimes seems that two dialects are emerging: official Chinese and youth Chinese.

"Sometimes the language gap is very large, " said a Chinese newspaper editor. "If you talk to a young person, maybe an actor, he'll have the latest hot slang, while the boss of his 'work unit' will be speaking out of the 1950's. Sometimes they even have difficulty figuring out what the other is saying."

The hard-liners control the linguistic redoubts, like the newspaper offices and television stations, and use them to try to encourage the revolutionary language that many people now disdain. The television begins with the salutation "Comrades", and People's Daily sprinkles its editorials with recently resuscitated phrases like "Class struggle", "self-reliance", and "poisonous weeds" - meaning the flowering of subversive literature that must be uprooted.

While Official Chinese devotes much of its energies to railing against Western ideas, Youth Chinese is devoted largely to embracing Western influences.

One of the hot new expressions of the last few months, for example, is TDK, borrowed from the brand-name for cassette tapes.

As used among some young Chinese, TDK refers to the initials in English of their three obsessions: TOEFL, or Test of English as a Foreign Language, so they can go abroad to study; dancing, and kissing. The Beijing Daily News, a hard-line newspaper, denounced TDK recently and huffed that university students "should not fritter away their youthful days with frivolities."

What horrifies some "old revolutionaries" is not just that young people are so gleeful about such bourgeois activities, but that they refer to them in English. Yet these days, any expression associated with English is the height of fashion, particularly among University students, and a handful are gaining wider currency: "bye bye", "kiss", "O.K." and "party".

"When you see young parents in the park, teaching their babies to talk, they are coaxing the bay to say things like 'bye bye' instead of 'zai jian'," said a middle-aged Chinese professional. "It's beginning to replace the Chinese."

Even among ordinary workers, who sometimes say that English is much too complicated to learn, it is very fashionable to wear shirts with English words. Some unsuspecting Chinese blithely wear tee shirts bearing English words with sexually suggestive meanings, startling passing American tourists.

Among the Westernized expressions now circulating is "la mi", meaning to "pick up" a young woman, with "mi" apparently derived from "Miss." Indeed, the Chinese equivalent of "Miss" - "xiaojie" - is steadily gaining popularity, and most young women are flattered to be called "xiaojie" because it sounds so elegant and high-brow.

Youth Chinese includes many expressions, like xiaojie, brought in from the Chinese speaking populations of Hong Kong and Taiwan. Fashions of every kind, from clothing to language to music, are set unconsciously by Chinese in those places and are spread to the Mainland through visits, films, televisions shows and word of mouth.

Many Chinese know how cut off they are from many modern influences - it pains them that some of their countrymen are so rustic that they get stuck in revolving doors - and to them Hong Kong and Taiwan symbolize the sparkle and savoir-faire of the West. If they cannot live in Hong Kong, they can at least speak like Hong Kong people, and the result is that while Official Chinese is filling the newspapers and airwaves with neo-Maoist language, it is Youth Chinese that is prevailing on the streets.

One measure of the change is the way people refer to taxis. Taxis in China used to be called "chuzuche," meaning "rented-out cars." In the last year or more, that expression has been increasingly out of style, supplanted by "di." While "di" has little meaning, it is the Chinese character used in Hong Kong to refer to taxis. It's not in the dictionaries, but the phrase "da di" - to catch a cab - has swept the Chinese mainland.

In this way, tiny Hong Kong, whose 5.8 million inhabitants would be a rounding error in mainland China's population of 1.1 billion, has succeeded effortlessly in setting the linguistic fashion for mainland China.

Of course, no Chinese uses "di" or "kiss" to make a political statement but the People's Daily has occasionally complained about the proliferation of imported words, and it seems that those words express an aspiration for change and sophistication that fundamentally runs counter to the theme of stability that is the essence of the Communist Party's platform.

That taste for Western modernity has also led to the creation of new phrases to match new Western customs that are either directly imported or come via Hong Kong or Taiwan. On Feb. 14th, for example, young people will exchange heart shaped cards for what i here called "Lover's Day." Some Chinese also send out Christmas cards.

The changing linguistic fashions have also forced Chinese businesses to respond by coming up with foreign sounding brand names, preferably written in English, to suggest the sophistication that purchasers seek.

"You just have to look at shop names to see that they are trying to borrow from the West to seem more fashionable," said a university teacher. He noted that shops and products used to have names like Weidong (Protect Mao Zedong) Food Store, or Weimin (Serve the People) Garment Shop. These days, such names are out of style.

Instead, a popular shampoo calls itself RUN SI Shampoo after the English word rinse. And a packager of watermelon seeds calls them alishan seeds after a famous mountain in Taiwan.

A television commercial for a Chinese-made television begins by focusing on the English brand-name printed on the base of each console - Melody - and only later gives the Chinese name.

More and more shops and packages are also using the traditional complex Chinese characters, like those still used in Hong King and Taiwan, instead of the simplified characters that are now supposed to be in use in China. People's Daily complained just this week that the "flood of complex characters is daily getting more serious," and called on people to use only the simplified characters.

Guiding Question 2: Why is Understanding How We Perceive Important?

AIM: *How Do Proverbs and Legends Help Us Understand a Culture?*

Major Ideas: Cultures tell stories and those stories are passed from generation to generation. The simple adages, proverbs and legends small children hear are really "carriers of culture".

Concepts: Culture, Diversity, Identity

Performance Objectives: SWBAT
1. Show the role of proverbs, adages and legends in their own culture.
2. Examine and discuss proverbs and legends from other cultures.
3. Construct a culture based upon its proverbs.

Strategy:

- We have all heard or read fairy tales, legends or stories when we were young.
  - What are some of the basic values you find in these stories?
  - Why do you think societies read or tell these stories to young children.
  - How do you think these stories, proverbs or legends become part of a culture.

- From the time of earliest man, each culture has carried the stories, legends, proverbs and adages from generation to generation.

  Distribute Worksheet A: Proverbs From Around the World

  - Divide class into informal groups. Allow students time to read, discuss and complete worksheet. Debrief in open class discussion.

    - What generalizations can you make about proverbs?

    - Which were your favorites? Why?

    - Which didn't like? Why?

    - Which had you heard at some point in your life?

- How different from each other are these proverbs?

- What do you think is the function of these proverbs in a culture?

- How do proverbs helps us perceive a culture?

Summary:

Students will return to their small groups. They will either select from the list of proverbs or adages they know. *The proverbs they select must represent some values they want emphasized in a culture* (either their own culture or an imaginary culture). As a group, they will write a short **legend**, incorporating these proverbs.

Students will read their legends aloud. Other groups will uncover the cultural values of that society, as they are perceived by the listeners.

How Do Proverbs and Legends Help Us Understand a Culture?

Worksheet A: Proverbs From Around the World

Directions: You will find proverbs from all over the world listed below. For Each:
(a) determine the value in the culture the proverb stresses.
(b) find a proverb in your own culture that is similar.

- *Wherever a man goes to dwell, his character goes with him. (Yoruba, Africa)*
- *Blind horse knows de trough is empty. (Black American)*
- *Haste makes waste. (European)*
- *Little flakes makes the deepest snow. (Black American)*
- *The rat does not come out in the daylight. (Ewe, African)*
- *To despise one's equal is to despise oneself. (Ewe, African)*
- *Dirt shows the quickest on the cleanest cotton. (Black American)*
- *Marry in haste; repent in leisure. (European)*
- *A fool and his money are soon parted. (European)*
- *Charity is the father of sacrifice. (Yoruba, Africa)*
- *Watch out when you're gettin' all you want. (Black American)*
- *One tree does not make a forest. (Ewe, African)*
- *What went into the belly yesterday, is not in the mouth today. (Ewe, African)*
- *The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. (European)*
- *Nothing ventured; nothing gained. (European)*
- *Politeness engenders friendship. (Ewe,African)*
- *No day dawns like another. (Kikuyu, Kenya)*
- *The younger should not thrust himself into the seat of the elder. (Yoruba, Africa)*

English: Lessons prepared by:

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Organizing Center: **PERCEPTION**

Activity 1: Brainstorming Around the Wheel - English

These questions are random:

- How do we define perception?
- What affects the way we see?
- Why do people see things differently?
- How can we change perception?
- How can context affect perception?
- What is the relationship between experience and perception?
- Why is understanding how we perceive important?
- What role does gender play in perception?
- How does culture affect perception?
- Do perceptions vary within a culture?
- How does age influence perception?
- What is the relationship between reality and perception?
- When does perception become reality?
- What misconceptions can exist between/among cultures?
- Why is it important to be able to see things from another's perspective?

The group reassembled and all statements were shared. Two decisions were made:

- Two guiding questions would be developed
- One week would be devoted to each question.

Activity 2: Guiding questions

WEEK 1: **What Affects the Way We See?**
WEEK 2: **Why is Understanding How We Perceive Important?**

Activity 3: Learning Outcomes

CONCEPTS: Culture, Perception, Diversity, Conflict.

SKILLS: Reading, Writing, Speaking, Problem Solving, Critical Thinking, Visual Interpretation, Point of View, Identification of Literary Devices.

ASSESSMENT: Journals, Oral and Written Responses, Objective Tests, Essays.

TAXONOMY QUESTIONS:

KNOWLEDGE-BASED QUESTIONS:

-Define perception.
-List the factors that influence perception.
-Select the factors that most affect the way you see.

COMPREHENSION-BASED QUESTIONS:

- Explain the difference between "seeing" and "perceiving"
- Explain how the same object may be interpreted differently by people of different culture and experience.
- Discuss how context can affect perception.
- Give some examples of common perceptions within our culture.
- Give some examples of common misconceptions associated with other cultures.

APPLICATION-BASED QUESTIONS:

- How does perception affect the way we respond to daily occurrences?
- How does perception influence the way we react to other cultures?
- How can we change the way we see things?

ANALYSIS-BASED QUESTIONS:

- Compare/contrast common perceptions within our culture with those of another culture.
- Diagram the changes that can take place in the way we see over a period of time.

SYNTHESIS-BASED QUESTIONS:

- If you were a member of another culture, predict how you might respond to an event or situation.

- If you were a member of another generation, how might you "see" things differently?

EVALUATION-BASED QUESTIONS:

- Evaluate the extent to which our perceptions affect our responses to the world around us.

LEARNING OUTCOMES:

- Individuals perceive differently.
- Culture influences perceptions.
- Within a culture are other factors which influence perceptions.
- Perceptions are "passed on" covertly as well as overtly.
- The way we see influences the way we act.
- Misperceptions can cause racial, religious and ethnic conflict.
- Individual cultures create symbols.
- Cultural diversity is often reflected in literature.

GUIDING QUESTION 1: What Affects the Way We See?

AIM: Why Is It Important to Understand How We Perceive?

MAJOR IDEA: People do not always see the same things in the same way. There are numerous factors which account for differences in perception. How we see can be the result of our own experiences and point of view as well as the context in which an event occurs.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: Students will be able to:
- identify a number of factors that influence perception, including context, experience and orientation.
- comment on the structure and syntax of the poem.

MATERIALS:
A common object such as a handkerchief or eye glass case.
Poem - *"archy, the cockroach speaks"* by Don Marquis
Picture/Transparency - "The Encounter" - Escher

STRATEGIES:

- Organize a demonstration using an ordinary object such as a handkerchief or eyeglass case. Ask the students to identify the object. Then use the object in an unusual or unfamiliar way and ask the students to identify it a second time. While the class will be unanimous when identifying the object used correctly, there will be differing perceptions when the object is used in an unusual way.

- Students discuss their reasons for identifying the object in a particular way and draw conclusions to explain the differing opinions.

- Introduce the poem. Students discuss the reasons for the fleas differing points of view and discuss how we might characterize archy and the fleas.

- Students view the painting and write a response to the question:
  What is the story in this painting?

- Why were there only a limited number of responses to the painting?

SUMMARY/APPLICATION:

- What are some the factors which influence perception?

Write about an experience in which you saw things differently from other people.

archy, the cockroach speaks

- Don Marquis

i hear a couple
of fleas
talking the other
day says one come
to lunch with
me i can lead you
to a pedigreed
dog says the
other one
i do not care
what a dog's
pedigree may be
safety first
is my motto what
i want to know
is whether he
has got a
muzzle one
millionaires and
bums tastes
about alike to me.

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GUIDING QUESTION 1: What Affects the Way We See?

AIM: How do culture and experience influence our response to our environment?

MAJOR IDEA: Culture is another factor which can influence perception. Different cultures view similar objects, experiences and events very differently. Our culture influences the way we respond to our environment.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: Students will be able to:

- recognize that the same object may be interpreted differently by people of different culture and experience.
- understand how individual cultures create symbols
- appreciate how symbols are used in art and literature.
- identify literary devices such as allusion, free verse, repetition, parallel structure, tone.

MATERIALS: AZTEC PAINTING.
POEM: "A Narrow Fellow in the Grass" by Emily Dickinson.
POEM: "Snake" by D. H. Lawrence.

STRATEGIES: Play word association with the class based on the word "snake". Share and discuss responses.

Discuss how language reflects our negative associations with snakes.

- Distribute copies of "A Narrow Fellow in the Grass."
  - At the end of the poem there is an abrupt change of tone relating to our perception of snakes. How can you explain this?

- Show the Aztec painting of the snake.
  - How can we account for the Aztec associations with snakes?

- Move to "Snake" by D. H. Lawrence which was assigned previously,
  - How would you contrast the narrator's initial and subsequent responses to the snake?
  - What literary devices does the poet use to bring about the responses?

SUMMARY/APPLICATION:

How could this poem help us to understand the nature of prejudice?

NAME _____

I. · READ THE FOLLOWING POEM VERY CAREFULLY AND THEN ANSWER THE QUESTIONS WHICH REFER TO THE POEM

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him, -did you not,
His notice sudden is.

the grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
and opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet, when a child and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

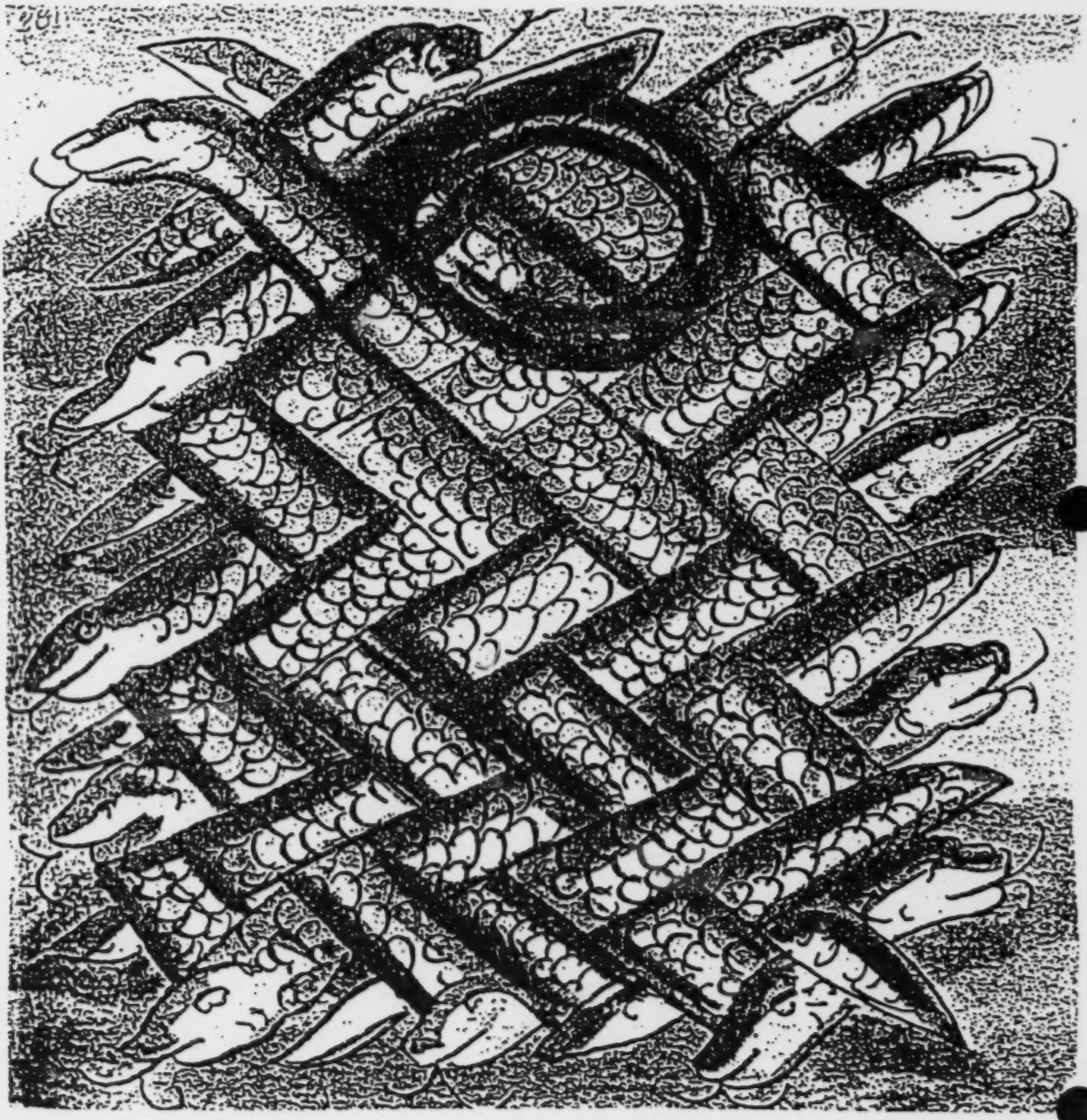
Have passed, I thought, a whip-a-lash
Unbraiding in the sun, -
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

1. Identify the "narrow fellow" described in this poem.
2. List three clues which identified the "narrow fellow" for you (copy the words or lines from poem).
3. Find and copy out an example from the poem of each of the following:
   Personification:
   Simile:
   Metaphor:
   Metaphor:
4. Explain the line "And zero at the bone".
5. What is the tone of this poem? How does it change in the last stanza?

An Aztec Painting: Symbolic abstract painting of serpents made by pre-conquest artist. Snakes were a symbol of life to the Aztecs.



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SNAKE

A snake came to my water trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pajamas for the heat,
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carobtreee
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.
The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed.

For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility, to feel so honored?
I felt so honored.
And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honored still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice a dream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in undignified haste,
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate;
A pettiness.

D. H. Lawrence

GUIDING QUESTION 1: <u>What affects the way we see?</u>

AIM: How can we account for different responses within a cultural group?

MAJOR IDEA: While different cultures can respond differently to similar objects and events, factors such as age, gender and experience can cause different responses within the same culture.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: Students will be able to:
- recognize that age, gender and perspective can affect perception.
- define point of view as a component of fiction.
- appreciate both the realistic and fantastic elements of a story.

MATERIALS: ILLUSTRATION: "Gulliver Among the Lilliputians".
SHORT STORY: "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World"
Gabriel Garcia Marquez.

STRATEGIES:

- Introduce the illustration.

  - What assumptions about Gulliver do you think the Lilliputians are making?
  - How would our assumptions about him differ?
  - How can we account for these differences?

- Introduce story: "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World"
  following:
  - How does each group perceive the drowned man?
  - What accounts for the differences in perception?
  - How does the village endow the drowned man with a history and a personality?
  - How does the coming of the drowned man alter the villagers perceptions of themselves and their village?

Select lines from the story which illustrate Marquez's use of concrete and fantastic details.

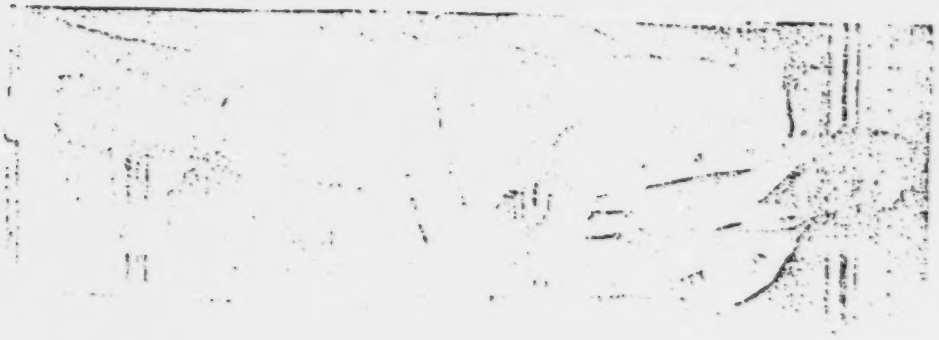
- How does the author weaves these together to develop the story?

SUMMARY/APPLICATION:

In letter form, respond to the following advertisement and photography from the Personal Section of your local newspaper.

WANTED
ANY INFORMATION REGARDING
THE HISTORY AND IDENTITY
OF THE PERSON IN THIS
PHOTOGRAPHY

In your letter, be sure to say who you are and to identify your relationship to the person in the photograph. Tell as much as you can of his life and history.



The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World - Gabriel Garcia Marquez

A Tale for Children
translated by Gregory Rabassa

The first children who saw the dark and slinky bulge approaching through the sea let themselves think it was an enemy ship. Then they saw it had no flags or masts and they thought it was a whale. But when it washed up on the beach, they removed the clumps of seaweed, the jellyfish tentacles, and the remains of fish and flotsam, and only then did they see that it was a drowned man.

They had been playing with him all afternoon, burying him in the sand and digging him up again, when someone chanced to see them and spread the alarm in the village. The men who carried him to the nearest house noticed that he weighed more than any dead man they had ever known, almost as much as a horse, and they said to each other that maybe he'd been floating too long and the water had got into his bones. When they laid him on the floor they said he'd been taller than all other men because there was barely enough room for him in the house, but they thought that maybe the ability to keep on growing after death was part of the nature of certain drowned men. He had the smell of the sea about him and only his shape gave one to suppose that it was the corpse of a human being, because the skin was covered with a crust of mud and scales.

They did not even have to clean off his face to know that the dead man was a stranger. The village was made up of only twenty-odd wooden houses that had stone courtyards with no flowers and which were spread about on the end of a desert-like cape. There was so little land that mothers always went about with the fear that the wind would carry off their children and the few dead that the years had caused among them had to be thrown off the cliffs. But the sea was calm and bountiful and all the men fit into seven boats. So when they found the drowned man they simply had to look at one another to see that they were all there.

That night they did not go out to work at sea. While the men went to find out if anyone was missing in neighboring villages, the women stayed behind to care for the drowned man. They took the ? with grass swabs, they removed the underwater stones entangled in his hair, and they scrapped the crust off with tools used for scaling. As they were doing that they noticed that the vegetation on him was from faraway oceans and deep water and that his clothes were in tatters as if he had sailed through labyrinths of coral. They noticed too he bore his death with pride, for he did not have the lonely look of ? drowned men who came out of the sea or that haggard, needy look of men who drowned in rivers. But only when they finished cleaning him off did they become aware of the kind of man he was and it left them breathless. Not only was he the tallest, strongest, most virile, and best built man they had ever seen, but even though they were looking at him there was no room for him in their imagination.

They could not find a bed in the village large enough to lay him on, nor was there a table solid enough to use for his wake. The tallest men's holiday pants would not fit him, nor the fattest ones' Sunday shirts, nor the shoes of the one with the biggest feet. Fascinated by his huge size and his beauty, the women then decided to make him some pants from a large piece of sail and a shirt from some bridal brabanti linen so that he could continue through his death with dignity. As they sewed, sitting in a circle and gazing at the corpse between stitches, it seemed to them that the wind had never been so steady nor the sea so restless as on that night and they supposed that the change had some thing to do with the dead man. They thought that if that magnificent man had lived in the village, his house would have had the widest doors, the highest ceiling, and the strongest floor, his bedstead would have been made from a midship frame held together by iron bolts, and his wife would have been the happiest woman. They thought that he would have had so much authority that he could have drawn fish out of the sea simply by calling their names and that he would have put so much work into his land that springs would have burst forth from among the rocks so that he would have been able to plant flowers on the cliffs. They secretly compared him to their own men, thinking that for all their lives theirs were incapable of doing what he could do in one night, and they ended up dismissing them deep in their hearts as the weakest, meanest, and most useless creatures on earth. They were wandering

through that maze of fantasy when the oldest woman, who as the oldest had looked upon the drowned man with more compassion than passion, sighed:

"He had the face of someone called Esteban."

It was true. Most of them had only to take another look at him to see that he could not have any other name,. The more stubborn among them, who were the youngest still lived for a few hours with the illusion that when they put his clothes on and he lay among the flowers in patent leather shoes his name might be Lautaro. But it was a vain illusion. There had not been enough canvas, the poorly cut and worse sewn pants were too tight, and the hidden strength of his heart popped the buttons on his shirts. After midnight the whistling of the wind died down and the sea fell into its Wednesday drowsiness. The silence put an end to any last doubts: He was Esteban. The women who had dressed
him, who had combed his hair, had cut his nails and shaved him were was unable to hold back a shudder of pity when they had to resign themselves to his being dragged along the ground. It was then that they understood how unhappy he must have been with that huge body since it bothered him even after death. They could see him in life, condemned to going through doors sideways, cracking his head on crossbeams, remaining on his feet during visits, not knowing what to do with his soft, pink, sea-lion hands while the lady of the house looked for the most resistant chair and begged him, frightened to death, sit here, Esteban, please, and he, leaning against the wall, smiling, don't bother ma'am, I'm fine where I am, his heels raw and his back roasted from having done the same thing so many times whenever he paid a visit, don't bother, ma'am, I'm fine when I am, just to avoid the embarrassment of breaking up the chair, and never knowing perhaps that the ones who said don't go, Esteban, at least wait til the coffee's ready were the ones who later on would whisper the big boob finally left, how nice, the handsome fool has gone. That was what the women were thinking beside the body a little before dawn. Later, when they covered his face with a handkerchief so that the light would not bother him, he looked so forever dead, so defenseless, so much like their men that the first furrows of tears opened in their hearts. It was one of the younger ones who began the weeping. There others, coming to, went from sighs to wails, and the more they sobbed the more they felt like weeping, because the drowned man was becoming more Esteban to them, and so they wept so much, for he was the most destitute, most peaceful, and most obliging man on earth, poor Esteban. So when the men returned with the news that the drowned man was not from the neighboring villages either, the women felt an opening of jubilation in the midst of their tears.

"Praise the Lord," they sighed, 'he's ours!"

The men thought the fuss was only womanish frivolity.. fatigued because of the difficult nighttime inquires, all they wanted was to get rid of the bother of the newcomer once and for all before the sun grew strong of that arid, windless day. They improvised a litter with the remains of foremasts and gaffs, tying it together with rigging so that it would bear the weight of the body until they reached the cliffs. They wanted to tie the anchor from a cargo ship to him so that he would sink easily into the deepest waves, where fish are blind and divers die of nostalgia, and bad currents would not bring him back to she, as had happened with other bodies. But the more they hurried, the more the women thought of ways to waste time. They walked about like startled hens, pecking with the sea charms on their breasts, some interfering on one side to put a scapular of the good wind on the drowned man, some on the other side to put a wrist compass on him, and after a great deal *get away from there, woman, stay out of the way, look, you almost made me fall on top of the dead man*, the men began to feel mistrust in their lives and started grumbling about why so many main-altar decorations for a stranger, because no matter how many nails and holy-water jars he had on him, the sharks would chew him all the same, but the women kept piling on their junk relics, running back and forth, stumbling, while they released in sighs what they did not in tears, so that the men finally exploded with since when has there ever been such a fuss over a drifting corpse, a drowned nobody, a piece of cold Wednesday meat. One of the women, mortified by so much lack of care, then removed the handkerchief from the dead man's face and the men were left breathless too.

He was Esteban. It was not necessary to repeat it for them to recognize him. If they had been told Sir Walter Raleigh, even they might have been impressed with his gringo accent, the macaw on his shoulder,

his cannibal-killing blunderbuss, but there could be only one Esteban in the world and there he was, stretched out like a sperm whale, shoeless, wearing the pants of an undersized child, and with those stony nails that had to be cut with a knife. They had only to take the handkerchief off his face to see that he was ashamed that it was not his fault that he was so big or so heavy or so handsome, and if he known that this was going to happen, he would have looked for a more discreet place to drown in, seriously, I even would have tied the anchor off a galleon around my neck and staggered off a cliff like someone who doesn't like things in order not to be upsetting people now with the Wednesday dead body, as you people say, in order not to be bothering anyone with this filthy piece of cold meat that doesn't have anything to do with me. There was so much truth in his manner that even the most mistrustful men, the ones who felt the bitterness of endless nights at sea fearing that their women would tire of dreaming about them and begin to dream of drowned men, even they and others who were harder still shuddered in the marrow of their bones at Esteban's sincerity.

That was how they came to hold the most splendid funeral they could conceive of for an abandoned drowned man. Some women who had gone to get flowers in the neighboring villages returned with other women who could not believe what they had been told, and those women went back for more flowers when they saw the dead man, they brought more and more until there were so many flowers, and many people that it was hard to walk about. At the final moments it pained them to return him to the waters as an orphan and they chose a father and mother from among the best people and aunts and uncles and cousins, so that through him all the inhabitants of the village became kinsmen. Some sailors who heard the weeping from a distance went off course and people heard of one who had himself tied to the mainmast, remembering ancient fables about sirens. They fought for the privilege of carrying him on their shoulders along the step escarpment by the cliffs, men and women became aware for the first time of the desolation of their streets, the dryness of their courtyards, the narrowness of their dreams as they faced the splendor and beauty of their drowned man. they let him go without an anchor so that he could come back if he wished and whenever he wished, and they held their breath for the fraction of centuries the body took to fall into the abyss. They did not need to look at one another to realize that they were no longer all present, that they would never be. But they also know that everything would be different from then on, that their houses would have wider doors, higher ceilings, and stronger floors so that Esteban's memory could go everywhere without bumping into beams and so that no one in the future would dare whisper the big boob finally died, too bad, the handsome fool has finally died, because they were going to paint their house fronts gay colors to make Esteban's memory eternal and they were going to break their backs digging for springs among the stones and planting flowers on the cliffs to that in future years at dawn the passengers on great liners would awaken, suffocated by the smell of gardens of the high seas, and the captain would have to come down from the bridge in his dress uniform, with his astrolabe, his pole star, and his row of war medals and, pointing to the promontory of roses on the horizon, he would say in fourteen languages, look there, whenever the wind is so peaceful now that it's gone to sleep beneath the beds over there, where the sun's so bright that the sunflowers don't know which way to turn, yes, over there, that's Esteban's village.

GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ

1928 -

The Colombian Gabriel Garcia Marquez is one of the most innovative writers of our time. Garcia Marquez's style, which combines realistic story-telling with elements of folklore and fantasy, has been called "magical realism." This style has enabled him to depict the sometimes incredible realities of Colombia, a country known for its democratic institutions and its political violence.
Garcia Marquez was born in Aracataca, a town in Colombia's Caribbean zone near the northern coast. All his fiction is set in this region, which is, in the words of critic Stephen Minata, a "tropical zone, a world of drama, movement, and light, of endless, and frequently oppressive, heat." Garcia Marquez identifies with the mixed African and Native American heritage of this region, and he feels little sympathy with the Spanish colonia legacy of his nation's capital, Bogota.

Although he was born into a large family, he spent his first eight years alone with his grandparents. He felt especially close to his grandfather, an impressive man who had fought in the Colombia civil war, called the War of a Thousand Days (1899-1902). Garcia Marquez also had a close relationship with his grandmother, from whom he heard magical and fantastic tales that influenced his own art.

After finishing high school, Garcia Marquez decided that he wanted to be a journalist and a novelist. He began working as a reporter only two years later, and he supported himself through newspaper writing until the success of his fiction made him economically independent. Journalism taught him stylistic lessons similar to those he learned from his grandmother:"...tricks you need to transform something which appears fantastic, unbelievable, into something plausible, credible ..."

Like many other writers, he first imitated others in order to find his one true voice. The influence of Faulkner and Hemingway, for example, is evident in early works such as Leaf Storm (1955) and No On Writes to the Colonel (1962). Faulkner taught him the virtues of lush, imaginative writing; in addition, Faulkner's imaginary Mississippi county, described in book after book, probably inspired Garcia Marquez to convert the Aracataca into the fictional town of Macondo. From Hemingway, Garcia Marquez learned the importance of keen observation. He once recalled his thrill on reading Hemingway's precise description of a bull turning as agilely as a cat rounding a corner.

The story "Big Mama's Funeral" marks the first appearance of his own blend of precise observation and outrageous fantasy. This style reaches its height in his masterpiece One Hundred Years of Solitude (1967). On a literal level , this book is the humorous and tragic tale of the Buendia family. Critics have pointed out, however, that the isolation and "solitude" of the Buendias may also symbolize the condition of Colombia or other underdeveloped Latin American countries. Garcia Marquez seemed to confirm this observation in his Nobel acceptance speech when he expressed the hope that "the races condemned to one hundred years of solitude will have ... a second chance on earth."

GUIDING QUESTION 2: Why is understanding how we perceive important?

AIM: How can seeing an event or situation from another's perspective help us to understand our own experiences?

MAJOR IDEA: Seeing an event or situation from another's perspective often helps us to understand our own experiences and encourages us to be more responsive to the experiences of others. Conflict resolution, even between different generations, can be positively affected by an understanding of how people perceive.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: Students will be able to:
- look at an experience from an inter-generational experience.
- recount a personal inter-generational experience.
- appreciate setting, dialect and characterization in a story.

MATERIALS: QUOTATION -
"The older I got, the more intelligent my father became."
Samuel Clemens.
EXCERPT: "The Maternal Instinct" , Miguel Street, V. S. Naipaul

STRATEGIES: Present quotation to class and have them respond to
- What does this quotation mean?

IN JOURNAL - Recount a personal inter-generational conflict.

In the story, "The Maternal Instinct",
- Identify Laura's strengths and weaknesses as a mother.
- Explain the reactions of the people on Miguel Street to Laura's pregnancy.
- How does the author arouse our sympathies for both mother and the daughter?
- How does the author use dialect to develop the characters and establish the setting of the story?
- Cite specific examples of folk wisdom expressed in this story.
- What views of life do they represent?

SUMMARY/APPLICATION:

Why didn't Lorna learn from her mother's experiences?

Miguel Street, V. S. Naipaul

The Maternal Instinct

I suppose Laura holds a world record.
Laura had eight children.
There is nothing surprising in that.
These eight children had seven fathers.
Beat that!

It was Laura who gave me my first lesson in biology. She lived just next door to us, and I found myself observing her closely.

I would notice her belly rising for months.
Then I would miss her for a short time.
And the next time I saw her she would be quite flat.
And the leavening process would begin again in a few months.

To me this was one of the wonders of the world in which I lived, and I always observed Laura. She herself was quite gay about what was happening to her. She used to point to it and say "This thing happening again, but you get use to it after the first three four times. Is a damn nuisance, though."

She used to blame God, and speak about the wickedness of men.
For her first six children she tried six different men.
Hat used to say, "Some people hard to please."

But I don't want to give you the impression that Laura spent all her time having babies and decrying men, and generally feeling sorry for herself. If Bogart was the most bored person in the street, Laura was the most vivacious. She was always gay, and she liked me.

She would give me plums and mangoes when she had them; and whenever she made sugar-cakes she would give me some.

Even my mother, who had a great dislike of laughter, especially in me, even my mother used to laugh at Laura.

She often said to me, "I don't know why Laura muching you up so for. Like she ain't have enough children to mind."

I think my mother was right. I don't think a woman like Laura could have ever had too many children. She loved all her children, though you wouldn't have believed it from the language she used when she spoke to them. Some of Laura's shouts and curses were the richest things I have ever heard, and I shall never forger them.

Hat said once, "Man, she like Shakespeare when it come to using words."
Laura used to shout, "Alwyn, you broad-mouth brute come here"
And, "Galvin, if you don't come here this minute, I make you fart fire , you hear.
And,"Laura, you black bow-leg bitch, why you can't look what you doing?"

Now, to compare Laura, the mother of eight, with Mary the Chinese, also mother of eight, doesn't seem fair. Because Mary took really good care of her children and never spoke harshly to them. But Mary, mark you, had a husband who owned a shop, and Mary could afford to be polite and nice to her children,

after stuffing them full of chop-suey and chow-min, and chow-fan, and things with names like that. But who could Laura look to for money to keep her children?

The men who cycled slowly past Laura's house in the evening, whistling for Laura, were not going to give any of their money to Laura's children. They just wanted Laura.

I asked my mother, "How Laura does live?"
My mother slapped me, saying, "You know, you too fast for a little boy."
I suspected the worst.
But I wouldn't have like that to be true.,

So I asked Hat. Hat said, "She have a lot of friends who does sell in the market. They does give she things free, and something one or two or three of she husbands does give she something too, but that no much."

The oddest part of the whole business was Laura herself. Laura was no beauty. As Boyee said one day,"She have a face like the top of a motor-car battery." And she was a little more than plump.

I am talking now of the time when she had only six children.

One day Hat said, "Laura have a new man."
Everybody laughed, "Stale news. If Laura have she way, she go try every man once."
But Hat said, "No, is serious. He come to live with she for good now. I see him this morning when I was taking out the cows."

We watched and waited for this man.
We later learned that he was watching and waiting for us.
In no time at all this man, Nathaniel, had become one of the gang in Miguel Street. But it was clear that he was not really one of us. He came from the east end of Port of Spain, which we considered dirtier, and his language was really coarse.

He made out that he was a kind of terror in the east end around Piccadilly Street. He told many stories about gang fights, and he let it be known that he had disfigured two or three people.
Hat said, "I think he lying like hell, you know."
I distrusted him myself. He was a small man, and I always felt that small men were more likely to be wicked and violent.

But what really sickened us was his attitude to women. We were none of us chivalrous, but Nathaniel had a contempt for women which we couldn't like. He would make rude remarks when women passed.
Nathaniel would say, "Women just like cows, Cow and they is the same thing."
And when Miss Ricaud, the welfare woman, passed, Nathaniel would say, "Look at that big cow."

Which wasn't in good taste, for we all thought that Miss Ricaud was too fat to be laughed at, and ought instead to be pitied.

Nathaniel, in the early stages, tried to make us believe that he knew how to keep Laura in her place. He hinted that he used to beat her. He used to say, "Woman and them like a good dose of blows, you know. You know the calypso:

Every now and then just knock them down.
Every now and then just throw them down.
Black up their eye and bruised up their knee
And then they love you eternally.,

Is gospel truth about woman."

Hat said, "Woman is a funny thing, for truth, though. I don't know what a woman like Laura see in Nathaniel."

Eddoes said, " I know a helluva lot about woman. I think Nathaniel lying like hell. I think when he with Laura he got his tail between his legs all the tim."

We used to hear fights and hear the children screaming all over the place, and when we saw Nathaniel, he would just say, "Just beating some sense into that woman."

Hat said, "Is a funny thing. Larua don't look any sadder."

Nathaniel said, "Is only blows she really want to keep she happy."

Nathaniel was lying of course. It wasn't he who was giving the blows, it was Laura. That come out the day when Nathaniel tried to wear a hat to cover up a beaten eye.

Eddoes said, "It look like they make up that calypso about men, not women."

Nathaniel tried to get at Eddoes, who was small and thin. But Hat said, "Go try that on Laura,. I know Laura. Laura just trying not to beat you up too bad just to keep you with she, but the day she start getting tired of you, you better run, boy."

We prayed for something to happen to make Nathaniel leave Miguel Street.

Hat said, "We ain't have to wait long. Larua making baby eight months now. Another month, and Nathaniel gone."

Eddoes said, "That would be a real record. Seven children with seven different man."

The baby came.

It was on a Saturday. Just the evening before I had seen Laura standing in her yard leaning on the fence.

The baby came at eight o'clock in the morning. And, like a miracle, just two hours later, Laura was calling across to my mother.

I hid and looked.

Laura was leaning on her window-sill. She was eating a mango, and the yellow juice was smeared all over her face.

She was saying to my mother, "the baby come this morning."

And my mother only said, "boy or girl?"

Laura said, "What sort of luck you think I have? It looks like I really blight. Is another girl. I just thought I would let you know, that's all. Well, I got to go now. I have to do some sewing."

And that every evening it liked as though what Hat said was going to come true. For that evening Laura came out to the pavement and shouted to Nathaniel, "Hey, Nathaniel come here."

Hat said, "but what the hell is this? Ain't is this morning she make baby?"

Nathaniel tried to show off to us. He said to Laura, "I busy. I ain't coming."

Laura advanced, and I could see fight in her manner. She said, "You ain't coming? Ain't coming? But what is this I hearing?"

Nathaniel was worried. He tried to talk to us, but he wasn't talking in a sensible way."

Laura said "You think you is a man. But don't try playing man with me, you hear. Yes, Nathaniel, is you I talking to, you with your bottom like two stale bread in you pants."

This was one of Laura's best, and we all began laughing. When she saw us laughing, Laura burst out too.

Hat said, "This woman is a real case."

But even after the birth of his baby Nathaniel didn't leave Miguel Street. We were a little worried.

Hat said, "If she don't look out she go have another baby with the same man, you know."

It wasn't Laura's fault that Nathaniel didn't go. She knocked him about a lot, and did so quite openly now. Sometimes she locked him out, and then we would hear Nathaniel crying and coaxing from the pavement, "Laura, darling, Laura, doux-doux, just let me come in tonight. Laura, doux- doux, let me come in."

He had dropped all pretence now of keeping Laura in her place. He no longer sought our company, and we were glad of that.

Hat used to say, "I don't know why he don't go back to the Dry River where he come from. They ain't have any culture there, and he would be happier."

I couldn't understand why he stayed.

Hat said, "It have some man like that. They like woman to kick them around."

And Laura was getting angrier with Nathaniel.

One day we hear her tell him, "You think because you give me one baby, you own me. That baby come by accident, you hear."

She threatened to get the police.

Nathaniel said, "But who go mind your children?"

Laura said, "That is my worry. I don't want you here. You is only another mouth to feed. And if you don't leave now right now I go and call Sergeant Charles for you."

It was this threat of the police that made Nathan leave.

He was in tears.

But Laura was swelling out again.

Hat said, "Oh, God! Two babies by the same man!"

One of the miracles of life in Miguel Street was that no one starved. If you sit down at a table with pencil and paper ...

GUIDING QUESTION 2: Why is understanding how we perceive important?

AIM: Why is it important to understand customs and conventions of other cultures?

MAJOR IDEA: It is important to understand how we perceive. Customs and conventions vary from culture to culture. As the world grows closer through technology, understanding how objects, events and words can be perceived differently in different cultures and by different people can help us to promote harmony and avoid conflict.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: Students will be able to

- be more sensitive to cultural variations.
- understand how objects can be perceived differently in different cultures or by different people.
- appreciate the techniques of character development.

MATERIALS: ARTICLE: "Beware of Americans Bearing Gifts".
SHORT STORY: "The Gold Watch" by Mulk Raj Anand.

STRATEGIES: Set up a simulation exercise in which students are members of various departments of a multi-national corporation. Each "department" has the task of selecting an appropriate gift to be given by the corporation to a foreign client. Some "clients": would be Japan, Korea, Saudi Arabia, Italy, etc.

Distribute "Beware of Americans Bearing Gift". Ask each group to determine the appropriateness for its client of the gift selected.

Move to a discussion of the short story "The Gold Watch" focusing in on the following:

- Why is the gold watch an unwanted and inappropriate gift?
- How does the author use the interaction among characters to develop the identity of Mr. Sharma?
- How does the author present distinctions in class and status among the characters?
- What explanations can we give for these distinctions?

SUMMARY/APPLICATION:

Write a memo to the staff of your multi-national corporation identifying three areas of cultural awareness.

FRANCE

ALWAYS send an uneven number of flowers. Even numbers are considered gauche. The number thirteen should be avoided.

NEVER send a gift with a corporate logo. The French prefer a more personal touch. Enclose a handwritten note, not a business card.

NEVER give red roses; they are an unfashionable symbol of the Socialist party.

BRITAIN

ALWAYS take a vintage port suitable for a saddle canteen when you are invited to a country weekend that includes a hunt.

NEVER send white lilies to a hostess; they are considered funereal.

JAPAN

ALWAYS present your gift holding it in both hands.

NEVER wrap a present with a bow, which is considered ugly.

NEVER rip open a gift. Wrapping paper is often selected for its design, elegance, and significance, and it is considered good form to undo a package with care in order to preserve the paper.

NEVER give a gift that includes the number four or nine, as they have homonyms that mean death and suffering.

CHINA

ALWAYS give a gift to each member of the Chinese delegation that meets you. Otherwise, non-recipients lose face.

NEVER give a clock to an older Chinese; the English word clock is a homonym for the Chinese word funeral.

NEVER bring apples to someone in the hospital; in some dialects, the pronunciation of the Chinese words for "apple" and "death" are the same.

NEVER give money. The Chinese are not allowed to accept any foreign currency.

WEST GERMANY

ALWAYS give a colleague a present on his birthday: the Germans take birthdays seriously.

NEVER give a gift that is sharp or pointed: it is thought to bring bad luck.

NEVER give twelve flowers. Germans are familiar with the American saying "Cheaper by the dozen."

ITALY

ALWAYS be careful about giving regional foods. Few Italians have a fondness for maple syrup or Tex-Mex chili.

NEVER give chrysanthemums: they are flowers of mourning. Avoid purple flowers.

NEVER give a business associate a personal gift. A scarf for a woman would be considered bad manners.

THE ARAB WORLD

ALWAYS give your gift with the right hand, not the "personal hygiene" hand.

ALWAYS keep your feet on the floor. It is considered an offense to make a public display of your feet.

NEVER give any alcoholic beverage as a gift. In Saudi Arabia, alcohol is forbidden, and strict penalties, including prison terms, await those who are caught.

NEVER bring a gift for your host's wife. Don't even inquire about his wife.

NEVER give a sculpture depicting an animal or human form. They are considered graven images and may give offense.

NEVER give food, except for fine chocolate - Swiss and dark, if possible.

KOREA

ALWAYS give a gift indicating status: anything French -- and almost anything Italian -- will do.

NEVER give knives or scissors. They signify "cutting off" a relationship.

THE SOVIET UNION

ALWAYS open your gift in front of the giver.

ALWAYS present your gift at the close of negotiontions and keep the cost low.

ALWAYS bring your gifts along to a wedding celebration.

NEVER give coffee or tea unless it is canned; canned meats, however, are prohibited. Foods such as candies, cakes, and nuts are good choices.

NEVER give liguor -- Russians are changing their attitude toward alcohol.

AUSTRALIA

ALWAYS send a message from abroad when an associate is celebrating a marriage or anniversary.

NEVER overwhelm your host with an extravagant gift. Smaller tokens of quality are better.

The revelation rose to the surface of his awareness from the deep obsessive fear which had possessed him for nearly half an hour, and his heart began to palpitate against his will, and the sweat sizzled his body. He reeled a little, then adjusted himself and got onto the pavement, looking after he car which had already turned the corner into Nicol Road.

He turned and began to walk towards Victoria Terminus Station to take his train to Thana, thirty miles out, where he had resided from cheapness almost all the years he had been n Bombay. His steps were heavy, for he was reasonably sure now that he would get notice of retirement of Monday. he tried to think of some other possible reason why the Sahibi may have decided to give him the gift of a gold watch with an inscription . there was no other explanation. His doom was sealed. What would he say to his wife? And his son had still not passed his Matric. How would he support the family? The provident fund would not amount to very much, specially in these days of rising prices . . .

He felt a pulse at his heart. He paused for breath and tried to calm himself. The old blood pressure! Or was it merely wind? ... He must not get into a panic at any cost. He steadied his gait and walked along muttering to himself, "Shanti! Shanti! Shanti!" as though the very incantation of the formula of peace would restore him to calm and equanimity.

During he weekend, Srijut Sharma was able to conceal his panic and confusion behind the facade of an exaggerated bonhomie with the skill of an accomplished actor. On Saturday night he went with his wife and son to see Professor Ram's circus which was performing opposite the Portuguese Church. He spent a little longer on his prayers, but otherwise seemed normal enough on the surface. Only he ate very little of the gal mel of the rice kichri put before him by his wife and seemed lost in thought for a few moments at ta time. And his illiterate but shrewd wife noticed that there was something on this mind.

"Thou has not eaten at all today," she said as he left the tasty papadum and the mango pickle untouched. "look at Hari! He has left nothing in his thali"

"Hoon," he answered abstractedly. And then, realizing that he might be found out for the worried, unhappy man he was, he tried to bluff her. "As a matter of fact, I was thinking of some happy news that the Sahib gave me yesterday: he said he had brought a gold watch as sa gift for me from Vilayat ..."

"Then, Papaji, give me the silver watch you are using now," said Hari, his young son, impetuously. "I have no watch at all and am always late everywhere."

"Not so impatient, son!" counseled Hari's mother. "Let your father get the gold watch first and then ... he will surely give you his silver watch!"

In the ordinary way, Srijut Sharma would have endorsed his wife's sentiments. But today he felt that, on the face of it, his son's demand was justified. How should Hari know that the silver watch, the gold watch and a gold ring would be all the jewelry he, the father, would have the security against hard days if the gold watch was, as he prognosticated, only a token being offered by the firm to sugarcoat the bitter pill they would ask him to swallow--retirement five years before the appointed time! He hesitated, then lifted his head, smiled at his son and said:

"Acha, Kaka, you can have my silver watch ..."

"Can I have it rally, Papaji, hurry!" the boy said, getting up to fetch it from his father's pocket. "Give it to me now, today!"

"Vay, son, you are so selfish!" his mother exclaimed. For, with the peculiar sensitiveness of the woman, she and surmised from the manner in which her husband had hung his head and then tried to smile as he lifted his face to his son that the father of Hari was upset inside him or at least not in his usual mood o accepting life evenly, accompanying this acceptance with the pious invocation, "Shanti! Shanti! Shanti!"

Hari brought the silver watch, adjusted it to his left ear to see if it ticked and, happy in the possession of it, capered a littler caper.

Srijut Sharma did not say anything but pushing his thali away got up to wash his hands.

The next day it happened as Srijut Sharma had anticipated.

He went in to see Mr. Acton as soon as the Sahib came in, for the suspense of the weekend had mounted to a crescendo by Monday morning and he had been trembling with trepidation, pale and completely unsure of himself. The General Manager called him in immediately and the peon Dugdu presented the little slip with the despatch clerk's name on it.

"Please sit down," said Mr. Acton, lifting his grey-haired head from the papers before him. And then, pulling his keys from his trousers pocket by the gold chain to which they were adjusted, he opened a drawer and fetched out what Sharma thought was a beautiful red case.

"Mr. Sharma, yo have been a loyal friend of this firm for many years ...and..you know, your loyalty has been y o u r g r e a t e s t a s s e t here...because...er...otherwise, we could have got someone with better qualifications to do your work! Now ...we are thinking of increasing the efficiency of the business all around! And, well, we feel tht you would also like, at you age, to retire to your native Punjab... So, as a token of our appreciation of your loyalty to Henry King & Co., we are presenting you this gold watch ..." and he pushed the red case towards hm.

"Sahib!..." Srijut Sharma began to speak, but though his mouth opened, he could not go on. "I am only fifty yers old," he wanted to say, "and I still have five years to go." His facial muscles seemed to contract, his eyes were dimmed wiht fumes of frustration and bitterness, his forehead was covered with swetat. At least they might have made a little ceremony of the presentation. He could not even utter the words, "Thank you ,Sir."

"Of course, you will also have your provident fund and one month's leave with pay before you retire..."

Again Srijut Sharma tried to voice his inner protest in words which would convey his meaning without seeming to be disloyal, for he did not want to obliterate the one concession the Sahib had made to the whole record of his service with his firm. It was just likely that Mr. Acton might remind him of his failings as a despatch clerk if he should as much as indicate that he was unamenable to the suggestion made by the Sahib on behalf of Henry King & Co.

"Look at the watch --- it has an inscription on it which will please you," said Mr. Acton to get over the embarrassment created by the silence of the despatch clerk.

These words hypnotized Sharma and, stretching his hands across the large table, he reached out hea for the gift.

Mr. Acton noticed the unsureness of his hand and pushed it gently forward.

Srijut Sharma picked up the red bow, but, in his eagerness to follow the Sahib's behests, drooped it even as he held it aloft and tired to open it.

The Sahib's face was livid as he picked up the box and hurriedly opened it. Then, lifting the watch from its socket, he wound it and applied it to his ear. It was ticking. He turned it round and showed the inscription to the despatch clerk.

Srijut Sharma put both his hands out, more steadily this time, and took the gift in the manner which a beggar receives alms. He brought the glistening object within the orbit of his eyes, but they were dimmed with tears and he could not read anything. He tried to smile, however, and them, with a great heave o his will which rocked his body from side to side, pronounced the words, "Thank you ,Sir..."

Mr. Acton got up, took the gold watch from Srijut Sharma's hands and put it back in the socket the red case. Then he stretched his right hand towa

the despatch clerk with a brisk shake-hand gesture and offered the case to him with his left hand.

Srijust Sharma instinctively took the Sahib's right hand gratefully in his two sweating hands and then opened the palms out to receive the case.

"Good luck, Sharma,' Mr. Acton said. "Come and see me after your leave is over. And when your son matriculates let me know if I can do something for him ...'

Dumb and with bent head, the fumes of his violent emotions rising above the mouth which could have expressed them, he withdrew in the abject manner of his ancestors going out of the presence of a feudal lord.

Mr. Acton saw the danger to the watch and went ahead to open the door so that the clerk could go out without knocking his head against the door or falling down.

As Srijust Sharma emerged from the General Manager's office, tears involuntarily flowed from his eyes and his lower lip felling a put that somehow controlled him from breaking down completely.

The eyes of the whole office staff were on him. In a moment, a few of the men clustered around his person. One of them took the case from his hands, opened it and read the inscription out loud: "In appreciation of the loyal service of Mr. Sharma to Henry King & Co. on his retirement."

The curiosity of his colleagues became a little less enthusiastic though the watch passed from hand to hand.

Unable to stand because of the waves of dizziness that swirled in his head, Srijut Sudarshan Sharma sat down on his chair with his head hidden in his hands and allowed the tears to roll down. One of his colleagues, Mr. Banaji, the accountant, patted his back understandingly. But the pity was too much for him.

"To be sure, Seth Makanji, the new partner, has a relation to fill Sharma's position," one said.

"No, no," another refuted him. "No one is required to kill himself with work in our big concern ...,we are given the Sunday off! And a fat pension years before it is due. The bosses are full of love for us!..."

"Damn fine gold watch, but it does not go!" said Shri Ramna the typist.

Mr. Banaji took the watch from Srijut Raman and, putting it in the case, placed it before Srijut Sharma as he signed the others to move away.

As Srijut Sharma realized that his colleagues had drifted away, he lifted his morose head, took the case, as well as his hat, and began to walk away. Mr. Banaji saw him off to the door, his hand on Sharma's back. 'Sahibji," the Parsi accountant said as the lift came up and the liftman took Sharma in.

On the way home he found that the gold watch only went when it was shaken. Obviously some delicate part had broken when he had dropped it on Mr. Acton's table. He would get it mended, but he must save all the cash he could get hold of and not go spending it on the luxury of having a watch repaired now. He shouldn't have been weak with his son and given him his old silver watch. But as there would be no office to attend, he would not need to look at the time very much, spēcially in Jullundhur where time just stood still and no one bothered about keeping appointments.

HINDUSTANI LITERATURE

Mulk Raj Anard (1905 -) THE GOLD WATCH

There was something about the smile of Mr. Acton when he came over to Srijut Sudarshan Sharma's table which betokened disaster. But as the Sahib had only said, "Mr. Sharma, I have brought something specially for you from London -- you must come into my office on Monday and take it. ...," the poor old despatch clerk could not surmise the real meaning of the General Manager's remark. The fact that Mr. Acton should come over to his table at all, fawn upon him and say what he had said was, of course, most flattering, for very rarely did the head of the firm condescend to move down the corridor where the Indian staff of the distribution department of the great Marmalade Empire of Henry King & Co. worked.

But that smile on Mr. Acton's face! Specially as Mr. Acton was not known to smile too much, being a morose old Sahib, hard working, conscientious, and a slave driver, famous as a shrewd businessman, so devoted to the job of spreading the monopoly of King's Marmaldade and sundry other products that his wife had left him after a three months' spell of marriage and never returned to India, though no one quite knew whether she was separated or divorced from him or merely preferred to stay away. So the fact that Acton Sahib should smile was enough to Srijut Sharma cause for thought. But then Srijut Sharma was, in spite of his nobility of soul and fundamental innocence, experienced enough in his study of the vague, detached faces of the white Sahibs by now and had clearly noticed the slight awkward curl of the upper lip, behind which the determined tobacco-stained long teeth showed for the briefest moment a snarl suppressed by the deliberation which action Sahib had brought to the whole operation of coming over and pronouncing those kind words. And what could be the reason for his having been singled out from among the twenty-five odd member of the distribution department? In the usual way, he, the despatch clerk, only received an occasional greeting: "Hello, Sharma -- how you getting on?" from the head of his own department, Mr. West Sahib, or a reprimand because some letters or packets had gone astray; otherwise, he himself being the incarnation of clock work efficiency and well-versed in the routine of his job, there was no occasion for any break in the monotony of that anonymous, smooth-working Empire so far at least as he was concerned.

To be sure, there was the continual gossip of the clerks and the accountants, the bickerings and jealousies of the people above him for grades and promotions and pay, but he, Sharma, had been employed twenty years ago as a special favor, was not even a matriculate, but had picked up the work somehow and, though unwanted and constantly reprimanded by West Sahib in the first few years, had been retained in his job because of the general legend of saintliness which he had acquired ... He had five more years of service to do, because ten he would be fifty-five and the family-raising, great portion of his life in the fourfold scheme, prescribed by religion, finished. He hoped to retire to his home town, Jullundhur, where his father still ran the confectioner's store off the Mall Road.

"And what did Acton Sahib have to say to you, Mr. Sharma?": asked Miss Violet Dixon, the plain snub-nosed Anglo-Indian typist in her sing-song."

Since he was an old family man of fifty who had grayed prematurely, she considered her virginity safe enough with this "gentleman" and freely conversed with him, specially during the lunch hour.

"Han," he said, "he has brought something for me from England," Srijut Sharma answered.

"There are such pretty things in U.K." she said. "My,! I wish I could go there!...My sister is there, you know! Married! ..."

She had not told Sharma all these things before. So he was not interested. Specially today, because all his thoughts were concentrated on the inner meaning of Mr. Acton's sudden visitation and the ambivalent smile.

"Well, half day today, I am off," said Violet and moved away with the peculiar snobbish agility of the Mem Sahib she affected to be.

Srijut Sharma stared at her blankly, though taking her regular form into his subconscious with more than the old uncle's interest he had always pretended. It was only her snub nose, like that of Sarup-naka, the sister of the demon king, Ravana, that stood in the way of her being married, he felt sure, for otherwise she had a tolerable figure. And his obsessions about the meaning of Acton Sahib's words returned, from the pent-up curiosity, with greater force now that he realized the vastness of the space of time during which he would have to wait in suspense before knowing what the boss had brought for him and why.

He took up his faded sola topee, which was, apart from the bush shirt and trousers, one of the few concessions to modernity which he had made throughout his life as a good Brahmin, got up from his chair, beckoned Dugdu from the veranda on his way out and asked: "Has Acton Sahib gone you know?"

"Abhi-Sahib in lift, going down," Dugdu said.

Srijut Sharma made quickly for the stairs and, throwing all caution about slipping on the polished marble steps to the winds, hurtled down, there were three floors below him and he began to sweat, both through fear of missing the Sahib and the heat of mid-April. As he got to the ground floor he saw Acton Sahib already going out of the door.

It was now or never.

Srijut Sharma rushed out. But he was conscious that quite a few employees of the firm would be coming out of the two lifts and he might be seen talking to the Sahib. And that was not done--outside the office. The Sahibs belonged to their private world where no intrusion was tolerated, for they refused to listen to pleas for advancement through improper channels.

Mr. Acton's uniformed driver opened the door o the polished Buick and the Sahib sat down, spreading the shadow of grimness all around him.

Srijut Sharma hesitated, for the demeanor of the Goanese chauffeur was frightening.

By now the driver had smartly shut the back door of the car and was proceeding to his seat.

That was his only chance.

Taking off his hat, he rushed up to the window of the car and rudely thrust his face into the presence o Mr. Acton.

Luckily for him the Sahib did not brush him aside, but smiled a broader smile than that of a few minutes ago and said: "You want to know what I have brought for you--well, it is a gold watch with an inscription on it. See me Monday morning ..." The Sahib's initiative in anticipating his questions threw Srijut Sharma further off his balance. The sweat just poured down from his forehead, even as he mumbled, "Thank you, Sir, thank you ..."

"Chalo, driver!" the Sahib ordered.

And the chauffeur turned and looked hard at Srijut Sharma.

The despatch clerk withdrew with a sheepish, abject smile on his face and stood, hat in left hand, the right hand raised to his forehead in the attitude of a nearly military salute.

The motor car moved off.

But Srijut Sharma stood still, as though he had been struck dumb. He was neither happy nor sad at this moment--only numbed by the shock of surprise. Why should he be singled out from the whole distribution department of Henry King & Co. for the privilege of the gift of a gold watch! .. He had done nothing brave that he could remember. "A gold watch, with an inscription on it!" Oh, he knew now -- the intuitive truth rose inside him--the Sahib wanted him to retire ...

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Art: Lessons prepared by Toby Needley, Assistant Principal, Washington Irving High School, NY, NY

Supervision - Art

Organizing Center - PERCEPTION

Activity 1: Brainstorming Around the Wheel - Visual Arts

- How do we perceive works of art?
- How do we perceive our own art?
- How does culture effect the work of the visual artist?
- How does the artist perceive himself/herself?
- What influences the visual artist to depict subject matter in a particular manner or style?
- How do visual artists select subject matter?
- What role do skills and techniques play in perceiving a work of art?
- What role do skills and techniques play in creating a work of art?
- How are artists perceived in different cultures?
- How are artists influenced by other cultures?
- What role do the arts play in helping us perceive our own culture?
- What role do the arts play in helping us perceive other cultures?

The group reassembled and all statements were shared. As a result, two decisions were made:

- Two guiding questions would be developed.
- The unit would be extended to two weeks with one week devoted to each guiding questions.

Activity 2: Guiding questions

Week 1: **What affects the way we see?**
Week 2: **Why is understanding what we perceive important?**

Activity 3: Learning outcomes

Concepts: Perception, Analysis, Speculation, Interpretation, Production.

Skills: Recognize references, influences and affinities.
Develop art vocabulary and interpretive skills.
Become conversant with visual elements, such as color, line, shape, composition, etc.

Assessment: Oral and written responses, vocabulary acquisition, original art work.

Taxonomy Questions:

Knowledge-based questions:

- Who created this work of art?
- What is the title of the work?
- When was this work created?
- What art materials were used?
- Where did the artist live?

Comprehension-based questions:

- Describe the use of the elements of design in this art work?
- Compare one painting to another?
- Describe the mood of the painting?
- Explain the artist's purpose in creating the art work?

Application-based questions:

- How can you create a self-portrait?
- What skills and techniques are necessary?
- How will you create the composition?
- How do you want to be perceived in your self portrait?

Analysis-based questions:

- What is the focal point of the art work?
- How did the artist hope to have his/her work perceived by the viewer?
- What does the viewer bring to the perception of a work of - art?

Synthesis-based questions:

- How would the meaning of the art work be changed by using a different composition or color?
- What other medium could be used to create this art work?
- How could you change your self portrait to alter the viewers perception?

Evaluation-based questions:

- Determine criteria for examining works of art.
- Examine the development of skills and techniques in using art materials.
- Assess the students ability to problem solve in the creation of a work of art.

ART APPRECIATION

AIM: How do artists perceive the world around them?
How do we perceive their works of art?
How can we develop our skills in perceiving works of art?

MAJOR IDEAS: When we respond to works of art we frequently use our personal and cultural biases in making judgements. Students will be encouraged to share and question their personal views of art and to develop a more analytical approach. This will include a method that takes into consideration historical and cultural perspectives as well as basic art concepts.

MATERIALS: 10 - 15 reproductions of art works that represent a variety of cultures and historical periods. Teacher prepared index cards that contain information about the artist, culture, historical framework, etc. .

Performance Objectives: The students will be able to:

1. Analyze works of art.
2. Understand the significance of personal perceptions in viewing a work of art.
3. Become conversant with technical analysis of art works.
4. Use historical and cultural information in responding to works of art.
5. Become more visually literate in their perceptions of works of art.

STRATEGIES:

* Classroom Mini Museum - The teacher will create an exhibit of art works (reproductions) that represent a variety of artists, cultures and historical periods. He/she will prepare an index card for each art work that includes: name of artist, name of art work, date, materials used, culture, significant historical references. For example:

* The teacher will select one piece of art work to analyze with the entire class. Using the questions from "The Student Work Sheet - Art Appreciation" he/she will discuss the work of art with the class. The discussion should cover the following:

Technical Analysis
- Use of elements of design (line, shape, light, color, form, texture, etc.)
- Exaggerated or distorted lines and/or shapes
- Repeated lines, shapes or colors
- Colors harmonies or disharmonies
- Elements of composition
- Size relationships
- Implied Movement

Interpretation (personal)

- Do you like or dislike this picture? Why?
- How do you respond to the color?
- Do you think the artist was successful in creating a feeling or an idea.
- How do you think the pictures could be improved?
- Would you select this picture to hang in your house?

Historical and Cultural Context

- Did the time in which this art work was created effect the subject matter? How?
- How was the artist effected by the culture in which he lived?
- How did the artist expect viewers to perceive his work?
- How does the viewers cultural background effect his perception of the art work?

Final Evaluation

- How did your point of view regarding the work of art change as you gained information about the historical and cultural context of the piece?
- How did your point of view regarding the work of art change as you did the technical analysis?

* The teacher will break the class into groups of three. Each group will be assigned a work of art to analyze using "The Student Work Sheet - Art Appreciation." When the group is ready the teacher will give them the index card containing the historical and cultural information. If it is appropriate the class could be brought to the school library to complete the historical and cultural analysis independently.

SUMMARY:

* Each group will report their findings back to the class. The class will be encouraged to react to the groups findings.

STUDENT WORK SHEET

ART APPRECIATION

STUDENT'S Name_____
CLASS _____

INTERPRETATION (PERSONAL REACTIONS)

1. Describe the color of this piece

_____
_____

2. Describe the textures in this piece

_____
_____

3. Describe the patterns in this piece

_____
_____

4. I think the mood in this piece is _____

_____
_____
_____
_____

5. If I were the artist of this piece I would make the following changes in the work

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

6. Would you like to have this painting in your home? _____
   Explain _____

_____
_____
_____
_____

TECHNICAL ANALYSIS

7. Comment on five of the following that you think are significant to the message of the art work.

medium	shape	color	texture
form	light	line	repetition
pattern	unity	contrast	emphasis
balance	movement	value	

1. _____
_____
2. _____
_____
3. _____
_____
4. _____
_____
5. _____
_____

HISTORICAL/CULTURAL INFORMATION

Using the information on the index card or resources in the school library, respond to the following questions:

8. How do you think the artists culture reflected the subject matter used in the painting? _____
_____
_____

9. Was the artist influenced by other cultures in creating this painting? Explain.
_____
_____
_____

10. How did the time in which this artist work effect the subject, materials, etc.
_____
_____
_____
_____

11. List any artists that you know who work in a similar style to this artist.
_____
_____
_____

SUGGESTED ART PROJECTS

THE FOLLOWING ART PROJECTS ARE BASED ON THE ORGANIZING CENTER "PERCEPTION" AND THE FOLLOWING GUIDING QUESTIONS:

WHAT AFFECTS THE WAY WE SEE?

WHY IS UNDERSTANDING HOW WE PERCEIVE IMPORTANT?

THE ART TEACHER IS TO SELECT THE PROJECT OR PROJECTS FOR THIS TWO WEEK UNIT. THE SELECTION OF THE PROJECT(S) WILL BE BASED ON STUDENTS NEEDS AND AVAILABILITY OF MATERIALS. THE TEACHING OF ART CONCEPTS, SKILLS AND TECHNIQUES ARE LEFT TO THE EXPERTISE OF THE ART TEACHER.

PROJECT: Self Portraits
AIM: What are our visual perceptions of ourselves?

MAJOR IDEA: In order to appreciate and understand others we have to first appreciate and understand ourselves. The creation of a self portrait allows students to look at themselves and examine the qualities that make them unique. Analyzing the self portraits of artists will help the students understand how artists have perceived themselves in different cultures and historical periods.

CONCEPTS: Identity, culture, historical significance

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: The students will be able to:

1. Expand their knowledge of artists and the history of art.
2. Discuss how the artists self image is affected by culture and time frame.
3. Design and create a self portrait.
4. Develop skills and techniques with art materials.

STRATEGY:

* The teacher will display examples of self portraits representing a variety of artists, cultures and historical periods.

* The class will compare and contrast these art works using discussion and analysis (the students should be encouraged to used the system of analysis used in the "Art Appreciation" lesson.)

* At the end of the class discussion, the students should fill out the "Student Work Sheet - Art Appreciation." This will allow all students to express their ideas.

* The teacher will demonstrate the process to be used in the creation of the self portrait as well as the skills and techniques in using the materials.

SUMMARY:

* Display completed portraits

* Discuss portraits in the following terms -
  Did the student understand the problem?
  Does the art work show a mastery of skills and techniques in using the materials?
  Did the student grow in his/her perception of himself/herself?

TOPIC: Perception - Landscapes

MAJOR IDEA: Cultural traditions influence the way we see the world around us. By comparing traditional Chinese landscape painting with traditional Western landscape painting the students will begin to understand how spacial depth (perspective) is perceived in different cultures.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: The students will be able to:

1. Compare and contrast ways n which spacial depth is perceived and represented in Chinese and western European Impressionist painting.
2. Develop their skills and techniques in using art materials.
3. Design and create two paintings of the same urban landscape using the different methods.

STRATEGIES:

• Display reproductions of a representative Chinese landscape paintings (T'ang or Sung Dynasty) and Western landscape paintings from the Impressionist Period. Compare and contrast these art works. Ask some of the following questions:

- What is the subject of these paintings?
- How have the artists created the illusion of realism?
- Discuss the similarities and differences in the way the artists approach their subject.
- What are some of the techniques used to achieve spatial depth?
- How are Chinese paintings usually painted? What materials are used? How does this affect the feeling and mood of the paintings?
- Describe how the artists have used color in these paintings. How does this affect the illusion of depth?
- Describe linear elements that direct the movement of the viewer's eye in both Chinese and Western paintings. Where does the eye seem to come to rest? (Often in Chinese painting the eye is led to blank areas in the paintings - the viewer is swept through the figures into this void in order to contemplate and digest the mood and feelings.)

• Explain that these paintings represent different approaches to art. Some are by Chinese artists and some by Western artists. Tell the students that they will be exploring these different approaches to art, and the ways the artists depict the illusion of space on a flat surface.

• The teacher will demonstrate perspective using the student activity sheets. Have the students complete the exercises to understand these devices. Demonstrate the skills and techniques in using the art materials.

* The students will then select the subject matter for their urban landscapes. They should be encouraged to make a number of thumbnail sketches before producing the finished piece.

* Each student will create two paintings of the same urban landscape. One painting will use traditional Chinese perspective and the other painting will translate the images in traditional Western perspective.

EVALUATION:

* Does the work portray the two distinct styles of perspective? Review with the student the major differences in these styles.

* Did the students improve their skills and techniques in using the materials?

Perspective Devices: Used to Create the Illusion of Depth

Atmospheric Perspective or Aerial Perspective:

The effect of objects becoming lighter in value and losing detail as they come closer to the horizon. Everything tends to become lighter/grayer/bluer because of absorptions and refraction of light through the atmosphere's moisture.

Overlapping Objects:

Objects in front will obviously seem closer than those behind.

Position of Objects:

The higher in the field of vision the farther away the shapes will seem.

Size of Objects:

Larger objects appear closer and smaller objects appear farther away.

Value of Objects:

See atmospheric perspective (daylight).

Daytime or on a light background: darker objects appear closer; lighter objects farther away; Nighttime or on a dark background: the lighter the object is, the closer it will appear.

Detail (See Atmospheric Perspective.):

In general objects in the foreground have much detail, and then gradually details fade (are simplified) into the background.

Color:

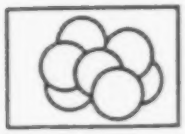
Warm colors -- Yellow, Orange, Red -- tend to appear closer.

Cool colors -- Blue, Violet, Green -- tend to appear farther away.

Used to Create the Illusion of Depth

Student Activity Sheet

Atmospheric Perspective or Aerial Perspective:
The effect of objects becoming *lighter in value* and *losing detail* as they come closer to the horizon. Everything tends to become lighter/grayer/bluer because of absorptions and refraction of light through the atmosphere's moisture.



Overlapping Objects:
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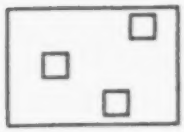

Position of Objects:
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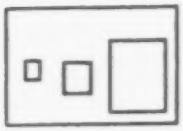
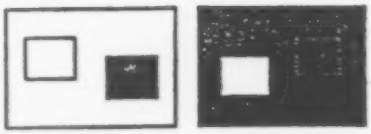


Size of Objects:
Larger objects appear closer and smaller objects appear farther away.



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Color:
Warm colors — Yellow, Orange, Red — tend to appear closer.
Cool colors — Blue, Violet, Green — tend to appear farther away.

Perspective Devices: ***Student Activity Sheet***

One Point Linear Perspective -- Drawing a Hallway

1. Draw the horizon line at eye level. This does not have to be in the middle of the paper.
2. Draw the line of sight. It is a vertical line from you to the horizon line. The point where these two lines cross is the vanishing point.
3. Imagine lines radiating from the vanishing point. All lines of your drawing will either end at this point, or be vertical or horizontal.
4. Draw the floor and ceiling lines. To get the correct angles, hold a ruler at arms length like a propeller.
5. Put the floor line in where the hallway is cut off by the wall at the end. Then draw vertical lines up as shown.
6. Complete the end of the hall. Draw doorways, windows, tiles, etc. These lines if extended would also end at the vanishing point, or be horizontal or vertical.,

Two Point Linear Perspective -- Drawing Buildings

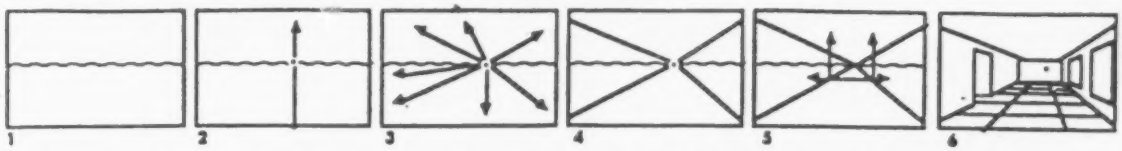
1. Draw the horizon line at eye level. This line extends beyond your paper.

2. Choose a vertical edge of the side of one central building. Extend this line above and below horizon line proportionate to how much of the building falls above or below your line of sight. Using the propeller technique, establish the angle of the top and bottom edges of the building and extend these out to meet with the horizon line. Where these cross establishes two vanishing points.

3. All lines of your drawing will either extend to one of the two vanishing points, or will be vertical. Use vertical lines to establish the outer edges of the building as shown in figure 3. Draw other buildings behind and in front of one another using the two vanishing points and vertical lines.

4. Erase unwanted guidelines, leaving only those lines that define the shapes of the buildings. Window, ornaments, doors, chimneys, etc. can be added to the basic shapes of your buildings using the same system.

One Point Linear Perspective — Drawing a Hallway



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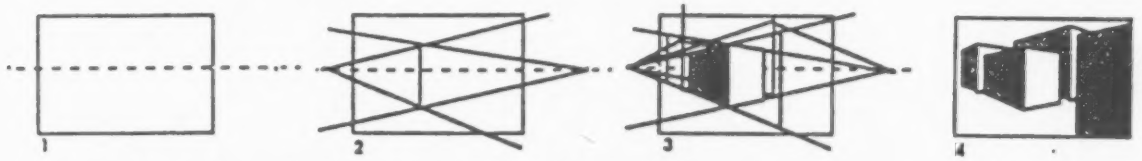

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4. Erase unwanted guidelines, leaving only those lines that define the shapes of the buildings. Windows, ornaments, doors, chimneys, etc. can be added to the basic shapes of your buildings using the same system.

TOPIC: Perception - Imagination

MAJOR IDEAS: Throughout the history of art, artists have used imaginary ideas in expressing their ideas and feelings about the world in which they live. Frequently they have used visual media to express the fantasies, myths and legends of their cultures.

CONCEPTS: Culture, Mythology, Fantasy

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: The Students will be able to:

1. Discuss the role of mythology and legends in a number of cultures.
2. Examine the work of artists and illustrators who deal with fantasy and imagination in their imagery.
3. Develop their skills and techniques in art materials.
4. Design and create an illustration using imaginary and fantasy images.

STRATEGIES:

* Class discussion on the role of mythology and legends in a number of different cultures. Include, in the discussion the universal need for people to imagine and fantasies. Discuss the significance of imaginary heros in contemporary society (Snoopy, witches and goblins of Halloween, super heroes in comic books and in cartoons and movies, etc.)

* Show the students examples of illustrations and paintings whose images are based on imagination, fantasy, myth and/or legends. (Children's book illustrations are good examples as well as the paintings of Chagall, Miro, Klee, Haring.) Ask the students to compare these works using the "Art Appreciation" Worksheets.

* Tell the students that they will be creating illustrations based on their own dreams, fantasies and imagination. Have the students create thumbnail sketches of possible ideas.

* Demonstrate the skills and techniques required for the art materials. Allow students to practice these skills before working on their final illustrations.

SUMMARY:

* Display the completed work in the art classroom
* Evaluate the work in the following areas -
    - Did the student understand the problem?
    - Does the work demonstrate improvement in skills and techniques?

Forest Hills High School, Queens, New York

Mark Kaufman, Assistant Principal, Supervision - English
RoseAnne Coons - Social Studies teacher

LATIN AMERICAN LITERATURE (Colombia)

Topic: Introduction to Myths: Incan Myths (3 - 4 days)

Instructional Objectives: Students will be able to understand why we study myths.

- Human beings are remarkably alike through time and across space.
- Needs and concerns haven't changed very much since the days of the Incas.
- We still search for an explanation of how the universe was created and of the relationships between man and the forces of nature.

Materials: World Mythology, Donna Rosenberg, National Textbook Company

Teacher Background:

Myths are part of every culture as well as symbols of the human experience. For the people of a society, myths embody views of the culture and help examine the mysterious in life. Myths entertain, explain nature and the universe and instruct members of the community regarding attitudes and values necessary to function in society. Myths have a common focus. They deal with the individual and his place in the universe, what the individual must do to survive and the balancing of one's own desires against responsibility to others.

Lesson 1 (1 day): **Introduction to Incan Myths**

Springboard: Ask a volunteer to tell the Biblical version of creation.

Procedure: World Mythology, pages 456-458
Myths of the Americas: Discussion of Creation Myths and Fertility Myths
Pre-Incan historical background

(Teacher may assign this for homework to prepare students for lesson.)

- Teacher will read aloud to students
  "The Creation of the Universe and Human Beings" - pp. 459-60

(The Incans "borrowed" this myth from the people they conquered and substituted the sun for Viracocha.)

- Why does Viracocha cause his stone people to sink beneath the earth before they reappear?
- What difference does it make?

(T.N. If humans are born from rocks, rivers, mountains and caves people will worship these forms of nature. This concept helps the students understand the fusion of the idea of one Creator and of natural phenomena producing life.)

- Why does Viracocha disappear the way he does?
- Is this better than vanishing into the air? Defend your answer.

(T.N. This type of disappearance enhances Viracocha's image. He is last seen doing what no human being can do. Seeing a creator-god perform a miraculous deed is more impressive than simply seeing him disappear.)

- At the beginning of our discussion, we looked at the Biblical creation myths.

  - How are Incan myths similar?
  - How are Incan myhs different?

Writing Exercise:

Re-write a Biblican myth as an Incan myth. Share with the class.

Lesson 2 (1 day): **Two Myths of the Inca**

Procedure: World Mythology, pages 462-464
"The Creation of the Inca Nation: The House of Origin"
"Fertility: The Children of the Sun"

(T.N. These myths is based on the Tiahuanaco of Viracocha. Since the sun was the Inca tribal god, it takes the place of Viracocha. Incas believed their rulers were children of the sun.)

"House of Origin"

(T.N. This myth stresses the importance of the capital city of Cuzco and the supremacy of the Incas over their neighbors rather than the creation of the universe and humans.)

- Why did the myth's creators describe the earlier people as aggressive and selfish?
- What reason is there to believe this to be false?

(T.N. The myth tellers wanted to set themselves apart as a superior tribe. The fact is that the Incas were probably more aggressive than their predecessors, and somewhat more aggressive in their thinking. The Incas had a high opinion of themselves, and when they conquered other peoples, they convinced these weaker tribes of this too.)

- Why does the Inca family emerge wearing unusually fine clothes and possessing great wealth?
- How does the expression "dress to impress" apply to the Inca?
- Why does Manco Capac build Cuzco in the name of Con Ticci Viracocha?
- How does this act make for an easier transition?
- Why are the Inca descendants of the sun?

(T.N. The sun is he most important item in the universe: heat, plant growth, etc.)

"Fertility: The Children of the Sun"

(T.N. The Inca had no way of knowing the history of the people who preceded them. Their predecessors were probably similar to them.)

- How much should we believe of the description of the people mentioned at the beginning of the story?
- Why is it the sun who cares about people?
- What other choices existed for the myth's creators?
- The sun claims responsibility for the soil? Why? Do these reasons make sense?
- What are two purposes of the myth?

(T.N. One purpose is o explain how the Inca came to settle in the Cuzco valley, and to explain how Inca leaders created the people and made them civilized [and superior] by giving them advanced technology.)

- In summary, what do we learn of the Inca from these myths?

Lesson 3: No One Writes to the Colonel, a novella by Gabriel Garcia Marquez
(4 days)

Teacher Background:

The classic novella, No One Writes to the Colonel, tells of life in a decaying tropical town in Colombia, South America - Macondo - and the cycles of hope and despair, tragedy and comedy, memories and illusions, that affect the inhabitants as well as the truths and ridiculousness of life. Garcia Marquez was banned from visiting the United States for many years because of his communist proclivities. This theme of this novel is found in his other well-known books, A Hundred Years of Solitude, and Love in the Time of Cholera.

Procedure:

Students will read the novella in two parts: Day 1 through page 34 ("The boys will take over feeding the rooster.") and then from 32 to 62 for Day 2.

Day 1: - What do we learn about the Colonel, his wife, and their son Augustin?
- What is the Colonel waiting for every Friday? Why?
- Describe the Colonel's major accomplishment in the past?
- Explain and discuss the importance of the rooster in the lives of the Colonel, his wife and their friends?
- Based upon what you have read, what is life like for the average person in Macondo?

Day 2: - What do we learn about Sabas? In his discussion with the Colonel, how might he represent Columbian society?
- Why do you think the Colonel's pension has been delayed so long?
- What might the pension symbolize about Columbian society?
- Discuss the woman's reaction to the Colonel's inability to sell the rooster? Do you agree or disagree with her reactions to the situation?
- What do you think is meant by the Colonel's final response to his wife's final question?
- What does this novella tell us about human nature in general and about life in Columbia, circa 1955?

Day 3: (A writing lesson to supplement the discussion.)

- Students will write a paragraph discussing the meaning and/or their reaction to the "surprise ending", specifically to the reactions of the Colonel and his wife to the prospect of continued difficult times.

- How does Garcia Marquez reveal the character of the Colonel?

- Page 51, last two paragraphs:
  How does the Colonel deal with the man who shot his son Augustin?
  What is the significance of his using the phrase "Excuse me"?
- Page 52, first paragraph includes an example of *magical realism*:
  the floating privy. The last paragraph gives a fine example of the difference between the Colonel and his wife (re: pigs eating the roses).
  What is *magical realism?*
- Page 54-55, bottom and top:
  How does the rooster fighting remind you of one of the characters in the novella?
- Page 56-57, middle and top:
  What effect does the rooster fight have on the town?
  Why does the Colonel change his mind about selling the rooster?
- Page 62:
  What spirit does the Colonel show?
  Does the Colonel represent all the common folk? Explain and discuss.

- Students should write a short piece contrasting the Colonel and his wife. Describe the two characters and/or their actions.

- What BIG ideas about life is Garcia Marquez really writing about? What is his intention in writing the story?

Day 4: Gabriel Garcia Marquez's acceptance speech - Nobel Prize for Literature (1982)

- Storytellers and writers have always created world full of wonders - things that did not exist in their own worlds. Brainstorm and list some of these worlds. (E.g. Oz, Star Trek, Tolkien, Bradbury, etc.)

- When the Europeans began to explore Central America, they had heard tales of a similar fantasy land, El Dorado, a city where gold was as available as common rocks. In addition, there would be species of animals and other natural wonders not or seldom seen in Europe. These too would amaze the explorers.

  - I will read aloud the initial selection from Garcia Marquez's speech. As I read, listen for and list such wonders.
  - What were some of the amazing things described by Europeans?
  - What are some of the current problems mentioned by the author?
  - How does the author want non-Latin Americans to evaluate life in Latin America?
  - How have Latin Americans reacted to their severe problems?
  - What does the writer hope for?

Gabriel Garcia Marquez's Nobel Address
"The Solitude of Latin America"

In his 1982 Nobel Address, Gabriel Garcia Marquez discussed the "disorderly reality" of Latin America and his hopes for the future of the region.

Antonio Pigafetta, the Florentine navigator who accompanied Magellan on the first circumnavigation of the world, kept a meticulous log on his journey through our South American continent which, nevertheless,

also seems to be an adventure into the imagination. He related that he had seen pigs with their umbilicus on their backs and birds without feet, the female of the species of which would brood their eggs on the backs of males, as well as others like gannets without tongues whose beaks looked like a spoon. He wrote that he has seen a monstrosity of an animal with the head and ears of a mule, the body of a camel, the hooves of a deer and the neigh of a horse. He related that they put a mirror in front of the first native they met in Patagonia and how the overexcited giant lost the use of his reason out of the fear of his own image.

This short and fascinating book, in which we can perceive the germs of our contemporary novels, is not, by any means, the most surprising testimony of our reality at that time. The Chroniclers of the Indies have left us innumerable others. Eldoroado, our illusory land which was much sought after, figured on many maps over a long period of time, changing in situation and extent according to the whim of the cartographers...Later on, during the colonial period, they used to sell in Cartegena de India chickens raised on alluvial soils in whose gizzards were found gold nuggets. This delirium for gold among our founding fathers has been a bane upon us until very recent times. Why, only in the last century the German mission appointed to study the construction of a railway line between the two oceans across the Panamanian isthmus concluded that the project was a viable one on the condition that the rails should not be of iron, scarce metal in the region, but of gold.

• • •

Eleven years ago, one of the outstanding poets of our time, Pablo Neruda from Chile, brought light to this very chamber with his words. In the European mid, in those of good - and often those of bad - consciences, we witness, on a forceful scale never seen before, the eruption of an awareness of the Phantoms of Latin America, that great homeland of deluded men and historic women, whose infinite stubbornness is confused with legend. We have never had a moment of serenity...

Nearly one hundred and twenty thousand have disappeared as a consequence of repression, which is as if, today, no one knows where the inhabitants of Uppsala were. Many women arrested during pregnancy gave birth in Argentinean prisons but, still, where and who their children are is still not known, either they were passed on into secret adoption or interned in orphanages by military authorities. So that things should not continue thus, two thousand men and women have given up their lives over the continent and more than one hundred thousand in three tiny, wilful countries in Central America: Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala. Were this to happen in the United States the proportional ratio would be one million six hundred violent deaths in four years...

I dare to believe it is this highly unusual state of affairs, and not only its literary expression, which, this year, has merited the attention of the Swedish Literary Academy: a reality which is not one on paper but which lives in us and determines each moment of our countless daily deaths, one which constantly replenishes an insatiable fount of creation, full of unhappiness and beauty, of which this wandering and nostalgic Colombian is merely another singled out by fate. Poets and beggars, musicians and prophets, soldiers and scoundrels, all we creatures of that disorderly reality have needed to ask little of the imagination, for the major challenge before us has been the want of conventional resources to make our life credible. This, my friends, is the nub of solitude.

For, if these setbacks benumb us, we who are of its essence, it is not difficult to understand that the mental talents of this side of the world, in an ecstacy of contemplation of their own cultures, have found themselves without a proper means to interpret us. One realizes this when that insist on measuring us with the same yardstick with which they measure themselves...

Perhaps venerable old Europe would be more sympathetic if it tried to see us in its own past; if it remembered that London needed three hundred years to build its first defensive wall and another three hundred years before her first bishop; that Rome debated in the darkness of uncertainty for twenty centuries before an Etruscan king rooted her in history, and that even in the sixteenth century the pacifist Swiss of today, who so delight us with their mild cheeses and their cheeky clocks, made Europe bloody as soldiers of fortune...

• • •

Latin America has no desire o be, nor should it be, a pawn without will, neither is it a mere shadow of a dream that its designs for independence and originality should become an aspiration of the western hemisphere. Nevertheless, advances in methods of travel which have reduced the huge distances between our Americas and Europe seems to have increased our cultural distance. Why are we granted unreservedly a recognition of our originality in literature when our attempts, in the face of enormous difficulties, to bring about social change are denied us with all sorts of mistrust? Why must they think that the system of social justice imposed by advanced European nations upon their peoples cannot also be objective for us Latin Americans but with different methods in different conditions?...

Nevertheless, in the face of oppression, pillage and abandonment, our reply is life. Neither floods nor plagues, nor famine nor cataclysms, nor even eternal war century after century have managed to reduce the tenacious advantage that life has over death. It is an advantage that is on the increase and quickens apace: every year there are seventy-four million more births than deaths, a sufficient number of new souls to populate New York every year seven times over. The majority of them are born in countries with few resources, and among these, naturally, the countries of Latin America. On the other hand, the more prosperous nations have succeeded in accumulating sufficient destructive power to annihilate one hundred times over not only every human being who has ever existed but every living creature ever to have graced this planet of misfortune.

On a day like today, my master William Faulkner said in this very place, "I refuse to admit the end of mankind." I should not feel myself worthy of standing where he once stood were I not fully conscious that, for the first time in the history of humanity, the colossal disaster which he refused to recognize thirty-two years ago is now simply a scientific possibility. Face to face with a reality that overwhelms us,...tellers of tales who, like me, are capable of believing anything, feel entitled to believe that it is not yet too late to undertake the creation of a minor utopia: a new and limitless utopia for life wherein no one can decide for others how they are to die, where love really can be true and happiness possible, where the lineal generations of one hundred years of solitude will have to last...

LATIN AMERICA: SOCIAL STUDIES

Lesson 1: Can the Actions of the Conquistadors be Justified?

(T.N. If there was ever a nation of justified imperialism, it was not to characterize the conquest of the New World. Although there were attempts by the newcomers to deal fairly with the indigenous populations they encountered, the driving force of the conquest was more often greed than human decency. Three motives for conquest developed: gold, glory and gospel. The conquistadors used whatever measures were necessary to acquire wealth, the desire to spread Christianity resulted in eliminating the peoples whose souls the missionaries claimed to have wanted to save, and both were supported by the Crown who realized the glory in collecting the Royal Fifth [the Crown's 20% take of all the booty].)

Motivation: Show the last ten minutes of the film, The Mission.
What do you think the church official meant by the statement, "thus is not the way of the world, thus is the world that we have made it."

Procedure: Distribute reading.

Teacher will place two columns on chalkboard:
Good Intent Greed

- Based on the reading, what actions do you believe were motivated by good intent and which were motivated for greed?
- Does the good outweigh the bad? Explain.

- Why were the friendly trading practices of Bastidas lost forever after he returned to Spain with his treasures?

- How did the good intentions of many missionaries lead to the destruction of the peoples they were trying to save?

- According to the reading, what role did the Spanish Crown play in the conquest of the New World?

- How were the conquistadors motivated by gold, glory and gospel?
- Which do you feel had the greatest influence on the conquest of the New World?

- If you had lived in Spain during the 1500's, would you have wanted to be a conquistador? Explain. Why, if anything, would you have done differently?

Writing Suggestion:

Your name is Pablo Rivera and you have a magic horse. When you mount the horse, it can take you back in time to the Incan civilization. Write the speech you will use to warn the Incas that the conquistadors are coming.

Worksheet: Can The Actions of the Conquistadors be Justified?

Facts # 1:

• In 1499 Peralonso Nino, who sailed with Columbus on his first and second voyages to the New World, left Spain and began exploring the northern coast of South America. The purpose of the trip was not to find gold but to collect brazilwood. By accident, a far more valuable commodity was found - pearls. The Indians discovered by Nino were quite hospitable and generous, and apparently not mistreated by this group of adventurers who traded trinkets and possibly tools for pearls, a situation which made everyone happy.

• Another expedition left Spain in 1499. This party consisted of several ships and was under the command of Alonso de Hojeda. Among the participants were Juan de la Cosa and Amerigo Vespucci. Vespucci's letter to Lorenzo Pier de Medici, dated on July 18, 1500, describes the voyage:

> "This voyage did not witness the rampages which characterized most of the conquest, but the natives were to have their stockpiles of cotton stolen and their houses torn apart so the Spanish could steal the brazilwood beams which supported them."

• Upon returning to Spain, Juan de la Cosa and Alonso de Hojeda had a falling out. La Cosa formed an alliance with Rodrigo de Bastidas. Between October, 1500 and the summer of 1502, these two men explored the coast of Colombia from Cabo de la Vela to Retrete on the coast of Panama. Bastidas had a tranquil trip and was well received by the natives. The rather kindly Bastidas returned with the greatest treasure yet found in the New World. He had two or three chests filled with gold objects: necklaces, canoes, trumpets, and drums. Although Bastidas was a conquistador who had earned a reputation for having integrity and human decency, his treasures raised the hopes of dispirited setters on Espanola and caused a rise of gold fever which was to result in the destruction of the civilizations of Central and South America.

• Gold became the most sought after commodity. The actions of the conquistadors were based on the decisions made to assure the highest immediate profit to the participants, including the Crown. The New World was not o disappoint its visitors as this chart clearly shows:

Years	Source	Amount of gold
1493-1520	Africa	3,000 kg.
	Europe	2,000 kg.
	America	800 kg.
1521-1544	Africa	2,400 kg.
	Europe	1,500 kg.
	America	3,260 kg.
1545-1560	Africa	2,000 kg.
	Europe	1,000 kg.
	America	5,400 kg.

Facts #2

• Many Christian missionaries went to the New World with European explorers. The missionaries hoped to enlighten the Indians with the beliefs of Christianity and to make the Church an important part of their everyday lives. They believed that saving souls of the Indians was their duty.

• The Requerimiento was a document stating that the Indians should accept Christianity and the powers of both the Pope and the King of Spain. The document was written in Spanish, yet if an Indian did not give the correct response to a reading of the Requerimiento, his person and his gold became fair game for the conquistadors to acquire.

• Following the conquest, the Spanish destroyed the Indian cultures. The Spanish destroyed temples, burned books, and killed Indian kings, leaders, teachers and priests. The Spanish forbade the Indians to practice their religion and their customs. Indians were forcibly converted to Catholicism without really understanding the main ideas of the religion. Their names were changed from their original Indian names to Christian names.

Facts #3

• The Spanish sought to introduce what they believed to more civilized ways to the Indians. In an attempt to outlaw the practice of cannibalism, Queen Isabella issued an order in 1503 which allowed for the enslavement and sale of cannibals.

• The senior status of a conquistador depended upon acquiring as much booty as possible or by being awarded an *encomienda*; the right to collect tribute, often in the form of labor, from the InDIans. If one wanted slaves, one had only to claim that the Indians were cannibals.

Source: San Enslow, The Art of Prehispanic Colombia; North Carolina, McFarland and Company, Inc., 1990

Lesson 2: How Were the Customs of the Tukano Indians Influenced by the Forces of Nature?

(T.N. · While studying the various Indian tribes of Colombia, one might well be amazed to learn of the high degree of diversity that exists among them. The degree of diversity depends upon the extent to which each is influenced by its environment. This lesson is designed to familiarize students with the Tukano Indians and their habitat: the Amazonian forest.

Unlike the Incas and Chibchas of Colombia, the Tukano have survived because of their remoteness. Where the customs of others have been altered, or obliterated, by missionaries or conquerors, the Tukano have managed to thwart the influences of the white man for many years. The fundamental influence on Tukano customs is embedded within the realities of their environment; an environment that allows only the fittest to survive. The very remoteness of the Tukano has allowed them to outlive other Indian tribes and to remain unscathed by outside influences. This may also encourage shock to occur at a greater rate when contact is made. The processes of deforestation and rubber exploitation have brought new intruders to the Indians of Colombia. As the population of the Tukano lessens the signs of shock are evident, and this shock may very well lead to rapid extinction.)

Motivation:

It has been said that people become products of their environment.
- What do you think this means?
- How are New Yorkers products of their environment?

Procedure: Based on the reading, have students discuss the following questions:

- Why do the authors believe the Tukano Indians are the "true sons of the forest?"

- How would a Tukano explain his relationship with nature?
- How has the Amazonian forest shaped Tukano customs?

- How are the beliefs of the Tukano similar to those of the Incas. How would you explain these similarities?

- Do you think you could survive in the world of the Tukano? Explain. What aspects of their world would you enjoy? What problems do you think you might encounter?

- Do you agree with the statement that the Tukano provide a bridge between two world? Explain. Do you think that bridge should be demolished?

- The Tukano Indians have adapted to their environment. Do you think they could adapt to our environment? Explain.

Writing Suggestion:

Using one of the Inca myths as an example, compare the beliefs of the Incas to those of the Tukano. Explain how both groups were influenced by the forces of nature.

Lesson 2: How Were the Customs of the Tukano Indians Influenced by the Forces of Nature?

Reading: Sons of the Forest

While on an ethnographical expedition in the 1960's, Brian Moser and Donald Tayler took note of the characteristics of the Indians which lived deep within the Amazonian forest. The following is Moser and Tayler's account of their acquaintance with the Tukano; the Indians whom Moser and Tayler prefer to call the "true sons of the forest."

The Tukano are small: a man rarely exceeds five feet six and the women are often no more then four feet ten inches. To see a crippled or deformed person is unusual. They are healthy and immensely strong. A man wears no more than his loincloth, today cut from a piece of trade cloth but formerly a strip of beaten barkcloth. Around his neck are three or four coils of minute white porcelain beads, which are among the most valued objects of exchange; a tight string of black berries is strung on comare palm fiber above each elbow. The ears are often pierced with a short cane jutting out from the lobe; sometimes a feather is put into the cane, or a flower replaces the earplug. With their short, cropped hair and well-proportioned bodies, they stand out as strong figures, beautifully adapted to the forest in which they live.

Their gait is jerky rather than slow and relaxed, indeed they almost run; whether the Indian is out hunting or carrying heavy loads he always moves in the same way. We could only look on amazed as our fifteen-gallon fuel drums were carried for two-or three-hour stretches with no apparent difficulty. They only showed signs of wilting in strong sunlight; an Indian would rather travel by night than on an open river in the midday sun; his home is in the cool forest or under the dark eaves of the maloca (shelter made from various trees). His face painted red with karayuru, a bow and a quiver of curare-tipped arrows in his hand, he has little sympathy for strangers and would rather remain undisturbed. It is therefore not surprising that the Indians face will tell you little. When he stares at you with his black eyes, i is as though you were peering into the cold unknown, and there is little warmth in their expression. We very seldom noticed any demonstration of affection among the older people. Husband and wife live together rather as a matter of arrangement than through love, and tenderness was only shown to the younger children. The old people, once unfit to go out hunting or o work on the plantation, may be neglected in times of shortage and even left to die. They are no longer of any use to the society, so it is best they go; for theirs is a harsh world where only the fittest can survive.

Although the Tukano seem outwardly reserved, lacking in affection and often proud, they are invariably very courteous. Their greetings are formal - just as we shake hands they always exchange a lengthy stream of words. It is as though the visitor to a maloca is explaining his reasons for arrival while the host answers him in short phrases of affirmation. They do not look at each other during the greeting, no matter whether they are in a maloco, on the river or in the forest. We are continually impressed by their simple yet

perfect manners. A newly caught fish would be brought us when we first arrived at a maloca, then, without our asking, we would be shown where we could sling our hammocks.

The beliefs of the Tukano are very complex., Besides believing in some all-powerful good spirit or god, the Indian believes in many lesser spirits, both good and evil, all of which have a great influence on him and to a large extent rule his life. The good spirits can be recognized in the pleasant things of the forest. They are represented by fruit trees and plants - bananas, pineapples and other edible fruits and the coca too; the various trees used in the making of malocas; the cool and clear forest streams. Whereas the poison in manioc, the twisted creepers and roots which trip weary hunters, and the jagged rocks in rapids which split canoes - these are evil spirits.

Apart from this animistic belief, the Indian believes in an immortal soul - at least in some cases, for he acknowledges the existence of spirits of the dead, usually his ancestors. The spirit of the living man wanders only when he is asleep. Indian life is greatly influenced by this fourfold world of the spirit - the monotheistic spirit or god, the animistic spirits, the ancestor spirits and the detached living spirits, and it is the evil ones who hold the greatest sway over man's life.

Tukano families are small; there are seldom more than two or three children. Why more do not survive is difficult to explain, but life in the Amazonian forest is rigorous and the Indian believes that if a child cannot withstand hardship at the moment of birth, he will not be able to stand it later in life. The normal custom of washing a new-born child in a stream is sometimes fatal. Moreover, should the child have any blemish or disfiguration - signs of evil to the Indians - it is all to easy for the mother to hold the infant beneath the water until it drowns. Should she have twins, this will also be the fate of the second-born, or it will be left in the forest to die. For to have more than one child at a time is to be like the animals of the forest - a terrible disgrace. In some malocas a lack of children was very noticeable.

A maloca is built to vast proportions, often eighty feet from end to end and sixty feet wide, with the ridge of its roof thirty feet above the ground. Inside one will find palm-woven screens which divide the quarters of the women and the head of the house from those of guests. Near by are the great, flat, pottery cassava ovens. Hosts of baskets and cumare hammocks are strung from the house posts around the fires, and the hard earth floor is kept spotlessly clean by thousands of tiny scavenger ants.

Why the malocas should have been built on such a vast and gloomy scale remains a mystery. It is possible that their very size gives the Indians a sense of protection from the surrounding forest. It may also help to keep the interior cooler. But it is most likely a sign of depopulation, the breaking up of the clans through rubber exploitation and disease; where once a hundred or more people lived, now there are twenty.

Source: Adapted from: Brian Moser and Donald Tayler, The Cocaine Eaters, New York, Taplinger Publishing Co., Inc. 1965

Lesson 3: To What Extent Should Traditional Ways be Preserved?

(T.N. Living in our progressive society often hinders our ability o view traditional cultures objectively. We often fail to realize that traditional cultures have preserved a wealth of knowledge which can prove to be invaluable to us. Our combined arrogance and ignorance has not only threatened the existence of many traditional cultures, but has threatened our existence as well. This lesson is designed to increase appreciation for traditional cultures while familiarizing students with environmental concerns.)

Motivation: If you were to travel to some traditional villages, you might notice people attempting to make themselves beautiful by smearing pig fat on their hair and skin.
- How would you react to this beautifying method?
- Would you be interested in smearing pig fat on your hair and skin?

Procedure: Distribute Worksheet:"The Old and the New"

Allow students time to read worksheet either for homework or in class.

- Based on the reading, how is "the old" in conflict with "the new"?

- Do you think that visitors in traditional villages disrupt the indigenous cultures? Explain.

- How can we benefit from increasing our understanding toward traditional cultures?

- Is modernization worth the price we pay for it? Explain.

- Should we attempt to convert traditional villagers to the ways of the modern world? Explain.

Writing Suggestion:

Using magazine and newspaper articles:

- Explain one environmental problem facing the world today.

- Discuss the consequences of that problem on one particular traditional culture.

- Critique the effectiveness of specific groups or countries in their attempts to solve the problem.

Lesson 3: To What Extent Should Traditional Ways be Preserved?

Worksheet: The "Old" and the "New"

One horrible day 1,600 years ago, the wisdom of many centuries went up in flames. The great library in Alexandria burned down, a catastrophe at the time and a symbol for all ages of the vulnerability of human knowledge. The tragedy forced scholars to grope to reconstruct a grand literature and science that once lay neatly cataloged in scrolls.

Today, with little notice, more vast archives of knowledge and expertise are spilling into oblivion, leaving humanity in danger of losing its past and perhaps jeopardizing its future as well. Stored in the memories of elders, healers, midwives, farmers, fishermen and hunters in the estimated 15,000 cultures remaining on earth is an enormous trove of wisdom.

This largely undocumented knowledge base is humanity's lifeline to a time when people accepted nature's authority and learned through trial, error and observation. But the world's tribes are dying out or being absorbed into modern civilization. As they vanish, so does their irreplaceable knowledge.

Over the ages, indigenous peoples have developed innumerable technologies and arts. They have devised ways to farm deserts without irrigation and produce abundance from the rain forest without destroying the delicate balance that maintains the ecosystem; they have learned how to navigate vast distances in the Pacific using their knowledge of currents and the feel of intermittent waves that bounce off distant islands; they have explored the medicinal properties of plants; and they have acquired an understanding of the basic ecology of flora and fauna. If this knowledge had to be duplicated from scratch, it would beggar the scientific resources of the West. Much of this expertise and wisdom has already disappeared, and if neglected, most of the remainder could be gone within the next generation.

Until quite recently, few in the developed world cared much about this cultural holocaust. The prevailing attitude has been that Western science, with its powerful analytical tools, has little to learn from tribal knowledge. The developed world's disastrous mismanagement of the environment has somewhat humbled this arrogance, however, and some scientists are beginning to recognize that the world is losing an enormous amount of basic research as indigenous peoples lose their culture and traditions. Scientists may someday be struggling to reconstruct this body of wisdom to secure the developed world's future.

A Voluntary Crisis

Indigenous peoples have been threatened for centuries as development encroaches on their lands and traditions. What is different about the present situation, however, is that it goes beyond basic questions of native land rights into more ambiguous issues, such as the prerogative of individuals to decide between traditional and modern ways. Indigenous knowledge disappears when natives are stripped of their lands, but in many parts of the globe, knowledge also disappears because the young who are in contact with the outside world have embraced the view that traditional ways are illegitimate and irrelevant.

The most intractable aspect of the crisis is that it is largely voluntary. Entranced by images of the wealth and power of the First World, the young turn away from their elders, breaking an ancient but fragile chain of oral traditions. For the elders, it is difficult to persuade an ambitious young native that he is better off hunting boar with blowpipes than reaching for the fruits of "civilization," even if those fruits might translate into a menial job in a teeming city. For the well-fed, well-educated visiting scientist to make that argument can seem both hypocritical and condescending.

The pace of change is startling. According to Harrison Ngau, a member of the Malaysian Parliament concerned with the rights of tribes on the island of Borneo, as many as 10,000 members of the Penan tribe still led the seminomadic life of hunting and gathering at the beginning of the 1980s. But the logging industry has been destroying their woodlands, and the Malaysian government has encouraged them to move to villages. Now fewer than 500 Penans live in the forest. When they settle into towns, their expertise in the ways of the forest slips away. Villagers know that their elders used to watch for the appearance of a certain butterfly, which always seemed to herald the arrival of a herd of boar and the promise of good hunting. These days, most of the Penans cannot remember which butterfly to look for.

The Price of Forgetting

The most immediate tragedy in the loss of knowledge and traditions is for the tribes themselves. They do not always die out, but the soul of their culture withers away. Often left behind are people "who are shadows of what they once were, and shadows of what we in the developed world are," as one Peace Corps volunteer put it. The price is real as well as psychological when native peoples lose their grip on traditional knowledge. At the Catholic mission in Yalisele in equatorial Zaïre, for instance, nurses and missionaries have encountered patients brought in with burns or perforations of the lower intestine. Investigation revealed that those afflicted had been treated for a variety of ailments with traditional medicines delivered in suppository form. The problem was not the medicines but the dosages. As the old healers died off, people would try to administer traditional medicines themselves or turn to healers who had only a partial understanding of what their elders knew. This problem is likely to get worse because Western medicines and trained nurses are becoming ever more scarce in Zaïre's economically beleaguered society.

In the island nation of Papua New Guinea, in the Coral Sea, jobless people returning to highland villages from the cities often lack the most rudimentary knowledge necessary to survive, such as which rot-resistant trees to use to build huts or which poisonous woods to avoid when making fires for cooking. Many of the youths, alienated from their villages by schooling and exposure to the West, become marauding "rascals," who have made Papua New Guinea's cities among the most dangerous in the world.

The global hemorrhage of indigenous knowledge even fuels the population explosion as people ignore taboos and forget traditional methods of birth control. In many parts of Africa, tribal women who used to bear, on average, five or six children now often have more than 10.

Western Contempt

If the developed world is to help indigenous peoples preserve their heritage, it must first recognize that this wisdom has value. Western science is founded on the belief that knowledge inexorably progresses: the new and improved inevitably drive out the old and fallible. Western science also presumes to be objective and thus more rigorous than other systems of thought.

Guided by these conceits, scientists have often failed to notice traditional technologies even, for instance, when they are on display in the U.S. Several Andean artifacts made the rounds of American museums in the 1980s as examples of hammered gold. Then Heather Lechtman, an M.I.T. archaeologist interested in ancient technologies, examined the metal and discovered that it represented a far more sophisticated art. Lechtman's analysis revealed that the artifacts had been gilded with an incredibly thin layer of gold using a chemical technique that achieved the quality of modern electroplating. No one had previously suspected that these Indians had the know-how to create so subtle a technology.

Growing Appreciation

Attitudes are beginning to change, however. Scientists are learning to look past the myth, superstition and ritual that often conceal the hard-won insights of indigenous peoples. Sometimes the lessons have come in handy: during the gulf war, European doctors treated some wounds with a sugar paste that traces back to Egyptian battlefield medicine of 4,000 years ago.

Michael Balick, director of the New York Botanical Garden's Institute of Economic Botany, notes that only 1,100 of the earth's 265,000 species of plants have been thoroughly studied by Western scientists, but as many as 40,000 may have medicinal or undiscovered nutritional value for humans. Many are already used by tribal healers, who can help scientists greatly focus their search for plants with useful properties.

Balick walks tropical forests with shamans in Latin America as part of a study, sponsored by the National Cancer Institute, designed to uncover plants useful in the treatment of AIDS and cancer. The 5,000 plants collected so far, says the NCI's Gordon

Cragg, have yielded some promising chemicals. If any of them turn out to be useful as medicines, the country from which the plant came would get a cut of the profits.

In the past decade, researchers in developed countries have realized that they have much to learn from traditional agriculture. Formerly, such farming was often viewed as inefficient and downright destructive. "Slash and burn" agriculture, in particular, was viewed with contempt. Following this method, tribes burn down a section of forest, farm the land until it is exhausted and then move on to clear another patch of trees. This strategy has been blamed for the rapid loss of tropical rain forests.

Now, however, researchers have learned that if practiced carefully, the method is environmentally benign. The forests near Chiapas, Mexico, for instance, are not threatened by native Lacandon practices but by the more commercial agricultural practices of encroaching peasants, according to James Nations of Conservation International in Washington. Many indigenous farmers in Asia and South America manage to stay on one patch of land for as long as 50 years. As nutrients slowly disappear from the soil, the farmers keep switching to hardier crops and thus do not have to clear an adjacent stretch of forest.

Westerners have also come to value traditional farmers for the rich variety of crops they produce. By cultivating numerous strains of corn, legumes, grains and other foods, they are ensuring that botanists have a vast genetic reservoir from which to breed future varieties. The genetic health of the world's potatoes, for example, depends on Quechua Indians, who cultivate more than 50 diverse strains in the high plateau country around the Andes mountains in South America. If these natives switched to modern crops, the global potato industry would lose a crucial line of defense against the threat of insects and disease.

Anthropologists studying agricultural and other traditions have been surprised to find that people sometimes retain valuable knowledge long after they have dropped the outward trappings of tribal culture. In one community in Peru studied by Christine Padoch of the Institute of Economic Botany, peasants employed all manner of traditional growing techniques, though they were generations removed from tribal life. Padoch observed almost as many combinations of crops and techniques as there were households. Similarly, a study of citified Aboriginal children in Australia revealed that they had far more knowledge about the species and habits of birds than did white children in the same neighborhood. Somehow their parents had passed along this knowledge, despite their removal from their native lands. Still, the amount of information in jeopardy dwarfs that being handed down.

Lending a Hand

There is no way that concerned scientists can move fast enough to preserve the world's traditional knowledge. While some can be gathered in interviews and stored on tape, much information is seamlessly interwoven with a way of life. Boston anthropologist Jason Clay therefore insists that knowledge is best kept alive in the culture that produced it. Clay's solution is to promote economic incentives that also protect the ecosystems where natives live. Toward that end, Cultural Survival, an advocacy group in Cambridge, Mass., that Clay helped establish, encourages traditional uses of the Amazon rain forest by sponsoring a project to market products found there.

Clay believes that in 20 years, demand for the Amazon's nuts, oils, medicinal plants and flowers could add up to a $15 billion-a-year retail market—enough so that governments might decide it is worthwhile to leave the forests standing. The Amazon's Indians could earn perhaps $1 billion a year from the sales. That could pay legal fees to protect their lands and provide them with cash for buying goods from the outside world.

American companies are also beginning to see economic value in indigenous knowledge. In 1989 a group of scientists formed Shaman Pharmaceuticals, a California company that aims to commercialize the pharmaceutical uses of plants. Among its projects is the development of an antiviral agent for respiratory diseases and herpes infections that is used by traditional healers in Latin America.

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Lesson 4: Why Is Colombia a Land of Extremes and Contradictions?

(T.N. In recent times the existence of the indigenous people of Colombia has been threatened by the affects of modernization. There is the urgent need for progress among the Colombian people in a country where the old stands next to the new.)

Motivation: Suppose you were a member of a group that preferred to survive according to traditional ways. At the same time, your group existed within a country that was making rapid changes.

- What problems might you encounter in attempting to cling to traditional ways?

- Do you think it would be possible for your group to exist separate from the modern world? Explain.

Procedure:

Distribute reading: A Land of Extremes and Contradictions

- Based on the reading, what aspects of Colombia suggest it was making rapid progress toward modernization? Explain.

- According to the author, why was a trip through Colombia like traveling a hundred years in 48 hours?

- How has the geography of CXolombia helped in maintaining a country of extremes and contradictions?

- If you were an Indlan living in Colombia, would you be tempted to exchange traditional ways for modernization? Explain.

- Romoli's book was written in the 1940's, although the contradictions she discusses still exist today. Do you think any aspects of the modern world we live in will threaten Colombia's existence as "the land of extremes"? Explain.

Writing Suggestion:

Colombia and the United States are both lands of extremes and contradictions.

Explain the statement above by comparing one contradiction or extreme that exists in Colombia to one that can be found in Colombia.

Lesson 4: Why Is Colombia a Land of Extremes and Contradictions?

After extensive reasearch, Kathleen Romoli wrote of her impression of Colombia in the book,"Colombia: Gateway to South America." In her book Romoli concludes, "Colombia will not wrap up into a tidy parcel, tied together with a gerneralization... but it is physically magnificent and variously interesting, and in it there is something for every taste..." The following excerpt from Romoli's book explain the meaning of her conclusion quite well.

> ...when one goes to Colombia, one goes to another world: a world of extremes and contradictions where mountains are higher and jungles thicker, summers colder and winters hotter, society more *raffiné* and peasants more medieval than in most parts of the globe. Time suffers a bewildering and exciting confusion, and prehistoric beasts are the contemporaries of polo ponies; an anthropologist could study almost the whole history of mankind without setting foot outside the frontier. The primitive is cheek by jowl with the highly civilized, jungles are next door to cities, dugouts discharge their goods to six-wheel camions waiting on the bank....
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> The rugged mountain wastes, the timeless stretch of plains, the jungles and lonely rivers are all there—but so are air-conditioned office buildings and electric kitchens and interior-decorated houses. Mules are still essential, but city streets are choked with shiny American automobiles, and the hair-raising Andean roads are dusty with trucks and buses and this year's sedans. Above all, men now have wings. Sleek airplanes cast their punctual shadow on forests that have never known the feet of men, come down in villages that never saw a road or a cart; Indians in homespun smocks and tiger necklaces hardly
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> A few months ago I dined on a breezy terrace off pâté de foie gras, sole meunière, and boned squab, accompanied by properly cold Traminer '37 and much stimulating conversation in four languages. Women in smart frocks, men in white dinner coats, discussed international politics with a kind of acute detachment, recalled incidents in New York and St. Moritz and Cannes, were funny and faintly malicious about the latest *potins*. It was all very normal—nothing more, in fact, than a very successful party—but what gave it a special flavor for me was the thought that three days before at the same hour I had been sitting on a bench outside a little 'dobe ranch house far up in the Sierra, making a supper from thick cocoa and cheese. On that evening the conversation had been mostly concerned with crops and the possibility of unearthing some worth-while treasure if one dug up that place in the old Indian site which the youngest daughter had dreamed about—and that, too, was a remarkably pleasant party.

There are plenty of contrasts that are even more dramatic, of course. For instance, one can wake up in the air-conditioned room of a modern hotel de luxe and before noon be at a camp in the center of almost unexplored jungle country inhabited by hostile bow-and-arrow Indians. I have done it. But the up-to-the-minute bungalow and the thatch-roofed *ranchito* are two established ways of life, co-existent yet a century apart, and to go from one to the other, by mule, pickup, banana railway and hydroplane is like traveling through a hundred years in forty-eight hours.

Colombia is, then, a land of extremes and contradictions. There are towering mountains marching in tremendous columns three abreast, some of them lifting snow-covered crests 18,000 feet in air; there are simmering jungles, swampy and fever haunted, where crocodiles slide into the shallow water and parrots scream from trees grotesque with orchids. The villas of Boston (new Barranquilla, not New England) and Chapinero, which go in for glass bricks and tricky bathrooms and libraries upholstered in white pigskin, are not much more than a good brassie shot from the secretive walls and barred windows of old Spanish houses; and just beyond the stucco adaptations of French and Italian architecture one sees the towers of a colonial church and the earth-brown triangles of thatched roofs. Canoes charred from a single log paddle past the big steamers at the new Maritime Terminal; people on diminutive burros, riding high on the loads with their feet crossed scissorswise on the animals' necks, skirt the aviation fields, jogging along asphalt highways to market.

Colombia has one of the finest radium institutes in the world. There were colleges in Bogotá and Popayán when Williamsburg was undreamed of. The Espedición Botánica of a hundred and thirty years ago was a scientific undertaking of the first water that would be remarkable even today, and its modern offspring publishes a review that is one of the best of its kind in the world. There are archeological mysteries, impassive and secretive, that research has not penetrated, treasures in gold and emeralds still undiscovered. There are Indians of all kinds, from the proud Putumayans to the shy tribes who burn their villages and move back into the jungle when the canoes of the outlanders become too frequent. Savants and medicine men, statesmen and aborigines, cocktails and *chicha*, golf clubs and poisoned arrows, swimming pools and sacred lakes, Paris frocks, *ruanas* and breechclouts—they are all, in varying degrees, Colombia.

These lessons, jointly conceived and taught by Philip Weinberg and Kathleen Nilsen of the High School of Telecommunication Arts and Technology, will appear in a curriculum manual published under the auspice of CHART. The New York and the World program is part of CHART - Collaborative for Teaching Humanities and Arts - which is sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Both Kathleen and Phil have been associated with New York and the World for three years. They have developed strategies for successful team-teaching and team collaboration. In addition, they have been highly creative in their approach and have tailored their curriculum units to the culture and student body of their school.

This activity leads students through a visual experience of East and West, in this case Japan and the United States. Our objective is not to teach Japanese art exhaustively but rather to inculcate a general sense of Eastern and Western aesthetics, using Japanese and American art as representative of these traditions. The proximity of the Metropolitan Museum enables us to make a visit to the Sackler Galleries a focal point for our study of Japanese art and aesthetics.

In teaching the arts of unfamiliar cultures, we try to strike a balance between applying a universal aesthetic and respecting a culturally specific aesthetic. Both of us feel strongly that we do not want non-Western literature or other art used as mere "artifact" for the study of culture. Such "anthropologizing" of art, in our view, is both patronizing and reductive. Aesthetics transcends culture, at a level of experience we consider valuable for our students. Nonetheless, though intrinsic to human nature, aesthetic sensibility also needs to be cultivated.

To introduce the principles of Japanese aesthetics, we use selections from a lecture by Donald Keene on Japanese aesthetics, in which he draws heavily on Kenko's 17th century Essays in Idleness. Keene identifies and expounds upon four aspects of Japanese aesthetics: suggestion, irregularity, simplicy and perishability. In class, students are divided into groups of 3-4 and assigned one of these characteristics. They read the relevant excerpts from Keene's essay. For the next day's class, they must explain their characteristic along with two Japanese examples from

the text to the class. Finally, each group presents two objects of their own that, in their view, embody the characteristic they have been assigned.

About the Japanese predilection for the ephemeral, or that which perishes, Keene writes:

> Signs of wear and tear such as the fraying of a silk wrapper...would be likely to dismay most other people..., but in Japan an object of such perfection, of such gleaming newness that it might have been made yesterday has seemed less desirable than a work that has passed through many hands and shows it (18).

Students cite and explain Japanese examples provided by Keene: a cup whose cracks have been mended with gold, a worn scroll. One group displays a frayed and patched pair of jeans, which triggers a discussion of consumer trends and of how worn-looking jeans often cost more than new ones. With few exceptions, we agreed that there was something especially alluring about worn jeans, though there was some dispute about whether that special worn quality was something that could be purchased off the rack. Another student showed us a school bag that she (and older siblings before her) had used for primary school in her native Colombia. Another example described but, thankfully, not brought in for display, was the wooden subway booth counter, eroded by years of hands scooping out their tokens. To illustrate assymetry, part of Keene's concept of irregularity, one group invited in a schoolmate with a particularly striking assymetrical haircut to feature in the presentation.

Concurrently, students look for images that correspond to these four principles as they read Mishima's <u>The Sound of Waves</u>. Early in this novel of life in a small fishing village, Shinji, the main character, tends to the day's catch.

> Shinji took them off the hooks with his bare hands. The flatheads fell to the blood-smeared deck, their white bellies gleaming. The black, wet bodies of the holes, their little eyes sunk deep in folds of wrinkles, reflected the blue of the sky. (17)

Principles of Japanese aesthetics are used as a frame of reference for such descriptions. One has to wonder whether the stench of decaying fish would have appeared alongside faded fabric and cherry-blossoms in Kenko's catalogue of things appreciated for their perishability. This gruesome take on perishability, however, does not escape our students. The fact that their application of the principles might not stand up to scholarly analysis does not faze us. This playful bantering, we know, will help them acquire the casual facility we are aiming for. A later passage in the novel elicits a more sober application of Kenko's principles:

> Looking down, he saw the small promontory that jutted out into the sea to form the far side of Uta-jima's harbor. From time to time its tip was shrugging its rocky shoulders swaggeringly, rending asunder the foaming waves. The vicinity of the promontory was especially bright. Standing on the promontory's peak there was a lone red-pine, its trunk bathed in the afterglow and vividly clear to the boy's keen eyes. Suddenly the trunk lost the last beam of light. The clouds overhead turned black and the stars began to glitter aroud Mt. Higashi. (50)

Students easily recognize irregularity in the promontory and its tip, the simplicity of the "lone red-pine" framed only by sea and sky, the ephemeral (or "perishable") quality of the "last beam of

light". Shinji's memory of the light after it is "lost" recalls vivid memories of our own. Students describe these memories in their journals, share them, and talk about how memory can be distorted -- sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. Now that students have been exposed to the principles through these different strategies, in final preparation for the museum visit, students are administered a conventional quiz that measure their ability to identify and apply concepts taught.

The museum visit is designed with numerous objectives in mind. In the American Wing, students select their favorite works and share their choices with partners. This guided activity pushes students to explore their own sense of American aesthetics and prepares them visually for the comparison with Japan. A short jaunt up a back staircase takes them into the Sackler Galleries of Japanese Art. Visually, we experience the contrast between American and Japanese art. In the Japanese galleries, the students apply what they learned in class about Japanese aesthetics. By the end, most students have internalized enough about Japanese aesthetics that they unselfconsciously incorporate a "Japanese" sensibility into their "personal" reactions to the art.

By ninth grade, our students are conversant with the principles of traditional Western aesthetics. With virtually no prompting, they walk in to the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and select their favorites based on color, attractiveness of subject, verisimilitude, expression of American values. One student chose Gilbert Stuart's Matilda Stoughton de Jandenes "because of the great use of colors" and "very neat

details". "The painting," she goes on to write, "looks so realistic it appears as a photograph." Along similar lines, a student selects Praatt's The American School because "it look so real, the way Praatt draw the people." Another student, regarding her selection of Frederic Church's Heart of the Andes, focuses first on the "colors and shapes of the mountains", then goes on to describe "the size of the land and the freedom of the mountains." In her view, the painting depicts "the cheering and mysterious part of the earth, the accomplishments of nature and adaptation of humans to nature..., the facts of life and freedom."

From the American Wing we proceed to the Sackler Galleries of Japanese Art. The space itself has an utterly different feel: hushed rather than resonant, dimly lit, not expansive like the American Wing but low and contained. This quiet moment lends itself to a large group encounter first with a Buddhist alter, then with a Shigarake ware storage jar from the Muromachi period. Students take pride in their ability to recognize the worn, unrestored quality of the Buddha, or the irregular surface of the storage jar. We prod them in certain directions, fill in historical details where appropriate, and generally model the process of looking at art.

The students are then set loose to complete their activity sheet, in the company of a partner. We circulate, helping students who have trouble applying the concepts, pressing more accomplished students to observe harder. As students move freely about the galleries, larger groups form around certain displays, then disband as other works are discovered.

Empowered with their new vocabulary and secure in their own responses, students engage with the art in ways that never fail to surpass our expectations. One student defends the storage jar against the allegation that "this is not art and does not deserve to be in a museum." Having made pots herself, she draws her audience's attention to the visible coils which, according to her, suggest the hand of the farmer-craftsman who fashioned it back in the fifteenth century. One of us draws their attention to the designs created by the ash in the firing, and we exchange ideas about what figures are suggested by these shapes. One sees a map of the United States, and the others agree that irregular glazing of one area indeed recalls that familiar outline. The question of whether a Japanese viewer would likely see the same map is posed. No, we think not. Some students search in vain for something that resembles a map of Japan. Left alone, assuming they are out of the teachers' earshot, students discover a truly impressive variety of forms on the jar's surface, most of which would have to be censored from this piece.

Another group of students is admiring a Shoin room. One of us moves towards them, and we share our marvel about how all the elements of Japanese aesthetics studied in class can be seen in this one space: the use of perishable materials, such as the paper that covers the sliding doors or the straw tatami mats; the room's uncluttered simplicity; the assymetry of the tokonoma alcove; the branch painted on the hanging scroll, which is not realistic like the American paintings we just saw but monochromatic and suggestive. We think about whether we would want to live in such

a place, and the consensus is yes. Not surprising, considering the clutter and chaos of our urban environment. Words like "private", "quiet-like", "closed", "secure", and "harmony" pervade the conversation.

The Met rotates its display, and this year a six panel screen depicting the four seasons particularly captivated many of the students. While the screen is monotone and sparse, one student wrote that "the landscape looks alive and flowing with vegetation". He refers to "people walking through mountains and crossing rivers, nothing complicated, all straight forward and simply...." "For the people who saw the painting," he concludes, "it would always be there in their thoughts and memory". In the galleries, one of us asked some students how a four seasons theme might be rendered by an American artist. A sometimes volatile young woman, after momentary reflection, blurted out "the colors would make it too obvious". I sounded like an accusation! After that, we marveled anew at the Japanese artist's ability to depict the seasons <u>without</u> using color as a visual cue!

One thing our students probably do have in common with their teenage peers from around the country is their fascination with implements of aggression and war. Highly ornamented samurai swords do not fit neatly into our game plan (simplicity, suggestions et. al.), and some student inevitably notices this inconsistency. The teacher can try to suppress discussion of the swords and armor (futile -- we tried this the first time around!), or use this example to emphasize how neat academic generalizations seldomly capture the complex realities of a culture. We opt not to ignore,

this time, the objects in the galleries that hold the greatest intrinsic interest for them. Once they have had their fill of the warriors' accoutrements, students are challenged to find other exceptions to the "rules" we learned. Alas, the galleries offer an array of examples: intricately embroidered kimonos, the patterned borders of hanging scrolls, ornate lacquerwork. Upon scrutiny, for one group of students, the very concept of "simplicity" turned out to be more complex than we had expected. A visually acute young woman posited that even though the overall effect of Japanese brush painting was one of simplicity to an American viewer, Japanese artists paint with "so many different kinds of lines, thick, thin, straight and curved" that the lines take on a complexity of their own. This phase of the visit was recalled a couple weeks later, as we read an excerpt from "We, Japanese" that described Japanese corporate culture. One student challenged the implication that <u>all</u> Japanese are group-oriented team players. To defend her position, she recalled how "Mr. Weinberg and Ms. Nilsen told us that all Japan art was simplicity". An unexpected application of Japanese aesthetics to the study of culture!

To design the writing assignment, we went back to our original objective of East versus West. During the course of the year, as they study works of fiction as well as other cultures, the students do "point of view" writing. The students imagines he or she is a Palestinian teenager, Jomo Kenyatta, a participant in Gandhi's Salt March, Juliet's best friend, etc., and writes about a particular situation from that person's point of view. The main character from <u>The Sound of Waves</u>, the text they read in English, is Shinji

the young fisherman. During the novel, he falls in love with Hatsue, daughter of a prosperous village shipowner. Use of the perspective of Shinji or Hatsue, Japanese teenagers familiar to them from literature, would enable students to "experience" an affinity for Japanese art and "see" American art through the eyes of another culture. Our original objective was to inculcate a general sense of Eastern and Western culture, using Japanese and American art as representative examples. The point of view would demonstrate the student's ability to see American art through Japanese eyes, and react to the art of Japan as a member of that culture. Students able to do that, we felt, would have mastered the material to our satisfaction. Besides, knowing that even our most resistant clients enjoy assuming the identity of other teenagers -- even more so when they are in love! -- we are not above pandering to their tastes to ensure the assignment is done.

The assignment the students received read as follows:

Imagine you are either Hatsue or Shinji from The Sound of Waves. You are visiting Brooklyn, staying with the family of a student at this school. Today you went on a class trip to the Metropolitan Museum of Art to view both Japanese and American art.

Write a letter to your friend (Hatsue or Shinji) back in your village. Compare the Japanese and American art that you saw at the museum. Which American works did you like? Why? Which Japanese works did you like? Why? In general, how does the American art compare to the Japanese art with which you are accustomed? How did the American students respond to the Japanese art? How did you feel about their responses?

In addition to discussing the art you saw, you will certainly want to share with your friend some of the experiences you have had with the American students. How does life in New York compare with life on Uta Jima?

Given the

open-endedness of the assignment, the letters quite frankly were not the neat synopses of Japanese and American aesthetics we had, as pedagogues, naively hoped for. Students are expert at resisting teachers' attempts to impose an agenda. Some of them, to our dismay, gave short shrift to the art component, before getting down to the more vital matter of how life in New York City compared to life in the fishing village, and how much they pined for their lover. The others addressed the art to varying degrees, almost all with a surprising degree of competence. What we did not receive, it should be noted, was contrived applications of everything they had learned about Japanese aesthetics to the art they saw in the museum. Almost without exception, the art entered the letter in a natural way.

The student sample included here, by Susanna Sosa, both documents the strengths of our approach and raises questions about how our student population, given the challenges outlined at the outset of this article, should be taught. Susanna, it is clear from the text, felt a natural affinity for the art. The "point of view" worked for Susanna: she creates a believable Hatsue, and through Hatsue's eyes demonstrates a Japanese sensibility.

As a writer, thinker and person, Susanna is typical of students who blossom in a humanities program such as ours. Highly motivated, she arrives at seven o'clock every morning, takes advantage of the school breakfast program, then usually comes to one of our classrooms to chat and complete homework assignments. Born in Puebla, Mexico, Susanna has lived in this country for only five years, so reading and writing in the English language is still

a struggle for her. The technical deficiencies of her writing, however, do not impede her from delving into a point of view assignment, or grappling with aesthetics and culture.

A more traditional approach to English or Social Studies, in which the textbook served as the only source of information and mastery had to be demonstrated exclusively through multiple choice exams and formal expository writing, might close students like Susanna out of the learning process. Through the kinds of stragegies outlined here, Susanna and others like her are motivated to shine in areas where they feel some competence, like the visual arts as in this example, or in performance, cooking, or organizing an event as in other learning experiences we design. Once humanities hooks students like Susanna on thinking and learning, we believe, the more traditionally valued skills of reading, formal writing and multiple choice exams will fall into place. While the specific impact of humanities on our students is not easy to isolate, the strides they have made since the program's inception lend credence to our convictions and validity to our approach.

Comparing the Art of Japan and the United States: Museum Visit

Instructions: You will be working with a partner, and will be required to travel with this person throughout your museum visit. As you enter the Great Hall, take in the scene. Stop at the Visitors' Information kiosk in the center of the area. Pick up a map of the museum. (Hopefully, you or your partner has decent map-reading skills!) Get in line at one of the cashiers' desks. Pay a donation of $.25 and get a button. Now, proceed to the American gallery, where you will conduct your first activity.

Task: Split up from your partner. Wander around the gallery and look at the paintings. Select one painting that you especially like. Note the title and the artist in the space below. In addition, write two reasons why this painting particularly appeals to you. When you meet up again with your partner, exchange information and complete your sheets.

My favorite painting

Title:

Artist:

Reason #1:

Reason #2:

My partner's favorite painting:

Title:

Artist:

Reason #1:

Reason #2:

Task #2: Proceed to the Sackler Galleries of Japanese Art. Ms. Nilsen will direct you up a back staircase. Here, your task will be to apply what you learned in class about Japanese aesthetics. Working together with your partner, you will encounter, identify and briefly explain a work of art that exemplifies each of the characteristics of Japanese art studied in class.

Suggestion:

Irregularity:

Simplicity:

Perishability:

Task #3: Now that you are somewhat familiar with the Sackler Galleries, you will split up again from your partner in order to locate your personal favorite object of Japanese art. Follow the same procedure you followed in the American Galleries.

My personal favorite:

Title or Description:

Artist (if identified):

Reason #1:

Reason #2:

My partner's favorite:

Title or description:

Artist (if identified):

Reason #1:

Reason #2:

Homework:

Imagine that you are either Hatsue or Shinji from The Sound of Waves. You are staying with a student's family in Brooklyn. Today, you went on a class trip to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and viewed both American and Japanese art.

Write a letter to your friend (Hatsue or Shinji) back in your village. Compare the American and Japanese art that you saw at the museum. Which American works did you particularly like? Why? Which Japanese works? Why? In general, how does American art compare to the Japanese art you are more accustomed to? How did the American students respond to the Japanese art? How did you feel abour their responses?

In addition to discussing the art you saw, you will probably want to share with your friend some of the experiences you have had with the American students. How do the students relate to one another? How does life in New York compare to life in your fishing village?

This letter should demonstrate your understanding of American and Japanese art, your familiarity with The Sound of Waves, and your general sense of similarities and differences between Japanese and U.S. culture.

Janet Schoor, an English teacher at Port Richmond High School, has contributed these "enrichment lessons." They can be used in conjunction with the appropriate social studies lesson, or they can serve as "ideas" for co-planning between the English and social studies teacher.

The first lesson, "Tribal Scars", is based upon a story by Sembene Ousmene, which is included. Ms. Schoor suggests several areas in the curriculum where this lesson might be included.

The lesson, "The Latest In Latin American Footwear," inspired some exciting student work, examples of which are enclosed.

"Tribal Scars" - Sembene Ousmene

(This is a two-day lesson that can be combined with a social studies lesson on the era od slavery in the Caribbean, in the Americas, focusing on the taking of slaves from Africa, the "storing" of slaves in fortresses in Africa, and the journey from Africa to new destinations.)

AIM: Would anyone deliberately scar their child's body?

MAJOR IDEA: The scarring of the body is a means of tribal identification in Africa. This story presents a fictitious reason for scarring which links the African and the American experience.

PERFORMANCE OBJECTIVES: Students will be able to:

- understand the resourcefulness of the character in the story in saving his daughter from slavery.
- understand the character development of Momutu and Amoo.
- understand the use of foreshadowing in the story.
- define the following words: scour, lithe, cooper, shimmering, musket, keg, cowrie, elephantitis, perch, meager, warlord, plait, constraint, enclosure, cassava, machete.

SPRINGBOARD: In many parts of Africa even today, it is common for people to deliberately make scars on their bodies. Often parents do this to children. A knife or razor is used to make cuts on the face or arms in certain patterns, such as three lines, one right above the other, and then ash is put into the cut so that when it heals, it will be raised and will form a distinctive, lifelong design. People do this, not because they are cruel, but to show that the child belongs to a particular tribe of people who wear similar scars.

However, since this practice goes back many years, and is not as widespread today as it was at one time, this fictitious story suggests a different reason, not the real one, but an interesting one.

Read aloud "Tribal Scars.

STRATEGIES:

- At the very beginning of the story, who seems to be narrating the story? Is this in the past or the present?
- At what time in history is the story he telis?
- When the story begins, what is Momutu doing? Why does Amoo help him?
- Why do you think the slaves are being freed? What will be the fate of the slaves?
- P. 106, par. 3: "By the time...sharp crack of a whip?" What does this mean for the slaves?
- What is Amoo's feelings about his companions? What examples can you show from the story of these feelings?
- Why has Momutu become a slave trader?
- How do the villagers plan to end their danger from slave traders?
- Describe what happens to the villagers when they relax their guard?
- The machete is mentioned early in the story? Where? How is that an example of foreshadowing?
- What happened to Amoo himself?

SUMMARY/APPLICATION:

According to this fictitious story, what is the reason for tribal scars?
What reason do you like better - the fictitious or the real reason?

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Tribal Scars or The Voltaique

In the evenings we all go to Mane's place, where we drink mint tea and discuss all sorts of subjects, even though we know very little about them. But recently we neglected the major problems such as the ex-Belgian Congo, the trouble in the Mali Federation, the Algerian War and the next UNO meeting – even women, a subject which normally takes up about a quarter of our time. The reason was that Saer, who is usually so stolid and serious, had raised the question, 'Why do we have tribal scars?'

(I should add that Saer is half Voltaique, half Senegalese; but he has no tribal scars.)

Although not all of us have such scars on our faces, I have never heard such an impassioned discussion, such a torrent of words, in all the time we have been meeting together at Mane's. To hear us, anyone would have thought that the future of the whole continent of Africa was at stake. Every evening for weeks the most fantastic and unexpected explanations were put forward. Some of us went to neighbouring villages and even farther afield to consult the elders and the griots, who are known as the 'encyclopedias' of the region, in an endeavour to plumb the depths of this mystery, which seemed buried in the distant past.

Saer was able to prove that all the explanations were wrong.

Someone said vehemently that 'it was a mark of nobility'; another that 'it was a sign of bondage'. A third declared that 'It was decorative – there was a tribe which would not accept a man or a woman unless they had these distinctive marks on the face and body.' One joker told us with a straight face that: 'Once upon a time, a rich

African chief sent his son to be educated in Europe. The chief's son was a child when he went away, and when he returned he was a man. So he was educated, an intellectual, let us say. He looked down on the tribal traditions and customs. His father was annoyed by this, and wondered how to bring him back into the royal fold. He consulted his chief counsellor. And one morning, out on the square and in front of the people, the son's face was marked with cuts.'

No one believed that story, and the teller was reluctantly obliged to abandon it.

Someone else said: 'I went to the French Institute and hunted around in books, but found nothing. However, I learned that the wives of the gentlemen in high places are having these marks removed from their faces; they go to Europe to consult beauticians. For the new rules for African beauty disdain the old standards of the country; the women are becoming Americanized. It's the spreading influence of the "darkies" of Fifth Avenue, New York. And as the trend develops, tribal scars lose their meaning and importance and are bound to disappear.'

We talked about their diversity, too; about the variety even within one tribe. Cuts were made on the body as well as on the face. This led someone to ask: 'If these tribal scars were signs of nobility, or of high or low caste, why aren't they ever seen in the Americas?'

'Ah, we're getting somewhere at last!' exlaimed Saer, who obviously knew the right answer to his original question, or thought he did.

'Tell us then. We give up,' we all cried.

'All right,' said Saer. He waited while the man on duty brought in glasses of hot tea and passed them round. The room became filled with the aroma of mint.

'So we've got around to the Americas,' Saer began. 'Now, none of the authoritative writers on slavery and the slave trade has ever mentioned tribal scars, so far as I know. In South America, where fetishism and witchcraft as practised by slaves still survive to this day, no tribal scars have ever been seen. Neither do Negroes living in the Caribbean have them, nor in Haita, Cuba, the Dominican

Republic nor anywhere else. So we come back to Black Africa before the slave trade, to the time of the old Ghana Empire, the Mali and the Gao Empires, and the cities and kingdoms of the Hausa, Bournou, Benin, Mossi and so on. Now, not one of the travellers who visited those places and wrote about them mentions this practice of tribal scars. So where did it originate?'

By now everyone had stopped sipping hot tea; they were all listening attentively.

'If we study the history of the slave trade objectively we find that the dealers sought blacks who were strong and healthy and without blemish. We find too, among other things, that in the markets here in Africa and on arrival overseas the slave was inspected, weighed and evaluated like an animal. No one was inclined to buy merchandise which had any blemish or imperfection, apart from a small mark which was the stamp of the slave-trader; but nothing else was tolerated on the body of the beast. For there was also the preparation of the slave for the auction market; he was washed and polished – whitened, as they said then – which raised the price. How, then, did these scars originate?'

We could find no answer. His historical survey had deepened the mystery for us.

'Go on, Saer, you tell us,' we said, more eager than ever to hear his story of the origin of tribal scars.

And this is what he told us:

The slave-ship *African* had been anchored in the bay for days, waiting for a full load before sailing for the Slave States. There were already more than fifty black men and thirty Negro women down in the hold. The captain's agents were scouring the country for supplies. On this particular day only a few of the crew were on board; with the captain and the doctor, they were all in the latter's cabin. Their conversation could be heard on deck.

Amoo bent lower and glanced back at the men who were following him. He was a strong, vigorous man with rippling muscles, fit for any manual work. He gripped his axe firmly in one hand and felt

his long cutlass with the other, then crept stealthily forward. More armed men dropped lithely over the bulwarks, one after the other. Momutu, their leader, wearing a broad brimmed hat, a blue uniform with red facings, and high black boots, signalled with his musket to surround the galley. The ship's cooper had appeared from nowhere and tried to escape by jumping into the sea. But the blacks who had remained in the canoes seized him and speared him to death.

Fighting had broken out aboard the *African*. One of the crew tried to get to close quarters with the leading attackers and was struck down. The captain and the remaining men shut themselves in the doctor's cabin. Momutu and his band, armed with muskets and cutlasses, besieged the cabin, firing at it now and again. Meanwhile the vessel was being looted. As the shots rang out, the attackers increased in number; canoes left the shore, glided across the water to the *African*, and returned laden with goods.

Momutu called his lieutenants to him – four big fellows armed to the teeth. 'Start freeing the prisoners and get them out of the hold.'

'What about him?' asked his second-in-command, nodding towards Amoo who was standing near the hatchway.

'We'll see about him later,' replied Momutu. 'He's looking for his daughter. Get the hold open – and don't give any arms to the local men. Take the lot!'

The air was heavy with the smell of powder and sweat. Amoo was already battering away at the hatch-covers, and eventually they were broken open with axes and a ram.

Down in the stinking hold the men lay chained together by their ankles. As soon as they had heard the firing they had begun shouting partly with joy, partly from fright. From between decks, where the women were, came terrified cries. Among all this din, Amoo could make out his daughter's voice. Sweat pouring from him, he hacked at the panels with all his strength.

'Hey, brother, over here!' a man called to him. 'You're in a hurry to find your daughter?'

'Yes,' he answered, his eyes glittering with impatience.

After many hours of hard work the hold was wide open and

Momutu's men had brought up the captives and lined them up on deck, where the ship's cargo for barter had been gathered together: barrels of spirits, boxes of knives, crates containing glassware, silks, parasols and cloth. Amoo had found his daughter, Iome, and the two were standing a little apart from the rest. Amoo knew very well that Momutu had rescued the captives only in order to sell them again. It was he who had lured the *African*'s captain into the bay.

'Now we're going ashore,' Momutu told them. 'I warn you that you are my prisoners. If anyone tries to escape or to kill himself, I'll take the man next in the line and cut him to pieces.'

The sun was sinking towards the horizon and the bay had become a silvery, shimmering sheet of water; the line of trees along the shore stood out darkly. Momutu's men began to put the booty into canoes and take it ashore. Momutu, as undisputed leader, directed operations and gave orders. Some of his men still stood on guard outside the cabin, reminding those inside of their presence by discharging their muskets at the door every few minutes. When the ship had been cleared, Momutu lit a long fuse that ran to two kegs of gunpowder. The captain, finding that all was quiet, started to make his way up top; as he reached the deck, a ball from a musket hit him full in the chest. The last canoes pulled away from the ship, and when they were half-way to the shore the explosions began; then the *African* blew up and sank.

By the time everything had been taken ashore it was quite dark. The prisoners were herded together and a guard set over them, although their hands and feet were still tied. Throughout the night their whisperings and sobs could be heard, punctuated now and then by the sharp crack of a whip. Some distance away, Momutu and his aides were reckoning up their haul, drinking quantities of spirits under the starry sky as they found how well they had done for themselves.

Momutu sent for Amoo to join them.

'You'll have a drink with us, won't you?' said Momutu when Amoo approached with his sleeping daughter on his back (but they only appeared as dim shadows).

'I must be going. I live a long way off and the coast isn't a safe place now. I've been working for you for two months,' said Amoo, refusing a drink.

'Is it true that you killed your wife rather than let her be taken prisoner by slave-traders?' asked one of the men, reeking of alcohol.

'Ahan!'

'And you've risked your life more than once to save your daughter?'

'She's my daughter! I've seen all my family sold into slavery one after another, and taken away into the unknown. I've grown up with fear, fleeing with my tribe so as not to be made a slave. In my tribe there are no slaves, we're all equal.'

'That's because you don't live on the coast,' put in a man, which made Momutu roar with laughter. 'Go on, have a drink! You're a great fighter. I saw how you cut down that sailor. You're good with an axe.'

'Stay with me. You're tough and you know what you want,' said Momutu, passing the keg of spirits to him. Amoo politely declined a drink. 'This is our work,' Momutu went on. 'We scour the grasslands, take prisoners and sell them to the whites. Some captains know me, but I entice others to this bay and some of my men lure the crew off the ship. Then we loot the ship and get the prisoners back again. We kill any whites left on board. It's easy work, and we win all round. I've given you back your daughter. She's a fine piece and worth several iron bars.'

(Until the seventeenth century on the west coast of Africa slaves were paid for with strings of cowries as well as with cheap goods; later, iron bars took the place of cowries. It is known that elsewhere in other markets iron bars have always been the medium of exchange.)

'It's true that I've killed men,' said Amoo, 'but never to take prisoners and sell them as slaves. That's your work, but it isn't mine. I want to get back to my village.'

'He's an odd fellow. He thinks of nothing but his village, his wife and his daughter.'

Amoo could only see the whites of their eyes. He knew that these men would not think twice of seizing himself and his daughter and selling them to the first slave-trader encountered. He was not made in their evil mould.

'I wanted to set off tonight.'

'No,' snapped Momutu. The alcohol was beginning to take effect, but he controlled himself and softened his voice. 'We'll be in another fight soon. Some of my men have gone with the remaining whites to collect prisoners. We must capture them. Then you'll be free to go.'

'I'm going to get her to lie down and have some sleep. She's had a bad time,' said Amoo, moving away with his daughter.

'Has she had something to eat?'

'We've both eaten well. I'll be awake early.'

The two disappeared into the night; but a shadowy figure followed them.

'He's a fine, strong fellow. Worth four kegs.'

'More than that,' added another. 'He'd fetch several iron bars and some other stuff as well.'

'Don't rush it! After the fight tomorrow we'll seize him and his daughter too. She's worth a good bit. We mustn't let them get away. There aren't many of that kind to be found along the coast now.'

A soothing coolness was coming in from the sea. Night pressed close, under a starry sky. Now and then a scream of pain rose sharply, followed by another crack of the whip. Amoo had settled down with Iome some distance away from the others. His eyes were alert, though his face looked sleepy. During the dozen fights he had taken part in to redeem his daughter, Momutu had been able to judge his qualities, his great strength and supple body. Three times three moons ago, slave-hunters had raided Amoo's village and carried off all the able-bodied people. He had escaped their clutches because that day he had been out in the bush. His mother-in-law, who had been spurned because of her elephantiasis, had told him the whole story.

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When he had recovered his daughter from the slave-ship, his tears had flowed freely. Firmly holding the girl's wrist and clutching the bloodstained axe in his other hand, his heart had beat fast. Iome, who was nine or ten years old, had wept too.

He had tried to soothe away her fears. 'We're going back to the village. You mustn't cry, but you must do what I tell you. Do you understand?'

'Yes, father.'

'Don't cry any more. It's all over now! I'm here with you.'

And there in the cradle of the night, Iome lay asleep with her head on her father's thigh. Amoo unslung his axe and placed it close at hand. Sitting with his back against a tree, his whole attention was concentrated on the immediate surroundings. At the slightest rustle, his hand went out to grasp his weapon. He dozed a little from time to time.

Even before a wan gleam had lighted the east, Momutu roused his men. Some of them were ordered to take the prisoners and the loot to a safe place. Amoo and Iome kept out of the way. The girl had deep-set eyes and was tall for her age; her hair was parted in the middle and drawn into two plaits which hung down to her shoulders. She clung to her father's side; she had seen her former companions from the slave-ship, and although she may not have known the fate in store for them, the sound of the whips left her in no doubt as to their present state.

'They'll wait for us farther on,' said Momutu, coming across to Amoo. 'We mustn't let ourselves be surprised by the whites' scouting party. Why are you keeping your child with you? You could have left her with one of my men.'

'I'd rather keep her with me. She's very frightened,' answered Amoo, watching the prisoners and escort moving off.

'She's a beautiful girl.'

'Yes.'

'As beautiful as her mother?'

'Not quite.'

ABLE

Momutu turned away and got the rest of his men, about thirty, on the move. They marched in single column. Momutu was well known among slave-traders, and none of them trusted him. He had previously acted as an agent for some of the traders, then had become a 'master of language' (interpreter), moving between the forts and camps where the captured Negroes were held.

They marched all that morning, with Amoo and his daughter following in the rear. When Iome was tired, her father carried her on his back. He was well aware that a watch was being kept on him. The men ahead of him were coarse, sorry-looking creatures; they looked ridiculous, trailing their long muskets. They began to leave the grasslands behind and soon were among tall trees where flocks of vultures perched. No one spoke. All that could be heard was the chattering of birds and now and again a distant, echoing howling. Then they reached the forest, humid and hostile, and Momutu called a halt; he dispersed his men and told them to rest.

'Are you tired, brother?' one of them asked Amoo. 'And what about her?'

Iome raised her thick-lashed eyes towards the man, then looked at her father.

'She's a bit tired,' said Amoo, looking round for a resting-place. He saw a fallen trunk at the foot of a tree and took Iome to it. The man set to keep watch on them remained a little distance away.

Momutu had a few sweet potatoes distributed to the men, and when this meagre meal was over he went to see Amoo.

'How's your daughter?'

'She's asleep,' said Amoo, who was carving a doll out of a piece of wood.

'She's a strong girl,' said Momutu, sitting down beside him and taking off his broad-brimmed hat. His big black boots were all muddy. 'We'll have a rest and wait for them here. They're bound to come this way.'

Amoo was more and more on his guard. He nodded, but kept his eyes on Iome in between working at the piece of wood, which was gradually taking shape.

'After that you'll be free to go. Do you really want to go back to your village?'

'Yes.'

'But you haven't anybody left there,' said Momutu, and without waiting for Amoo to reply went on, 'I once had a village, too, on the edge of a forest. My mother and father lived there, many relatives – a whole clan! We had meat to eat and sometimes fish. But over the years, the village declined. There was no end to lamentations. Ever since I was born I'd heard nothing but screams, seen mad flights into the bush or the forest. You go into the forest, and you die from some disease; you stay in the open, and you're captured to be sold into slavery. What was I to do? Well, I made my choice. I'd rather be with the hunters than the hunted.'

Amoo, too, knew that such was life. You were never safe, never sure of seeing the next day dawn. But what he did not understand was the use made of the men and women who were taken away. It was said that the whites used their skins for making boots.

They talked for a long time, or rather Momutu talked without stopping. He boasted of his exploits and his drinking bouts. As Amoo listened, he became more and more puzzled about Momutu's character. He was like some petty warlord, wielding power by force and constraint. Eventually, after what seemed a very long time to Amoo, a man came to warn the chief that the whites were approaching. Momutu gave his orders – kill them all, and hold their prisoners. In an instant the forest fell silent; only the neutral voice of the wind could be heard.

The long file of black prisoners came into view, led by four Europeans each armed with two pistols and a culverin. The prisoners, men and women, were joined together by a wooden yoke bolted round the neck and attached to the man in front and the one behind. Three more Europeans brought up the rear, and a fourth, probably ill, was being carried in a litter by four natives.

A sudden burst of firing from up in the trees echoed long and far. This was followed by screams and confused fighting. Amoo took

advantage to fell the man guarding him and, taking his daughter by the hand, slipped away into the forest.

They crossed streams and rivers, penetrating ever deeper into the forest but heading always to the south-east. Amoo's knife and axe had never been so useful as during this time. They travelled chiefly at night, never in broad daylight, avoiding all human contact.

Three weeks later they arrived at the village – about thirty huts huddled together between the bush and the source of a river. There were few inhabitants about at that hour of the day; besides, having been frequently drained of its virile members, the village was sparsely populated. When Amoo and Iome reached the threshold of his mother-in-law's hut, the old woman limped out and her cries drew other people, many of them feeble. They were terrified at first, but stood uttering exclamations of joy and surprise when they saw Amoo and Iome. Tears and questions mingled as they crowded round. Iome's grandmother gathered her up and took her into the hut like a most precious possession, and the girl replied to her questions between floods of tears.

The elders sent for Amoo to have a talk and tell them of his adventures.

'All my life, and since before my father's life,' said one of the oldest present, 'the whole country has lived in the fear of being captured and sold to the whites. The whites are barbarians.'

'Will it ever end?' queried another. 'I have seen all my children carried off, and I can't remember how many times we have moved the village. We can't go any farther into the forest . . . there are the wild beasts, diseases . . .'

'I'd rather face wild beasts than slave-hunters,' said a third man. 'Five or six rains ago, we felt safe here. But we aren't any longer. There's a slave camp only three-and-a-half days' march from the village.'

They fell silent; their wrinkled, worn and worried faces bore the mark of their epoch. They discussed the necessity to move once again. Some were in favour, others pointed out the danger of living

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in the heart of the forest without water, the lack of strong men, and the family graves that would have to be abandoned. The patriarch, who had the flat head and thick neck of a degenerate, proposed that they should spend the winter where they were but send a group to seek another suitable site. It would be sheer madness to leave without having first discovered and prepared a place to go to. There were also the customary sacrifices to be made. Finally, all the men agreed on this course of action. During the short time they would remain there, they would increase cultivation and hold all the cattle in common, keeping the herd in an enclosure. The patriarch was of the opinion that the old women could be used to keep a watch on the village.

The return of Amoo and Iome had put new life into them. They started working communally, clearing and weeding the ground and mending the fences. The men set off for work together and returned together. The women busied themselves too; some did the cooking while others kept a look-out for any surprise visit by 'procurers'. (Procurers were native agents, recognizable by their uniform in the colours of the nation they worked for; they were commonly called 'slave-hunters'.) No one looked in the direction of the sea without a feeling of apprehension.

The rains came, and the fertile, bountiful earth gave life to the seeds that had been sown. Although the villagers went about their work with no visible sign of worry or fear, they were always on the alert for an attack, knowing it was bound to come sooner or later.

Amoo shared his hut with Iome and always slept with a weapon close at hand. Even a harmless gust of wind sent the girl into a panic. Amoo put his whole heart into his work; Iome, by general agreement, was allowed to rest as much as possible, and she gradually recovered from her ordeal. Her black cheeks shone again, tiny folds formed round her neck and her flat little breasts began to fill out.

Days and weeks slipped by peacefully. The narrow, cultivated strips of land, wrenched from the grip of nature after long struggles, were giving promise of a good harvest. The cassava plants were in bud; the people were beginning to get in stocks of palm-oil, butter,

beans and honey, in fact everything they would need in the new village. The prospecting party returned, having discovered an excellent site at the foot of the mountains but above the grasslands, and not far from a running stream. The soil was good, there was plenty of pasture, and the children would be safe from the 'procurers'.

Everyone was very pleased with the prospect. The patriarch named the day for departure, and the feeling of safety in the near future led to a relaxation of precautions. Fires, previously forbidden during the hours of darkness for fear of betraying the village, now glowed at night; laughter rang out, and children dared to wander out of sight of their parents, for the adults were thinking only of the departure. They could count the days now. In the council hut there were discussions on which was the favourable sign for the move. Each and everyone was attending to the household gods, the totems and the family graves.

Yet it was not a sacred day, but one like any other. The sun was shining brightly, the tender green leaves of the trees were rustling in the wind, the clouds frolicked in the sky, the humming-birds were gaily seeking food, and the monkeys especially were gambolling in the trees. The whole village was enjoying this glorious day, the kind that can tempt a traveller to stay awhile, a long while.

And it happened on that particular day! On that day the 'procurers' suddenly appeared. The frightened animals instinctively fled madly into the forest; men, women and children gave terrified screams on hearing the firing and scattered in panic, having but one thought, to flee to the only retreat open to them – the forest.

Amoo, grasping his axe, pushed Iome and her grandmother before him. But the old, handicapped woman could make only slow progress. They had fled between the huts and the enclosure and gained the edge of the village, and then Amoo had come face to face with one of Momutu's lieutenants. Amoo was the quicker, and struck him down. But now a whole pack was in pursuit.

Amoo went deeper into the forest, where the thick undergrowth

and overhanging branches made progress even slower. Still, if Amoo had been alone, he could have escaped. But he could not abandon his child. He thought of his wife. He had killed her so that she should not be taken. His mother-in-law reminded him of his wife. To abandon the old woman would be abandoning his wife. Time and again, the old woman stopped to get her breath; her thick leg was becoming ever weightier to drag along. Amoo helped her as best he could, while Iome stuck to his side, not saying a word.

An idea came to Amoo. He stopped, took Iome gently by the chin and gazed at her for a long time, for what seemed an eternity. His eyes filled with tears.

'Mother,' he said, 'we can't go any farther. Ahead, there's death for all three of us. Behind, there's slavery for Iome and me.'

'I can't go a step farther,' said the old woman, taking her granddaughter by the hand. She raised a distraught face to Amoo.

'Mother, Iome can escape them. You both can. Your skin is no longer any use, the whites can't make boots with it.'

'But if Iome's left alone, she'll die. And what about you?'

'You go free. What happens to me is my affair.'

'You're not going to kill us?' exclaimed the woman.

'No, mother. But I know what to do so that Iome stays free. I must do it quickly. They're getting near, I can hear their voices.'

A thunderbolt seemed to burst in his head and the ground to slip away from him. He took a grip on himself, seized his knife and went to a particular bush (the Wolof call it *Bantamare*; its leaves have antiseptic properties), wrenched off a handful of the large leaves and returned to the other two, who had been watching him wonderingly.

His eyes blurred with tears as he looked at his daughter. 'You mustn't be afraid, Iome.'

'You're not going to kill her as you did her mother?' exclaimed his mother-in-law again.

'No, Iome, this is going to hurt, but you'll never be a slave. Do you understand?'

The child's only answer was to stare at the blade of the knife. She remembered the slave-ship and the bloodstained axe.

Swiftly, Amoo gripped the girl between his strong legs and began making cuts all over her body. The child's cries rang through the forest; she screamed till she had no voice left. Amoo just had time to finish before the slave-hunters seized him. He had wrapped the leaves all round the girl. With the other captured villagers, Amoo was taken down to the coast. Iome returned to the village with her grandmother, and thanks to the old woman's knowledge of herbs Iome's body soon healed; but she still bore the scars.

Months later, the slave-hunters returned to the village; they captured Iome but let her go again. She was worth nothing, because of the blemishes on her body.

The news spread for leagues around. People came from the remotest villages to consult the grandmother. And over the years and the centuries a diversity of scars appeared on the bodies of our ancestors.

And that is how our ancestors came to have tribal scars. They refused to be slaves.

Glossary

babouche	a slipper
bilal	muezzin, he who calls the people to prayer and looks after a mosque
boubou	a voluminous garment worn by Muslims
burnous	a long cloak with a hood to it
derhems	a unit of currency in Senegal
El Hadj	title of a Muslim who has made the pilgrimage to the Holy City of Mecca
griot	member of a low caste of praise-singers
imam	religious in charge of a mosque
inch' Allah!	God willing!
Kaâba	sacred building at Mecca, and the Muslim Holy of Holies
kora	a kind of harp
kuskus	*couscous* in French, a dish of granulated flour steamed over broth, with pieces of mutton added
marabout	a holy man; also his tomb
m'ba	a screened-off area
salamalec	a greeting of Turkish origin
tacousane	Muslim afternoon prayer
taleb	teacher in a Koranic school
tiniis	Muslim sunset prayer
veudieu	co-wife

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The Latest in Latin American Footwear

Janet Schoor
Port Richmond High School

Aim: What has fancy footwear got to do with literature from Chile and Uruguay?

Major Ideas:Introduction or reintroduction of two different literary genres. showing that a fable is an entertaining way to teach a moral. and an ode is a poem of praise
To introduce or reintroduce the figures of speech of simile and metaphor

Performance Objectives: To understand both odes and fables
To be able to write original poetry based on the odes
To become acquainted with two Latin American writers

Motivation: Today we are going to have a lesson in the latest in Latin American footwear. I'd like everyone to show me your socks!
To those with white or black socks: "I'm sorry, but you're not invited."
To those with brightly colored socks: "Oh, yes, you can definitely come"
To everyone else: "I'll see what I can do!"

"Would you like to know what you're invited or not invited to? You see, the animals in the South American jungle are having a party, but they're very particular about what everyone wears.Those of you with bright socks are welcome but those of you with white stockings are a little like the flamingoes that came,and that turned out to be a disaster. They got nice stockings out of it though; I'll tell you how..."

Read together out loud "How the Flamingoes GotTheir Stockings" by Horatio Quiroga:

Questions:Who were the hosts of this party?
What were the costumes of the alligators, toads, frogs, etc.
Why weren't the flamingoes having a good time?
What did they do to change their stockings?
In reality, what were their stockings?
How did the other animals realize that?
What did they do about it?
How did that change the flamingoes' appearance and behavior to this day?

Summary: This story is in reality a fable. What is a fable? What other fables do you know? What is the moral that this fable teaches?

Motivation: This is not the only story about footwear in Latin America; Listen to this poem of praise that Pablo Neruda wrote about his terrific socks:

Read aloud with the class "Ode To My Socks" by Pablo Neruda:

Questions:Who gave him these socks?
What were they made of?
What color were they?
Why did he like them so much?
What does he compare them to when his feet are in them?
(On board, write responses and group them according to figures of speech):

Simile	Metaphor
as soft as rabbits	two fish
two decrepit firemen	two long sharks
	two blackbirds
	two cannons

(Explain the difference between simile and metaphor)
What was his first impulse to do to save the socks from wear and tear?
What does he compare this impulse to?

as schoolboys keep fireflies (simile)
as learned men collect texts " "
put in a golden cage and feed birdseed (metaphor)

What does he do with the socks instead? What does he compare this to? (simile of explorers eating rare green deer)
What is the moral of his ode?
Why is it twice beauty and doubly good?

Summary:What is an ode?
What do these two pieces of literaturehave in common?

Application: Surely, you have some possessions that you are as pleased with as Pablo Neruda is of his socks?
What are some of them?
I'd like you to write your own ode to these things:
(Included are the results of my students' original odes based on Neruda's "Ode To My Socks").

"ODE TO MY SOCKS" (3)

PABLO NERVOA (CHILE)

Maru Mori brought me
A pair
Of socks
Which she knitted herself
With her sheep-herder's hands,
Two socks as soft
As rabbits.
I slipped my feet
Into them
As though into
Two
Cases
Knitted
With threads of
Twilight
And goatskin.
Violent socks,
My feet were
Two fish made
Of wool,
Two long sharks
Seablue, shot
Through
By one golden thread,
Two immense blackbirds,
Two cannons,
My feet
Were honored
In this way
By
These
Heavenly
Socks.

They were
So handsome
For the first time
My feet seemed to me
Unacceptable
Like Two decrepit
Firemen, firemen
Worthy
Of that woven
Fire,
Of those glowing
Socks.

Nevertheless
I resisted
The sharp temptation
To save them somewhere
As schoolboys
Keep
Fireflies,
As learned men
Collect
Sacred texts,
I resisted
The mad impulse
To put them
In a golden
Cage
And each day give them
Birdseed
And pieces of pink melon.
Like explorers
In the jungle who hand
Over the very rare
Green deer
To spit
And eat it
With remorse,
I stretched out
My feet
And pulled on
The magnificent
Socks
And then my shoes.

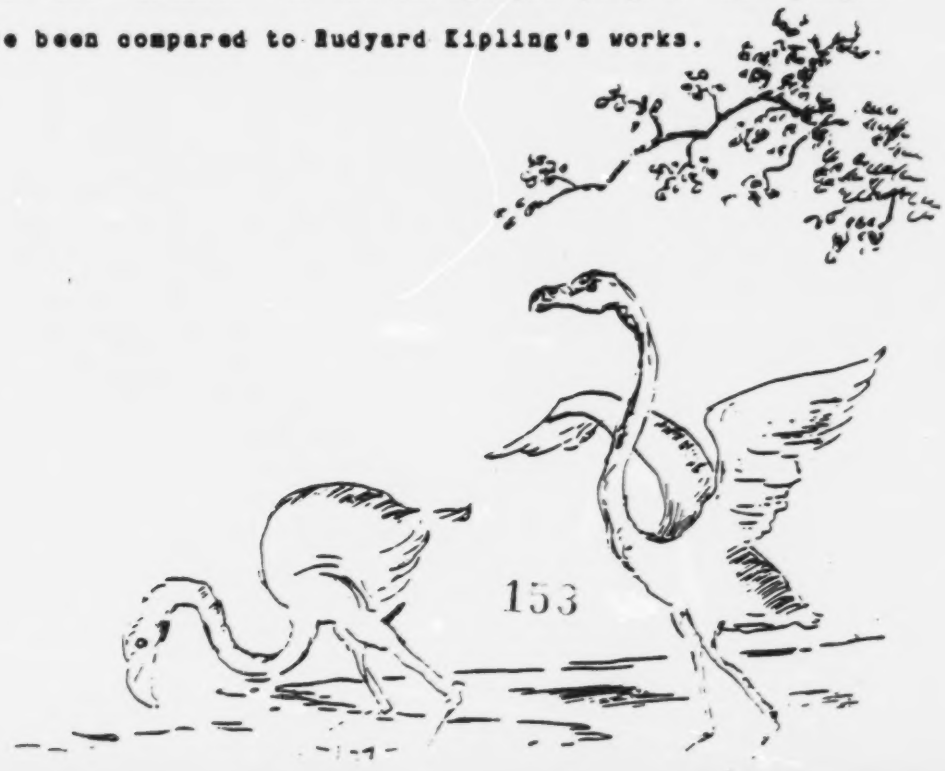
The moral
Of my ode is this:
Beauty is twice
Beauty
And what is good is doubly
Good
When it is a matter of two socks
Made of wool
In winter.

HORACIO QUIROGA

(1878 - 1937)

Horacio Quiroga was born in Uruguay in 1878. He moved, following a personal tragedy, to Buenos Aires in 1902. While living in Misiones, Argentina, he became known as the Edgar Allen Poe of the Río (river) de la Plata. His tales of nature, based on his experiences in the jungles of Misiones and the Chaco, offered a vivid new panorama blended of reality and fantasy, to the nationalist literature.

"How the Flamingoes Got Their Stockings" is a delightful fable from the collection of South American Jungle Tales by Quiroga. In this selection, the author incorporates the vegetation and animals of the Paraguayan jungle. His jungle tales have been compared to Rudyard Kipling's works.



Once the snakes decided that they would give a costume ball; and to make the affair a truly brilliant one they sent invitations to the frogs, the toads, the alligators and the fish.

The fish replied that since they had no legs they would not be able to do much dancing; whereupon, as a special courtesy to them, the ball was held on the shore of the Paraná. The fish swam up to the very beach and sat looking on with their heads out of the water. When anything pleased them they splashed with their tails.

To make as good an appearance as possible, the alligators put necklaces of bananas around their throats; and they came to the ball smoking big Paraguayan cigars. The toads stuck fish scales all over their bodies; and when they walked, they moved their forelegs out and in as though they were swimming. They strutted up and down the beach with very glum, determined faces; and the fish kept calling to them, making fun of their scales. The frogs were satisfied to leave their smooth green skins just as they were; but they bathed themselves in perfume and walked on their hind legs. Besides, each one carried a lightning bug, which waved to and fro like a lantern, at the end of a string in the frog's hand.

But the best costumes of all were worn by the snakes. All of them, without exception, had dancing gowns the color of their skins.

There were red snakes, and brown snakes, and pink snakes, and yellow snakes - each with a garment of tulle to match. The <u>yarara</u>, which is a kind of rattler, came in a single-piece robe of gray tulle with brick-colored stripes - for that is the way the yarara dresses when he is not going to a ball. The coral snakes were prettier still. They draped themselves in a gauze of reds, whites and blacks; and when they danced, they wound themselves round and round like corkscrews, rising on the tips of their tails, coiling and uncoiling, balancing this way and that. They were the most graceful and beautiful of all the snakes, and the guests applauded them wildly.

The flamingoes were the only ones who seemed not to be having a good time. Stupid birds that they were, they had not thought of any costumes at all. They came with the plain white legs they had at that time and the thick, twisted bills they have even now. Naturally they were envious of all the

gowns they saw, but most of all, of the fancy dress of the coral snakes. Every time one of these went by them, curtsying, pirouetting, balancing, the flamingoes writhed with jealousy. For no one, meanwhile, was asking them to dance.

"I know what we must do," said one of the flamingoes at last. "We must go and get some stockings for our legs - pink, black and white like the coral snakes themselves - then they will all fall in love with us.!"

The whole flock of them took wing immediately and flew across the river to a village nearby. They went to the store and knocked:

"Tan! Tan! Tan!*"

"Who is it?" called the storekeeper.

"We're the flamingoes. We have come to get some stockings - pink, black, and white."

"Are you crazy?" the storekeeper answered. "I keep stockings for people, not for silly birds. Besides, stockings of such colors! You won't find them in town, either!"

The flamingoes went on to another store:

"Tan! Tan! Tan! We are looking for stockings - pink, black, and white. Have you any?"

"Pink, black and white stockings! Don't you know decent people don't wear such things? You must be crazy! Who are you, anyway?"

"We are the flamingoes," the flamingoes replied.

"In that case you are silly flamingoes! Better go somewhere else!"

They went to still a third store:

"Tan! Tan! Tan! Pink, black and white stockings! Got any?"

"Pink, black and white nonsense!" called the storekeeper. "Only birds with big noses such as yours could ask for such a

*Tan! Tan! Tan! - Knock! Knock! Knock!

thing. Don't make tracks on my floor!"

And the man swept them into the street with a broom.

So the flamingoes went from store to store, and everywhere people called them silly stupid birds.

However, an owl, a mischievous tatu, who had just been down to the river to get some water, and had heard all about the ball and the flamingoes, met them on his way back and thought he would have some fun with them.

"Good evening, good evening, flamingoes," he said, making a deep bow, though, of course, it was just to ridicule the foolish birds. "I know what you are looking for. I doubt if you can get any such stockings in town. You might find them in Buenos Aires; but you would have to order them by mail. My sister-in-law, the barn owl, has stockings like that, however. Why don't you go around and see her? She can give you her own and borrow others from her family."

"Thanks! Thanks, ever so much!" said the flamingoes; and they flew off to the cellar of a barn where the barn owl lived.

"Tan! Tan! Good evening, Mrs. Owl," they said. "A relation of yours, Mr. Tatu, advised us to call on you. Tonight, as you know, the snakes are giving a costume ball, and we have no costumes. If you could lend us your pink, black and white stockings, the coral snakes would be sure to fall in love with us!"

"Pleased to accomodate you," said the barn owl. "Will you just wait a moment?"

She flew away and was gone some time. When she came back she had the stockings with her. But they were not real stockings. They were nothing but skins from coral snakes which the owl had caught and eaten during the previous days.

"Perhaps these will do," she remarked. "But if you wear them at the ball, I advise you to do strictly as I say: dance all night long, and don't stop a moment. For if you do, you will get into trouble, I assure you."

The flamingoes listened to what she said; but, stupidly, did not try to guess what she could have meant by such counsel. They saw no danger in the pretty stockings. Delightedly they doubled up their claws like fists, stuck them through the snakeskins, which were like so many long rubber tubes, and flew back as quickly as they could to the ball.

When the guests at the ball saw the flamingoes in such handsome stockings, they were as jealous as could be. You see, the coral snakes were the lions of the evening, and after the flamingoes came back, they would dance with no one but the flamingoes. Remembering the instructions of the barn owl, the flamingoes kept their feet going all the time, and the snakes could not see very clearly just what those wonderful stockings were.

After a time, however, they grew suspicious. When a flamingo came dancing by, the snakes would get down on the ends of their tails to examine its feet more closely. The coral snakes, more than anybody else, began to get uneasy. They could not take their eyes off those stockings, and they got as near as they could, trying to touch the legs of the flamingoes with the tips of their tongues -- for snakes use their tongues to feel with, much as people use their hands. But the flamingoes kept dancing all the while, though by this time they were getting so tired they were about ready to give up.

The coral snakes understood that sooner or later the flamingoes would have to stop. So they borrowed the lightning bugs from the frogs, to be ready when the flamingoes fell from sheer exhaustion.

And in fact, it was not long before one of the birds, all tired out, tripped over the cigar in an alligator's mouth, and fell down on her side. The coral snakes all ran toward her with their lanterns, and held the lightning bugs up so close that they could see the feet of the flamingo as clearly as could be.

"Aha! Aha! Stockings, eh? Stockings, eh?" The coral snakes began to hiss so loudly that people could hear them on the other side of the Paraná.

The cry was taken up by all the snakes: "They are not wearing stockings! We know what they have done! The flamingoes have been killing brothers of ours, and they are wearing their skins as stockings! Those pretty legs each stand for the murder of a coral snake!"

At this uproar, the flamingoes took fright and tried to fly away. But they were so tired from all the dancing that not one of them could move a wing. The coral snakes darted upon them, and began to bite at their legs, tearing off the false stockings bit by bit, and in their rage, sinking their fangs deep into the feet and legs of the flamingoes.

The flamingoes, terrified and mad with pain, hopped this way and that, trying to shake their enemies off. But the

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snakes did not let go till every last shred of stocking had been torn away. Then they crawled off, to rearrange their gauze costumes that had been much rumpled in the fray. They did not try to kill the flamingoes then and there; for most coral snakes are poisonous; and they were sure the birds they had bitten would die sooner or later anyway.

But the flamingoes did not die. They hopped down to the river and waded out into the water to relieve their pain. Their feet and legs, which had been white before, had now turned red from the poison in the bites. They stood for days and days, trying to cool the burning ache, and hoping to wash out the red.

But they did not succeed. And they have not succeeded yet. But the flamingoes still pass most of their time standing on their red legs out in the water. Occasionally they go ashore and walk up and down for a few moments to see if they are getting well. But the pain comes at once, and they hurry back into the water. Even there they sometimes feel an ache in one of their feet; and they lift it out to warm it in their feathers. They stand that way on one leg for hours, I suppose because the other one is so stiff and lame.

That is why the flamingoes have red legs instead of white. And the fishes know it too. They keep coming up to the top of the water and crying "Red legs! Red legs! Red legs!" to make fun of the flamingoes for having tried to borrow costumes for a ball. On that account, the flamingoes are always at war with the fishes. As they wade up and down, and a fish comes up too close in order to shout "Red legs" at them, they dip their long bills down and catch it if they can.

Odes

by Ms. Schoor's English 1 Class

Inspired by Pablo Nervda's "Ode to my Socks"

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"ODE TO MY SOCKS" (3)

PABLO NERVOA (CHILE)

Maru Mori brought me
A pair
Of socks
Which she knitted herself
With her sheep-herder's hands,
Two socks as soft
As rabbits.
I slipped my feet
Into them
As though into
Two
Cases
Knitted
With threads of
Twilight
And goatskin.
Violent socks,
My feet were
Two fish made
Of wool,
Two long sharks
Seablue, shot
Through
By one golden thread,
Two immense blackbirds,
Two cannons,
My feet
Were honored
In this way
By
These
Heavenly
Socks.

They were
So handsome
For the first time
My feet seemed to me
Unacceptable
Like Two decrepit
Firemen, firemen
Worthy
Of that woven
Fire,
Of those glowing
Socks.

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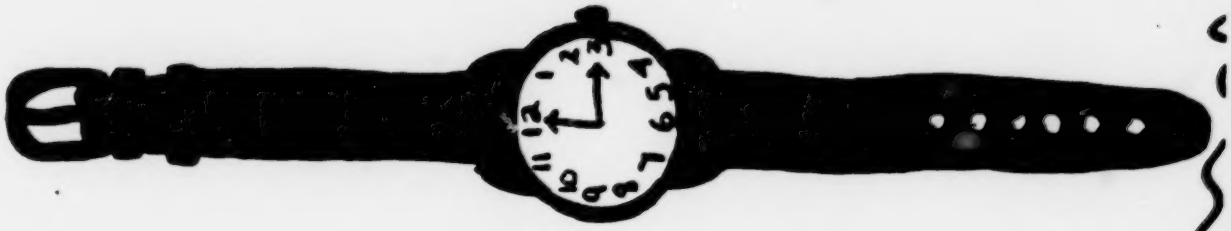
Nevertheless
I resisted
The sharp temptation
To save them somewhere
As schoolboys
Keep
Fireflies,
As learned men
Collect
Sacred texts,
I resisted
The mad impulse
To put them
In a golden
Cage
And each day give them
Birdseed
And pieces of pink melon.
Like explorers
In the jungle who hand
Over the very rare
Green deer
To spit
And eat it
With remorse,
I stretched out
My feet
And pulled on
The magnificent
Socks
And then my shoes.

The moral
Of my ode is this:
Beauty is twice
Beauty
And what is good is doubly
Good
When it is a matter of two socks
Made of wool
In winter.



Ode to my Watch

When I need you
You're always
on time
That's why I'll always
have you because
you're mine.

From January, February
March and May
throughout the year
May you
Always stay!

By:
Sabrina

Mike Conti

"Ode to my dog"

Ode to my dog
who I loved and
still adore. Every
morning that I
awoke he was
at my side ready
to play. He was
the reason why I
was happy all day
long. The things he
did and the way
he looked filled my
day with joy and
happiness. He stuck
by my side what ever
happen. But one
day he fell down
the stairs and he
was no more. I just
can't write in words how
much that mutt was to
me.

"ODE TO MY SOCKS" (3)

PABLO NERVDA (CHILE)

Maru Mori brought me
A pair
Of socks
Which she knitted herself
With her sheep-herder's hands,
Two socks as soft
As rabbits.
I slipped my feet
Into them
As though into
Two
Cases
Knitted
With threads of
Twilight
And goatskin.
Violent socks,
My feet were
Two fish made
Of wool,
Two long sharks
Seablue, shot
Through
By one golden thread,
Two immense blackbirds,
Two cannons,
My feet
Were honored
In this way
By
These
Heavenly
Socks.

They were
So handsome
For the first time
My feet seemed to me
Unacceptable
Like Two decrepit
Firemen, firemen
Worthy
Of that woven
Fire,
Of those glowing
Socks.

Nevertheless
I resisted
The sharp temptation
To save them somewhere
As schoolboys
Keep
Fireflies,
As learned men
Collect
Sacred texts,
I resisted
The mad impulse
To put them
In a golden
Cage
And each day give them
Birdseed
And pieces of pink melon.
Like explorers
In the jungle who hand
Over the very rare
Green deer
To spit
And eat it
With remorse,
I stretched out
My feet
And pulled on
The magnificent
Socks
And then my shoes.

The moral
Of my ode is this:
Beauty is twice
Beauty
And what is good is doubly
Good
When it is a matter of two socks
Made of wool
In winter.

Ode to My Fish

My dear mother bought a pair of fish for me.

Two fish as pretty as can be.

I feed them and take care of them as if they were gold.

They look like a field of a variety of flowers, with their fins waving in the water like tree does in a gentle breeze.

I still do adore and love my pretty little fish.

Randy Love
5C07 (9)
1-8-92

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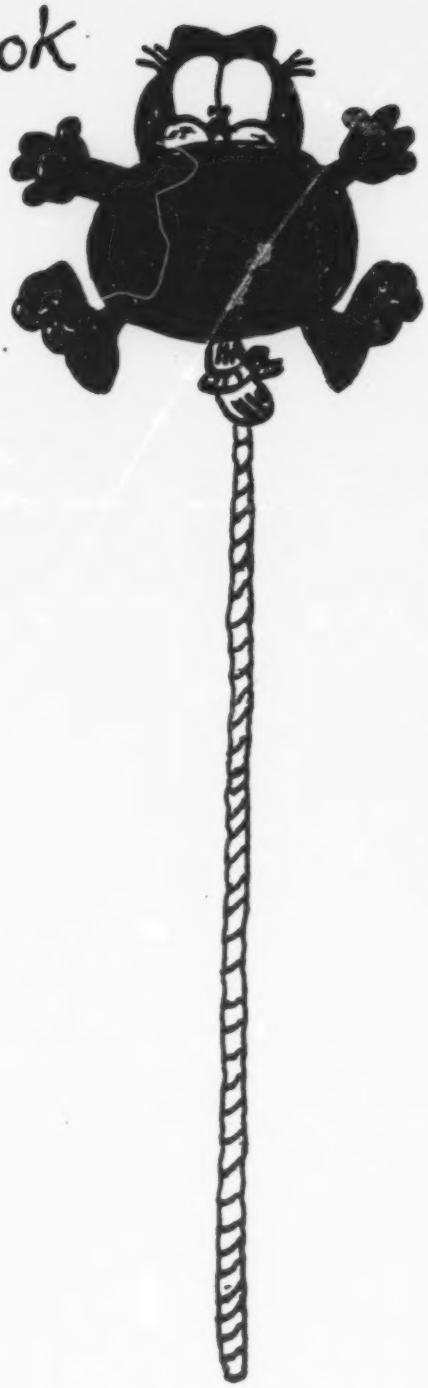
Ode to my Garfield Book



Ode to my Garfield book
for laughs I turn to you.
I read all your pages
when there's nothing else to do.

You're my favorite cartoon
you always make me laugh.
I would rather read you
then do my boring math.

You're so fat and orange
You always love to eat.
You torture poor Odie
and kick him with your feet.

I'll never throw you out
I'm sure to read you again
You're a barrel of laughs
my cute and cuddly friend

By:
Melissa
DeBello

Felicia Besto — Jan. 3, 1992
Ms. Schoor — Eng-19

"Ode to my Watch"

I wear my watch
almost everyday
It is an item
that defines my way

It matches my
personality
It is bold, black and
very mysterious

It goes with every
outfit I wear
No matter how
weird it is

I received my watch
on my 10th birthday
From my aunt Lynn
(Yes the weird one.)

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When I wear my watch I
always think of her
Because of its colors -
Black and orange

Lynn's favorite
colors
She wore those
colors everyday

When I think about
it
I honestly suspect that
she wanted the watch for
herself

But now that I
have it
I'll never give
it up

I love my watch
bold, black,
Kind of mysterious
(Just like me!)

-184-

Kirk Walker
Ms. Dchoor

Eng. 1, (9)
1-11-92

"Ode To My Picture Collection"

My picture collection includes friends
of all sorts.
Enemies that were once friends.
Best friends or worst enemies,
Pets, stars, good times and parties!

These pictures hang on my wall
I wake to see them every morning.
In a bad mood or good
They can always make me
feel better!

The pictures have what I like to call
the old gang.
All my friends from eighth grade
Some I'll never see again.
Some=
I see a little too much!

I love taking pictures,
there is still room for more

And...
exercises

Townsend Harris High School has contributed several "enrichment" lessons. This material was planned and taught collaboratively by Lynne Greenfield, Debbie Michlewitz and Judy Biener, all members of the humanities team at the school.

AIM: To compare modern and ancient odysseys and to share our "Culture Vulture" experiences.

MATERIALS: Worksheet: Odysseus Meets the Culture Vulture

PROCEDURE: Students begin to follow the worksheet by accepting the premise that they are Odysseus.

- Students read the poem "Broadway" by Walt Whitman:
  - What impression of Broadway (NYC) does Whitman convey in this poem?
  - What specific words of phrases help create that impression?
  - Would this city appeal to Odysseus? Explain your answer.
- Students write three components of their NYC visit and share with class.
- Students write comparable activities or experiences from The Odyssey (i.e. getting lost, being in a fabulous place, meeting strange or unusual people, eating wonderful foods, etc.)
- What benefits results from both odysseys?
  - Write a post card home explaining your experience.

Odysseus Meets the Culture Vulture

Odysseus, tired or sitting home and ruling Ithaca, feels the wanderlust rise up in him again. Inspired by the following poem, he decides to set forth and visit New York City.

BROADWAY
- Walt Whitman

What hurrying human tides, or day or night!
What passions, winning, losses, ardours, swim thy seas!
What whirls of evil, bliss and sorrow, stem thee!
What curious questioning glances - glints of love!
Leer, envy, scorn, contempt, hope, aspiration!
Thou portal - thou arena - thou of the myriad long-drawn lines and groups!
(Could but thy flagstones, curbs, facades, tell their inimitable tales;
Thy windows rich, and huge hotels - thy side-walks wide;)
Thou of the endless, sliding, mincing, shuffling feet!
Thou, like the parti-colored world itself - like infinite, teeming, mocking life!
Thou visor'd, vast, unspeakable show and lesson!

Vocabulary: ardours: intensity, zeal, passion
portal: door, entrance
myriad: innumerable, multitudinous
inimitable: unable to be dublicated or imitated.

Odysseus, upon arrival, discovers the CULTURE VULTURE. Amazed by the wealth and variety of things to do, see and eat, he immediately begins a new Odyssey - this time, around New York City.

He EXPERIENCED:

He TASTED:

He SAW:

While **Odysseus** marveled at the wonders of the city, he also remembered many of the sights, sounds and experiences of his other great journey.

He remembered EXPERIENCING:

He remembered TASTING:

He remembered SEEING:

So excited and impressed was **Odysseus**, both by his present adventures as well as by the memories of past adventures brought to mind, that he stopped briefly to send a **POST CARD** to **PENELOPE** or **TELEMACHUS.** (Choose one) The **POST CARD** read:

TO:

ITHACA, GREECE

APPLICATION:

- This lesson can be used with myths (The Odyssey, Antigone, Things Fall Apart, etc. when discussing the position of women in society.

  This lesson can serve as a motivation for a didactic or instructional story writing exercise.

AIM: To Examine the Hindu Definition of a "Good Woman"

MATERIALS: Story: "Savitra"s Love"

PROCEDURE:

- Students read the story.
- Students identify the laws which a "good woman" must follow.

(Teacher can create an "organizer" to assist the students in their notetaking.)

- Based upon what we have read and discussed, how would you describe the perfect Hindu woman?
  - Students may respond to this in essay form, dialogue form, drawing or other creative ways.
  - Students will share their responses.
- How does this definition compare/contrast with definitions from other cultures and other time periods? Discuss

Anonymous

from the *Mahabharata*[1]

SAVITRI'S LOVE

Adapted from a translation from
the Sanskrit by Romesh Dutt

THERE WAS A KING in India named Aswapati, and his people loved him, for he helped all in need and served the shining gods with prayer and sacrifice.

But the king had no child in whom his name and line could live on, and his heart was very sad. So he fasted often, and he said hymns to the shining gods, hoping they would grant this one wish. After sixteen years his prayers were heard. In the red fire of the altar he saw a woman, fair of face and manner.

"Your devotions have pleased me," she said. "State your wish and it will be granted."

"My wish is to be blessed with a child who will live after I am gone," the king replied.

"The gods will grant you that wish," she said, and then she was gone and the king saw only the red flame.

A child was born—a girl with bright eyes, bright as the lotus lily—and she was the pride of her mother and father. Eventually she grew into a beautiful woman; so beautiful in fact that her father was sure other kings would come to seek her hand from near and far. But none came, for this lotus-eyed one was blessed with a soul too magnificent even for royalty, and her serious ways and mystic speech made men stand back in awe.

One day this maiden of grace—Savitri by name—knelt at the altar of Agni, god of the red flame. She asked the god's blessings and laid before it an offering of cakes and drink. Then she gathered a bunch of flowers to take to her father. Aswapati looked at her with tender eyes.

"Savitri's Love" from the *Mahabharata* (adapted from the prose translation by Romesh Dutt).

1. *Mahabharata.* The *Mahabharata, or Stream of Stories,* is an epic poem of India, which dates from the centuries just preceding the Christian era. It was converted into prose during the nineteenth century.

"My daughter, it is time you were married as is the fashion of all high-born ladies. We must lose no time as people might think it is my fault that no husband has been chosen for you. Since no one has come to seek your hand, I suggest you travel and select one for yourself."

So Savitri began her search. She traveled in a splendid train, accompanied by nobles and wise men. The royal procession passed through forests and moved along streets of great cities, and journeyed even through the small villages in the hills. Wherever Savitri went she gave alms to the poor, and greeted the mighty and the lowly, and the people all blessed her.

One day she finally returned. The king greeted her from the throne. At his side sat Narad, the wise man. "I have found my husband," the princess said. "He is the Prince Satyavan.[2] Even though he does not live in a palace, still he is a noble of royal blood."

"What land does he rule?" the king asked.

"He has no kingdom, but lives in a cottage in the woods with his father and mother. Their lot is not a happy one. The old man is blind, and he and his queen have lived in the jungle since their son was an infant. Many years ago, the king's enemies drove him from his rightful throne and took away his lands. Ah, but my prince is as noble as his name; at his birth the Brahmans[3] called him Satyavan, or Truth Lover. He is manly and full of laughter, an excellent horseman, and he can paint pictures of horses that are a wonder to behold."

"What do you think?" the king asked the wise man, Narad.

"She has chosen badly," Narad answered. "The old king is indeed a just man, and the Prince Satyavan a noble youth. But I see a dark fate awaiting them, for it has been shown to me by the shining gods that the prince will die a year from this very day."

"Do you hear that, my daughter? I beg you to select another. It would be foolish to go ahead with your marriage since Yama, the god of death, will come in a year to claim your husband for his own."

"I can't choose another, dear father. My heart belongs to Satyavan alone. Whether he is taken from me or not, I will marry only him."

"You may do as you want, my child. But it is a strange wish you have shown. You ask to live in the wilds for twelve months, then to spend the rest of your years in mourning."

The next day the king and his daughter went into the jungle, accompanied by courtiers and priests, and carrying with them a great treasure. They found the blind old king seated on a grass mat beside a *sal* tree.

At the blind king's request, Aswapati and his daughter sat down on the grass mat. The host offered his honored guests some water, for he was too

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2. *Satyavan* (sät'yə-vän). 3. *Brahmans.* In Hinduism, the common religion of India, adherents are divided into four hereditary castes (classes), with members of [illegible] having no social intercourse with those of another. The Brahmans belong to the highe[illegible], which includes priests, scholars, and government officials.

poor to afford the customary wine. After cordialities, the two kings agreed upon the marriage, and not long afterwards the prince and princess were married. The lovely maiden thus became the queen of a small cottage nestled in the trees of a vast jungle. Once the wedding was concluded, her friends and father said their farewells amid many tears.

After her parents had gone, Savitri removed her sparkling jewels and her beautiful dress, and put on a plain robe fashioned from the bark of trees. This she bound around her with a cord of cheap yellow cloth. She would be a queen, not by her jewels or dress, but by serving the blind old king and his wife, and by her love and obedience to the prince of her choice.

So passed the happy year.

Now only four days remained before the Shadow of Death would glide into the forest kingdom. For three of these days Savitri fasted and went without sleep. Her heart was pained with the dread of that which had been preordained. But she told her story to no one, so neither the blind king nor the noble prince knew of the fate that lay ahead.

On the morning of that fatal day Satyavan arose in a joyful mood. He took his woodsman's axe and smiled at his princess. "I'm off to cut some wood," he announced. "I will be home again at the setting of the sun."

The prince's words broke Savitri's heart. She knew too well how the black-robed Yama would lay his thin hand upon her lover and so take him from her. "Let me go with you today," she said.

"No. The ground is too rugged for your dainty feet, and the way will be long, and the trip will be too exhausting. . . ."

"Please," she begged.

This plea Satyavan could not deny, and the prince and the princess set out for the depths of the jungle forest. They came to a distant place where there were many high trees for cutting and much fruit that could be gathered. The hour of noon had passed and dusk began to creep through the great forest. The sound of the axe echoed in the grove. Basket in hand, Savitri picked ripe berries from the shrubs. Again and again she would stop to look over at her husband.

Suddenly he cried out: "Oh, my wife!"

Savitri threw down her basket and rushed to his side.

"It's my head. A sharp pain is stabbing at my brain. Look, now my blood is hot. Oh, I must lie down."

Savitri helped him to a tree. Beneath the limbs she laid his head in her lap and fanned his face. His eyes had been closed for many moments when at last he fell silent. Then his pulse slowed and, finally, it was still.

The year had passed. The heartbroken Savitri looked up to see a huge shadow in the shape of a man. Its robe was black, its eyes shone like red lights, and it wore a strange crown on its head.

"Are you one of the gods?" she asked in a whisper.

"Princess, I am Yama, the god of Death. I have come this day for your husband, the prince."

At these words Yama raised his hands and threw a cord at the still form of Satyavan. The cord caught the life of the prince in its noose and drew it from his body. Then Yama turned towards his kingdom in the south.

The jungle became dark. And the power of Yama was strong. But the princess was brave. She got up and followed in the footsteps of Yama. After a short time the black god heard her; he turned.

"Go back. You have come too far. Go back and begin those sad rites which mourners make to show their sorrow for the dead."

"I follow my husband. It is my duty. The wise men say that to walk seven steps with another makes friendship. So let me walk more than seven steps with you. Besides the wise men tell that the way of righteousness is the way for all, and so it must be my way."

"Your loyalty and fidelity are great," Yama replied. "In return for these I will grant you one wish, any wish—except for the soul of the dead Satyavan."

"Then give me this. Let the eyes of my prince's father once again see the light of day, and let his strength be as the strength of the sun itself."

"It shall be done. Now turn back. You must return home. My way leads only to doom."

"Sad indeed will be the path home without my husband's guiding hand. There is no sweeter fruit on earth than the company of those we love."

The black god smiled, for Savitri's words were good and wise.

"I give you one more wish—except the soul of Satyavan."

"Then I ask that the kingdom of the old king be restored so that he may have his lands as well as his sight."

"It shall happen as you say. And now go back. The forest is wide and your home is far off."

"Yama, hear me once more. What is the goodness of a good man? Is it kindness to all things on earth, in the air or on the sea? It is indeed. So even if your enemy seeks help, grant him that help for by so doing you become good."

"Your words are the words of wisdom, princess. And for these last words I promise you still another wish. What will it be?"

"Oh, Yama, I only want to be the mother of noble children so that I can teach them to walk in the footsteps of their dear father, Satyavan. And for that—return my prince."

The god of death shook his cord. "Woman, your husband shall reign with you for many years, and you shall have sons to reign after you."

The dark shadow of Yama then floated off into the gloom of the jungle.

With quick feet Savitri ran. Breathless she flew. And when she reached the tree where the body of Satyavan lay she knelt. After putting his head on her lap, she waited and watched. At last the prince opened his eyes.

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"I must have overslept. Strange, just as I was falling asleep I thought I saw something like a shadow. It reached out and grasped my life in some kind of magic noose. Then I was carried away into the darkness—"

"That was Yama, the god of death. But he is gone. Get up now, Satyavan. It is dark and we must go home."

"Ah, now I remember—a sharp pain was piercing my brain."

"We'll talk about it tomorrow. It's time to go."

"It's too dark. We'll never find the path."

"Look," she said. "There is a fire burning in the forest a long way off. Perhaps it's the work of the blazing mid-day sun. We will head towards it. You can use the burning wood to make a torch so that we can drive off the wild beasts as we walk. But if your pain is still present, we can remain here until you recover."

"The pain is gone, Savitri. I am strong again. You are right, father and mother will be worried by our absence."

As he spoke of his blind father, tears filled the prince's eyes. He jumped to his feet, brushing the dry leaves from his clothes.

"Get your basket of fruit."

"We'll get it tomorrow, Satyavan. We have enough to do to find our way in the darkness. Here, let me carry the axe."

Savitri carried the axe in her left hand and put her right arm about her husband. In this way they traveled through the jungle, harmed neither by bear nor tiger.

The sky had turned to grey by the time Savitri and Satyavan reached the cottage. As they approached, they heard voices, and a shout arose as the prince and princess broke through the clearing.

"My children," cried the king.

"Father," shouted Satyavan. "How are you able to see me?"

"I do not know how this miracle came about, but I do know that I can see you, my son. And you, dearest Savitri, now I can look upon my faithful daughter for the first time."

The old king embraced his son and daughter-in-law.

"Now tell me," he asked. "Where have you two been all night?"

After Satyavan explained their delay, Savitri told of the evil prophesy and of her encounter with Yama, the god of death. No sooner had she finished than a jumble of noises came from the forest and a crowd of people approached.

"Good news," they cried. "The tyrant who captured the old king's throne has been overthrown. Return to your kingdom, dear ruler. Even though you are blind, your loyal subjects stand by your side."

"But the shining gods have cleared my eyes," the old king announced. "Come, let us all return to the lands and people of my birth."

And that is the story of Savitri, of her meeting with the black god of death, and of her great love. ✳

APPLICATION:

This lesson is suitable to enrichment a unit on perspective.

AIM: To Examine Ordinary Objects from Different Perspectives

MATERIALS: Poems: Ordinary Objects I
Poems: Ordinary Objects II
Advertisement: "An object is beautiful only if it has a useful purpose..."

PROCEDURE:

- Students read Ordinary Objects I and identify each object being described.

  - Using specific examples from each poem, why do you think the poet selected the metaphor(s) in each case? Explain and discuss.

  - Write your own description for an ordinary object by creating a metaphor for the object.

- Students read Ordinary Objects II.

  - Using specific examples from each poem, what do you think is the poet's attitude toward his object? Explain and discuss.

- Students will examine the advertisement for Japanese pottery.

  - Do you think this is a beautiful object?
  - What function does this object serve? Explain.
  - In terms of utility, does an object have to be beautiful?
  - In terms of beauty, does an object have to be utilitarian?
  - How can you explain the relationship between beauty and utility?

ORDINARY OBJECTS I

Identify each of the objects described in the following poems. Use the name of the object as the title of each poem.

A. TITLE: "_____"

This strange thing must have crept
Right out of hell.
It resembles a bird's foot
Worn around the cannibal's neck.

As you hold it with your hand,
As you stab with it into a piece of meat,
Is it possible to imagine the rest of the bird,
Its head which like your fist
Is large, bald, beakless and blind.

- Charles Simic

B. TITLE: "_____"

An old_____
bent, gouged,
Polished to an evil
Glitter.

It has bitten
Into my life-
This kennel-bone
Sucked him.

Now, it is a living
Thing: ready to
Scratch a name
On a prison wall -

Ready to be passed on
To the little one
Just barely
Beginning to walk.

- Charles Simic

C. TITLE: "_____"

In the gray evening
I see a long green serpent
It lies in loops across the grass
And drinks softly at the faucet.

D. TITLE: "_____"

A filing cabinet of human lives
Where people swarm like
bees in tunneled hives,
Each to his own cell in a the towering
comb,
Identical and cramped -
We call it home.

E. TITLE: "_____"

A silver-scaled dragon with jaws flaming red
Sits at my elbow and toasts my bread.
I hand him fat slices, and then, one by one,
He hands them, back when he sees they are
done.

Select an ORDINARY OBJECT of your own and write a poem about it. Try not to use the name of your object in your poem.

ORDINARY OBJECTS II

This is Just to Say

I have eaten
the plums
that were in the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast.

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold.
- William Carlos Williams

King Juke

The jukebox has a big square face,
A majestic face, softly glowing with red and green and purple lights.

BUT IT'S A PROVEN FACT, THAT A JUKEBOX HAS NO EARS.

With its throat of brass, the jukebox eats live nickels raw;
It can turn itself on or shut itself off;
It has no hangovers, knows no regrets and it never feels the need for sleep.
Can you do that?
What can you do that a jukebox can't, and do it ten times better than you?

And it hammers at your nerves, and stabs you through the heart,
And beats upon your soul -
But can you do that to the box?

Its resourceful mind, filled with thoughts that range from love to grief,
Can seize its thoughts between fingers of steel,
Begin them at the start and follow them through in an orderly fashion at the very end.
Can you do that?
And what can you say that a jukebox can't, and say it in a
clearer, louder voice than yours?
What have you got, a jukebox hasn't?
Well, a jukebox has no ears, they say,
The box, it is believed, cannot even hear itself.
IT SIMPLY HAS NO EARS AT ALL. - Kenneth Fearing

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APPLICATION:

This lesson is suitable to use with a unit on perspective.
This lesson is suitable in discussing cultural conflict in ***Things Fall Apart.***

AIM: To examine the importance of cultural context.

MATERIALS: Abramson Architects and Behavioral Science Associates Questionnaire.
Article - Chandigarh: Where the Experts Went Wrong

PROCEDURE:

- Distribute questionnaire and compare their responses.

  - What kind of environment did you select?
  - What were the reasons for your choices?

- Distribute article - *Chandigarh: Where the Experts Went Wrong.*

  - Identify the problems created in Chandigarh by the ideal community plan.
  - What other factors should have been considered to avoid these difficulties?

- Students will develop a definition of "cultural context."

  - What areas in your own society should be identified where cultural context needs to be considered?

Abramson Architects and Behavioral Science Associates

Dear Respondent:

You are one of seven hundred high school students throughout the United States who have been selected to assist planners in designing a novel urban-community project.

The project, called New City, is to build a medium sized city of between one hundred and one hundred and fifty thousand persons. What sets this project apart from others is that all planning is to be based upon extensive surveys of public taste and preference.

The questionnaire is a portion of the larger questionnaire which has been sent to adults of various occupational, educational and ethnic backgrounds.

DIRECTIONS: Indicate whether you agree or disagree by placing a * (agree) or a ^ (disagree) on the line in front of each item.

City Plan/City Ordinances

_____ 1. There should be zoning regulations setting aside special sections for industry, a university and a center for the performing arts.

_____ 2. The main business section should be located in the center of the city.

_____ 3. Residential areas should be clustered into separate self-contained neighborhood units each containing an elementary school and a small shopping center.

_____ 4. Only one or two shops of the same type will be permitted in each neighborhood shopping area in order to insure a variety of shops. The purpose of this is to make it unnecessary for people to leave their neighborhood to purchase the items they use everyday.

_____ 5. There will be many open spaces for parks.

_____ 6. Garbage must be collected at least twice a week.

_____ 7. Garbage must be put into covered cans or plastic bags.

_____ 8. Sidewalk carts selling such items as clothing, radios, hats, and toys will be prohibited.

_____ 9. Government licenses will be required for setting up eating establishments.

_____10. Pets larger than dogs will not be allowed.

Basic Apartment Design: The apartments will include the following:

___ Kitchen (stove, refrigerator, sink, cabinets)
___ Spacious living room/dining room area
___ 2,3 or 4 bedrooms
___ Bathroom
___ Clothes closet
___ Veranda facades with grills which cast attractive shadows in the sunlight.
___ Large picture windows
___ Landscaped front and rear courtyards.

Chandigarh - Where the Experts went Wrong

Cattle wander through shopping centers and lounge in the middle of the streets, even though it is illegal for most residents to own them. Sidewalk vending is outlawed, yet you can't walk on the sidewalks without stumbling over peanut vendors, shoe repairmen, and turban washers. There is a large park called Leisure Valley, yet hardly anyone takes his leisure there. This is the city of Chandigarh in India.

Unlike other Indian cities, Chandigarh did not develop slowly over the centuries, but sprang full-grown as a totally new city, planned by the world's leading architects. In the words of Prime Minister Nehru, it was a "city unrestricted by the traditions of the past."

Today, after more than 20 years, the people of Chandigarh are not completely happy with their city. The planners' ideas about how the people should live did not coincide with the way the people do live. Although basic human needs may be the same, the means of satisfying them differ from culture to culture.

Unfortunately, most architects today (including Indian architects) are educated in architectural schools that teach Western values, which the students apply to their own countries. The result is often conflict between the peoples' traditional life style and their new surroundings.

For example, in Chandigarh spacious living/dining areas, so popular in the West, are consistently cut in two by a curtain. Food is often stored on the counter-top stoves in the kitchens and the cooking is one on the floor. Clothes are hung from wall pegs rather than in closets. Beds are put in living rooms and living rooms are made into bedrooms. The misuses remain riddles until one looks beyond the designers' intentions and into the peoples' way of life.

The front bedroom is turned into a living room because the intended living room offers too little privacy for the family area, which by long tradition must be hidden from the eyes of the visitors. This misuse causes another, namely, placing the bed in the dining room. Since no area is provided for the family alter, part of the clothes closet must be taken over and the clothes hung on wall pegs. The kitchen stove and counter are not used for preparing and cooking food because Indian women prefer working out in the fresh air on the veranda and cooking their food over a kerosene stove on the cement floor. Indians are also frequently critical of the decorative grills on the facades of the buildings because they see them as convenient steps for burglars. In fact, family privacy and security are so important to Indians that they frequently paste paper over living room and bedroom windows which face the public areas such as a well-traveled walk or a courtyard.

After seeing the narrow, winding streets of a traditional city, one is struck by the large amount of open space in Chandigarh. Fine, one might say - lots of parks. But there is no Indian tradition of park use. So they remain just about unused.

Indian tradition is working against the architect's plans in other ways. Imitating the neighborhood concept long popular in the West, the designers divided the residential areas. Each of the city's sectors is cut into nearly equal halves by a shopping street. The commercial area was supposed to have one of each kind of shop so that people could buy their everyday necessities without leaving their own sector. But what has happened is that in many sectors the shops are all of the same kind. As the head of the sociology department at Punjab University explained, "Shopping customs are different in our country. People believe in bargaining, so they must have a lot of the same kind of stores in one place."

Dodging cattle on the sidewalks and streets turns out to be as common in Chandigarh as in other Indian cities, even though by law cattle are supposed to be restricted to a few areas. Every foreigner knows that the cow is sacred in India, but few are aware that it has always been prestigious to own a buffalo. In a country where the adulteration of food is not uncommon, you can only be certain milk is pure if you see it

leave the cow. Buffalo are kept openly in the rear courtyards of small row houses, even though they have to be brought in through the front door in plain view of the neighbors and, presumably, the authorities.

The original plan of Chandigarh was for the garbage to be put in cans and collected daily. Actually, it is collected only once a week; however, this situation is quite acceptable. Since it is a religious duty to feed the wandering cows, edible garbage (as well as garden trimming) is left in a pile in front of the house for the cows to munch on.

Chandigarh is a classic example of what goes wrong when planners apply their own values indiscriminately. They assumed that the architecture would form the people in their own image. It hasn't. We know from the experience of other countries that little is gained by abandoning things that connect people with their past while a great deal of pride and cultural self-respect is lost.

Adapted from Brolin, Brent, "Chandigarh Was Planned by Experts, But Something Has Gone Wrong."; Smithsonian Magazine, June, 1972 pp.65-62

APPLICATION:

This lesson can be used when teaching The Odyssey or myths in a discussion of the qualities of a hero.

AIM: To explore the concept of the hero.

MATERIALS:

Handout: Data Sheet 1 and Data Sheet 2
Story of Essay: "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", James Thurber
"The Fifty-first Dragon", Heywood Hale Broun

PROCEDURE:

- Distribute Date Sheets to students.

  - Select an applicant to be the subject of a statue in the park.
  - Why did you make your selection? Explain.

- Based upon your selection and the reason for your choice, write a definition of the term "hero."

  - Students will share work and discuss the concept of the hero envisioned by the main character in each work.

- Students will read either story of essay.

  - What is the concept of the hero envisioned by the main character in this work?
  - What is the relationship between the main character's fantasies with his real life?

- Which applicant for the statue do you think the main character in your story would have selected? Why? Explain your reasons.

- How do we select our heroes?

Data Sheets 1 and 2

Problem: The Park Committee has asked you to help them select a person to be honored by having his statue erected in the park. In front of you are the resumes of the two most promising applicants. Decide which one you would selelct based on the information below and list the reasons for your choice.

Data Sheet 1

strong and well built
good looking
has many girl friends
well dressed
good dancer
invited to many parties
enjoys eating a good steak
very wealthy
very good at what he does
dramatic
likes publicity
outspoken
quick-tempered
lives well
travels a great deal
has products named after him
appears on T.V.
has many fans who often cheer him
occasionally gets into fights
owns a Rolls Royce
many people want his autograph

Data Sheet 2

skinny
short
wears glasses
spent time in jail
has strong beliefs
does not eat meat
very patriotic
lives without luxury
has strong opinions
courageous
loved by many people
is non-violent - never had a fist fight
rarely argues with anyone
likes to read a great deal
owns a very small wardrobe
is very religious
does not go to many parties
is often treated very badly
bald

APPLICATION:

- This lesson can be used with the selection in myhtology on death, pain and suffering.

AIM: To Examine Different Ways Man Attempts to Explain the Existence of Pain and Suffering

MATERIALS:

Poem: "The Night of the Scorpion" Niziem Ezekial (Hindu)

PROCEDURE:

- Students read the poem.

  - What is the attitude toward the tragedy of each of the following:
    the peasants
    the father
    the holy man
    the mother?

  - How does each of these people attempt to explain the existence of pain and suffering?

  - To what degree are the different attitudes reflected in the different courses of action?

- What do you think is the attitude of the poet towards each person in the poem? What do you think is the attitude of the poet towards the tragedy itself?

Night of the Scorpion — Niziem Ezekiel

I remember the night my mother
was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours
to steady rain had driven him
to crawl beneath the sack of rice.
Parting with his poison - flash
of diabolical tail in the dark room -
he risked the rain again.
The peasants came like swarms of flies
and buzzed the Name of God a hundred times
to paralyze the Evil One.
With candles and with lanterns
throwing giant scorpion shadows
on the mud-baked walls
they searched for him; he was not found.
They licked their tongues,
With every movement that the scorpion made
his poison moved in Mother's blood, they said.
May he sit still, they said.
May the sins of his previous birth
be burned away tonight, they said.
May your suffering decrease
the misfortunes of your next birth, they said.
May the sum of evil
balanced in this unreal world
against the sum of good
become diminished by your pain.
May the poison purify your flesh
of desire, and your spirit of ambition,
they said, and they sat around
on the floor with my mother in the center,
the peace of understanding on each face.

More candles, more lanterns, more neighbors,
more insects, and the endless rain.
My mother twisted through and through
groaning on a mat.
My father, skeptic, rationalist,
trying every curse and blessing,
powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.
He even poured a little paraffin
upon the bitten toe and put a match to it.
He watched the flame feeding on my mother.

I watched the holy man perform his rites
to tame the poison with his incantation,
After twenty hours
it lost its sting.

My mother only said
Thank God the scorpion picked on me
and spared my children.

APPLICATION:

This series of lessons can be used as enrichment in teaching about China.
(All Aims will appear together, followed by the appropriate worksheets for each lesson.)

AIM: To Examine the Importance of Friendship and Hospitality in Traditional Chinese Life

MATERIALS: Poem: A Heary Welcome Li Po
Poem: To My Retired Friend Wei Li Po

PROCEDURE:

- Students read the two Chinese poems.

  - Identify and discuss the attitude towards friendship and hospitality expressed in each poem.

  - How would you compare/contrast these attitudes with others from literature?
  - How would you compare/contrast these attitudes with others from personal experience?

* * * * *

AIM: To Compare Different Views of Women

MATERIALS: Poem: Women (Chinese)
Poem: Women Fu Hsuan (Chinese)

PROCEDURE:

- Students read the first poem, Women.

  - List the faults the poet finds with women.
  - What do you think has made the poet so angry?

- In a traditional Chinese family, there were two unwritten rules:
  the superiority of the older generation over the younger generation;
  the superiority of men over women.

Students read the second poem, Women by Fu Hsuan

- How would you describe life for a young female in a traditional Chinese household? Explain your reasons.

- The poet makes statements like,
  "How sad it is to be a woman"
  "...no one is glad when a girl is born..."

  What is your reaction to those statements?
  How would you compare these views with other views from literature?
  How would you compare these views with other views from personal experience?

(Editor's note: There is a 30 minute high school edition of the video Small Happiness, a report from contemporary China on the role of women. This video would be excellent to show in conjunction with this lesson, comparing the voice of a young Chinese woman today with the voices of the Chinese poets of the T'ang Dynasty.)

* * * * *

AIM: To Explore the Idea that Life is a Journey

MATERIALS: Poem: Sonnet 26 Feng Chih

PROCEDURE:

- Students read Sonnet 26 and answer the following questions:

  - What kind of a journey is this?
  - How does the journey compare with the classic hero's journey we have discussed in class?
  - What part or parts of the journey have you been on?

* * * * *

AIM: To Compare and Contrast Different Versions of a Familiar Tale

MATERIALS: Cinderella (Chinese) lin Yutang
Another version or versions of the Cinderella story.

PROCEDURE:

- Students hear or read a familiar version of the Cinderella story. Students retall the story.
- Students read the Chinese version which dates from the 8th century.

- What similarities can you note among the versions?
  What differences can you note among the versions?
  What conclusions can you draw regarding the similiaries and differences among the versions of the story of Cinderella?
  How can you explain this? Discuss.

* * * * *

AIM: To Explore the Use of Myths to Explain Our Environment

MATERIALS: Myth: The Stone Statues at the Ming Tombs

PROCEDURE:

- Students read the myth.

  - How do you explain the damages statues at the Ming Tombs?
  - What reasons can you give for the animation of the statues?

- In your opinion, what are the values of the culture which produced this sto

AIM: To Examine the Importance of Friendship and Hospitality in Traditional Chinese Life

A Hearty Welcome

To Vice-Prefect Ts'uei

North of me, south of me, spring is in flood,
Day after day I have seen only gulls...
My path is full of petals - I have swept it for no others.
My thatch gate has been closed - but opens now for you.
It's a long way to the market, I can offer you little -
Yet here in my cottage there is old wine for my cups.
Shall we summon my elderly neighbor to join us?
Call him through the fence, and pour the jar dry?

To My Retired Friend Wei

It is almost as hard for friends to meet
As for the morning and evening stars.
Tonight then is a rare event,
Joining, in the candlelight,
Two men who were young not long ago
But now are turning grey at the temples.
...To find that half our friends are dead
Shocks us, burns our heart with grief.
We little guessed it would be twenty years
Before I could visit you again.
When I went away, you were still unmarried;
And now these boys and girls in a row
Are very kind to their father's old friend.
They ask me where I have been on my journey;
And then, when we have talked ahile,
They bring and show me wines and dishes,
Spring chives cut in the night-rain
And brown rice cooked freshly in a special way.
...my host proclaims it is a festival,
He urges me to drink ten cups -
But what ten cups could make me as drunk
As I always am with your love in my heart?
...Tomorrow the mountains will separate us;
After tomorrow - who can say?

AIM: To Compare Different Views of Women

WOMAN **Anonymous**

A clever man builds a city,
A clever woman lays one low;
With all her qualifications, that clever woman
Is but an ill-omened bird.
A woman with a long tongue
Is a flight of steps leading to calamity;
For disorder does not come from heaven,
But is brought about by women.
Among those who cannot be trained or taught
are women and eunuchs.

WOMAN **Fu Hsuan**

How sad it is to be a woman!
Nothing on earth is held so cheap.
Boys stand leaning at the door
Like Gods fallen out of Heaven.
Their hearts brave the Four Oceans,
The wind and dust of a thousand miles.
No one is glad when a girl is born:
By her the family sets no store.
When she grows up, she hides in her room
Afraid to look a man in the face.
No one cries when she leaves her home
Sudden as clouds when the rain stops.
She bows her head and composes her face,
Her teeth are pressed on her red lips:
She bows and kneels countless times.
She must humble herself even to the servants.
His love is distant as the stars in heaven,
Yet the sunflower bends toward the sun.
Their hearts more sundered than water and fire -
A hundred evils are heaped upon her.

Her face will follow the years' changes:
Her lord will find new pleasures.
They that were once like substance and shadow
Are now as far as Hu from Ch'in.* * two separate states
Yet Hu and Ch'in shall sooner meet
Than they whose parting is like Ts'an and Ch'en.* * two stars

AIM: To Explore the Idea that Life is a Journey

SONNET 26

We travel on a familiar road every day
To return to the place we live,
But in this forest, there are hidden
Many narrow paths, secluded and strange.

When we walk on one of these strange paths we panic,
Afraid of getting farther and farther, getting lost;
Yet, without knowing, through a clearing in the woods
Suddenly we see the place where we live.

Displayed on the horizon, like a new island.
So many things around us demand that we
Make new discoveries.

Think not that everything is already familiar.
When you lie dying and touch your own hair and skin,
You will wonder: Whose body is this?

Feng Chih
Translated by Kai-Yu Hsu

AIM: To Compare and Contrast Different Versions of a Familiar Tale

This story comes from an ancient book of Chinese tales by Tuan Ch'eng-shih, who died in A.D. 863. This apparently is the earliest written version of the Cinderella tale. Tuan said that his story was told to him by a serpent. As you read, note the chief characteristics of this little Chinese Cinderella. Is she similar to the Cinderella with whom you are familiar?

CINDERELLA (Chinese)

Lin Yutang

Once, before the time of Chin (222-206 B.C.) and Han, there was a chief of a mountain cave whom the natives called Cave Chief Wu. He married two women, one of whom died leaving him with a baby girl named Yeh Hsien. She was very intelligent and clever at working on gold and her father loved her dearly, but when he died she was maltreated by her stepmother who often forced her to cut wood and sent her to dangerous places to draw water from deep wells.

One day, Yeh Hsien caught a fish more than two inches long with red fins and golden eyes and she brought it home and placed it in a basin of water. Every day it grew bigger and bigger until the bowl could not hold it any longer, and she placed it in a pond back of her home. Yeh Hsien used to feed it with what she had saved from her own food. When she came to the pond, the fish would rise to the surface and pillow its head on the bank, but is anyone came to the water's edge it would not appear.

This curious behavior was noticed by the stepmother who often waited for the fish, but it would never come up. One day she resorted to a ruse and said to the girl, "Are you not tired from work? I will give you a new jacket." Then she made Yeh Hsien take off her old clothing, and sent her off to a distance of several hundred li (Chinese measure of distance) to draw water from another well. The mother then put on Yeh Hsien's dress, and hiding a sharp knife in her sleeve, went to the pond and called to the fish. When the fish put its head out of the water, she killed it. The fish was by that time over ten feet long, and when it was cooked, it tasted many times better than any other fish. And the mother buried its bones in a dunghill.

Next day, Yeh Hsien came back, and when she arrived at the pond, she saw that the fish was gone. Whereupon she wept until a man with disheveled hair, dressed in a ragged garment, descended from the sky and comforted her, saying, "Do not cry. Your mother has killed the fish, and its bones are buried under a dunghill. Ho home and carry the bones to your room and hide them. Wherever you shall want, pray to them and your wish will be granted." Yeh Hsien followed his advice, and it was not long before she had gold and jewelry and finery of such costly texture that they would have delighted the heart of any young maiden.

The night of the Cave Festival, Yeh Hsien was told to stay at home and watch the fruit orchard. When the lonely girl saw that her mother had gone a long distance, she arrayed herself in a green silk jacket and went to the festival. Her sister who had recognized her said to her mother, "Is that girl not strangely like my elder sister?" The

mother also seemed to recognize her. When Yeh Hsien became aware of their glances she ran away, but in such haste that she dropped one of her slippers, which fell into the hands of the cave people.

When the mother came back home, she found her daughter sleeping with her arms around a tree. She put aside any suspicions she may have had about the identity of the finely dressed girl.

Now near the caves there was an island kingdom called T'o Huan. Through its strong army, it ruled over twenty-four islands, and its territorial waters covered several thousand li. The cave people therefore sold the slipper to the T'o Huan Kingdom, where it found its way to the king. The king made the women of his household try it on, but the slipper was an inch too short even for those who had the smallest feet. Then he had all of the women of the kingdom try it, but the slipper would fit none of them.

The king suspected the cave man of getting the slipper from dubious sources and imprisoned him and tortured him. The unfortunate man could not tell where the shoe came from. Finally it was placed by the roadside and couriers were sent from house to house to arrest anyone who had the other slipper. The king was greatly puzzled.

All houses were searched and Yeh Hsien was found. She was made to put the slippers on and they fitted her perfectly. She then appeared in her slippers and her green silk dress, looking like a goddess. Then a report was made to the king, and the king brought Yeh Hsien to his island home, together with her fishbones.

After Yeh Hsien had left the cave, the mother and the sister were killed by flying stones. The cave people pitied them and buried them in a pit, erecting a tomb which they called "The Tomb of the Regretful Women." The cave people worshipped them as the goddesses of matrimony, and whoever asked them a favor regarding marriage was sure to have her prayer granted.

The king returned to his island and made Yeh Hsien his first wife. During the first year of their marriage, they asked the fishbones for so many jades and precious things that they refused any longer to grant his wishes. He ten took the bones and buried then close by the sea, with a hundred bushes of pearls, lined with a border of gold. When his soldiers rebelled against him, he went to the spot, but the tide had washed them away and they have never been found to this day.

This story was told to me by an old servant of the family, Li Shih-yuan. He comes from the cave people of Yungchow, and remembers many strange stories of the South.

AIM: To Explore the Use of Myths to Explain Our Environment

The Stone Statues at the Ming Tombs

Since liberation a big reservoir has been built near the Ming Tombs, about which there are various tales. All visitors there know that the avenue leading in from the front archway if lined with stone statues. There are twenty-four stone animals: four lions, four griffins, four camels, four elephants, four unicorns and four horses. There are also twelve stone men: four military officials, four civilian officials and four statesmen of noble rank. But all these magnificent statues are slightly chipped or damaged. How could such hard marble be chipped? The local people have a story about this.,

Emperor Qian Long (1736-1796), so they say, wanted to set off his grace by moving the statues from the Ming Tombs there. He told his Prime Minister, Hunchback Liu, his plan. Hunchback Liu thought: If he moves those statues away, won't that spoil the Ming Tombs? But of course he had to obey the Emperor. He said, "Good! Good! Quite right, Your Majesty."

So the Emperor sent his Prime Minister to the Ming Tombs to reconnoiter and figure out how best to move the statues. After putting up in the state hostel, Hunchback Liu went to have a look at them. The more he looked the more beautiful he found them, and the more convinced he was that they shouldn't be moved, but he could think of no way to keep them there. Like an actor in a play, he proclaimed the imperial edict to the statues:

"Listen and obey, stone figures and stone beasts!" he cried. "An imperial edict gives you three days in which to move away. Do you agree to this?"

The stone figures said nothing, the stone animals kept still. Hunchback Liu turned to his attendants, "The statues haven't said a word or moved. That means they are willing."

His attendants suppressed smiles and expressed agreement. Then he led them back to the hostel.

That night, at midnight, the Prime Minister was sitting up racking his brains for a way to keep the statues at the Ming Tombs. Suddenly he heard a commotion outside, as if many people had come. He opened the door to look. Ha! There stood the twelve stone figures from the Ming Tombs.

"You should be prepared to move," he said. "Why come here to disturb me?"

The four noblemen in front replied, "We have come to beg Your Excellency's help. This has been our home for hundreds of years, so we really don't want to leave. Do let us stay here intact, Your Excellency!"

The word "intact" gave Hunchback Liu an idea. He fumed, "What insolence! How dare you stone statues flout an imperial edict? So you want to stay here intact and save your hides? I have no patience with you!"

He sprang up and struck one statesman's cheek. Why should Hunchback Liu spring up? For one thing, the Prime Minister was a hunchback. Besides, when the stone statesmen heard him say, "So you want to stay here intact and save your hides", they had nodded as if they understood. And when he raised his hand to strike them, instead of dodging they smiled. In a twinkling the four statesmen's faces were mutilated or their robes were torn, yet they still looked very pleased. The four military officials and the four civilian officials submitted equally cheerfully to a beating, knowing there was a reason for it; so none of them hit back. After all twelve statues had been mutilated, the statesmen said, "Thank you , Your Excellency. Excuse us for disturbing yo. We'll go back now." And off they went to the head of the four military officials and four civilian officials, leaving the Prime Minister there in the hostel.

The stone statesmen went up to the stone animals and bellowed at them, "You twenty-four beasts are still sitting pretty here, disgusting creatures! Draw your swords, commanders, and slash each of these brutes!"

"Very good!" cried the four military officials. And, though not knowing the reason, they carried out their orders, wounding all twenty-four animals.

The next morning the Prime Minister deliberately told his attendants, "The Ming Tombs are deserted, yet there was such a row last night that I couldn't sleep properly."

His attendants replied, "We didn't hear anything."

That set Hunchback Liu's mind at rest, since they knew nothing of the trick he had played. He told them, "Well, let's go and have another look at those stone figures and stone animals, before going back to report to the Emperor."

When they reached the statues, Hunchback Liu made a show of inspecting them carefully, one by one.

"Look!" he exclaimed suddenly. "They're all mutilated! How can they be used for our Emperor! They aren't fit for his use!"

His attendants saw that the stone figures and animals were indeed mutilated. They all agreed, "Our Emperor can't use these."

And afterwards? Hunchback Liu went back to report to the Emperor: The stone figures and stone animals at the Ming Tombs were all chipped and damaged, nut fit to be used. And do those statues remained at the Ming Tombs. People going there today still tell this story.

APPLICATION:

This unit was created for the teaching of the African novel, *Things Fall Apart* by Chinua Achebe. The novel is used in many of the New York and the World schools for 9th grade students.

All of the "AIMS" and "PROCEDURES" follow. Handouts and readings for each Aim follow.

Many of the lessons in this series employ group work. When the teacher is using group work (cooperative learning) throughout the unit, each student is assigned to a group called a village council. This concept of village councils is in the style of the government of the villages in the novel.

Most of the lessons outlines here are comprehensive in their connection to the text. The title lesson can be used to motivate the novel. The Father and Son lesson is appropriate for the opening chapters.

AIM 1: To Analyze the Significance of the Title *Things Fall Apart.*

MATERIALS: Excerpt from "The Second Coming" by William Butler Yeats

PROCEDURE:

- Teacher demonstrates the motion of a weight on a string that is spun in a circle and then released.

  - How can you describe this demonstration?
  - Why does the weight stay in orbit?
  - What would happen if the "center" lets go?
  - Which situation is better? Why?

- Teacher reads quotation to class:

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosened upon the world..."
- William Butler Yeats

  - What is the relationship between this quotation and the experiment?
  - What line in the poem corresponds to our experiment?
  - What are some of the things we would like to stay together which sometimes fall apart?

- Students examine cover design of *Things Fall Apart*

  - Where does the novel take place?
  - Read students a description of Nigeria:

Nigeria has a 500 mile coastline, for the most part made up of sandy beaches, behind which lies a belt of mangrove swamps and lagoons. North of the coast lowlands is a broad hilly region with a rainforest in the south and covered with savanna in the north. Behind the hills is the great plateau (2000 ft elevation), a region of plains covered with savanna but merging into scrubland in the north. Greater altitudes are attained in the center and the east.

SUMMARY:

- We have had a demonstration, discussed a quotation and analyzed a book jacket. How does the title, the quotation and the demonstration relate to the cover design?
- Where does the cover show things that fall apart?

* * * * *

AIM 2: To Analyze the Relationship Between Fathers and Sons

PROCEDURE: Teacher will read the following lines from poetry:

"My father moved through dooms of love..."
e.e.cummings
"My father's face is brown with sun..."
Francis Frost
"We romped until the pans/slid from the kitchen shelf"
Theodore Roetke

- What kind of relationships do people have with their fathers?
- What is the difference between being a son and a daughter?

- What kind of feelings did Okonkwo have for his father? Why?
- If he weren't his father, how would Okonkwo feel about him? Why is it different?
- How does the society feel about Okonkwo's father? Why?
- In what way is this the same or different from Okonkwo's feelings?

SUMMARY:

- What does the society value?
- Why is Okonkwo the way he is?
- Why is his father the way he is?
- How different is our society?

AIM 3: To Analyze Crime and Punishment in Different Cultures

MATERIALS: *Things Fall Apart*

PROCEDURE:

- Teacher asks class the following questions:
  - What is a crime?
  - Why are certain acts labeled crimes?
  - Why is punishment necessary?

- Class is divided into village councils to deal with the following questions:
  (Teacher refers to the following pages in the text:
    - 116-118 Manslaughter
    - 86-89 Wife beating
    - 89 Land issue
    - 118 Twins
  - What are crimes among the Ibos?
  - How are the crimes dealt with?
  - How are the crimes uncovered?

  Students will analyze the resolution of two of the crimes.

SUMMARY: In what ways are the crimes and punishments similar to our society?

* * * * *

AIM 4: To Appreciate the Artistry of Fabric Design

PROCEDURE:

- Why might you hang fabrics in a museum?
  - Where in the text of Things Fall Apart are the fabrics/clothing mentioned?

- Re-form the village councils.
  - Distribute examples of kanga cloth to each group.
  - Distribute mottos/proverbs to each group.

  Students will try to match the kanga cloth to the motto.
  Students will explain their choices and share their decisions.

Kanga Cloth Mottos

Patience is good.
Flowers are eaten by birds.
An old woman is a miracle.
Your happiness is my benefit.
Who can be like mother?
The one who gives birth to good.
Today's Oman.

AIM 5: To Weigh the Strengths and Weaknesses of Okonkwo

PROCEDURE:

- How can you weigh the value of a man to his people?
  What questions can you ask to determine his value?

- Divide class into **village council.**
  - We are going to deal with the question of how valuable a man Okonkwo was to his people.

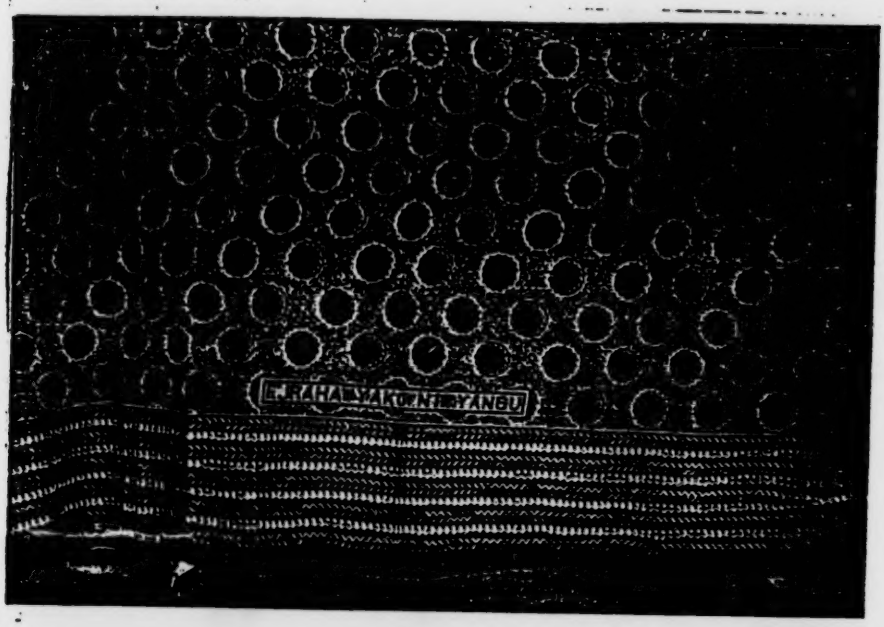
Teacher places the following organizer on the chalkboard:

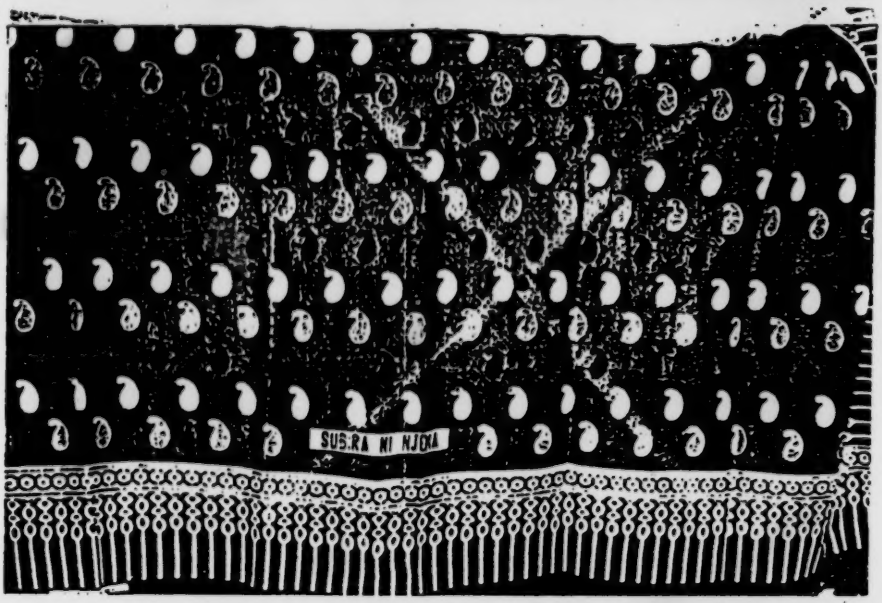
How Valuable was Okonkwo to His People?

Characteristic	Example(s)	Page reference
Weaknesses		
Liked		
Respected		
Admired		
Bravery		
Loyalty		
Good done for people		
Harm done to people		
How did he treat others		
How did he treat his family		
How did he treat elders		
How did he treat authority		
What values did he have		
What morals did he have		
How did he deal with problems		
Violence		
Kindness		
Success		
Deeds		
Crimes		
Good personal traits		
Bad personal traits		

Students will complete chart in their groups, report and discuss.

SUMMARY: Was Okonkwo a good role model for the Ibo people?





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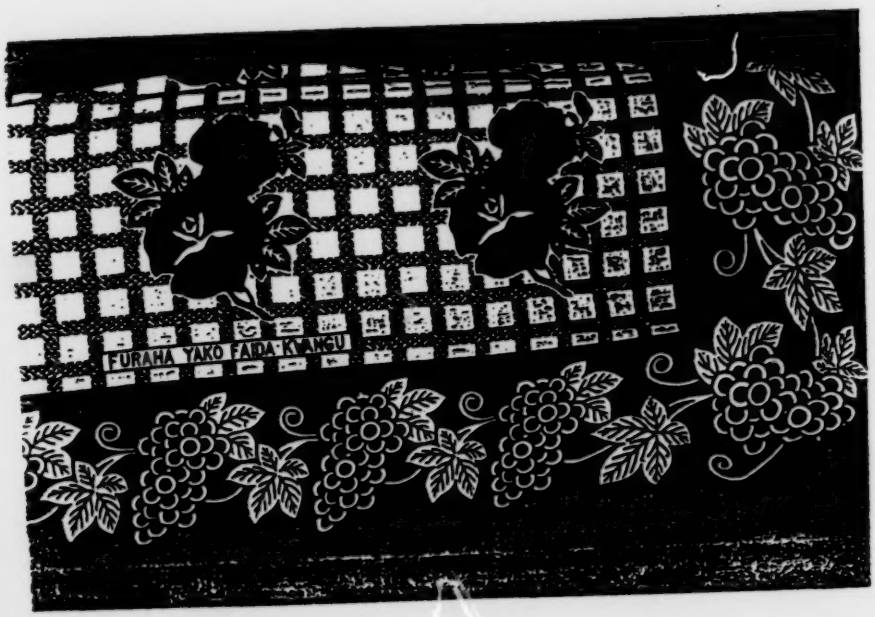

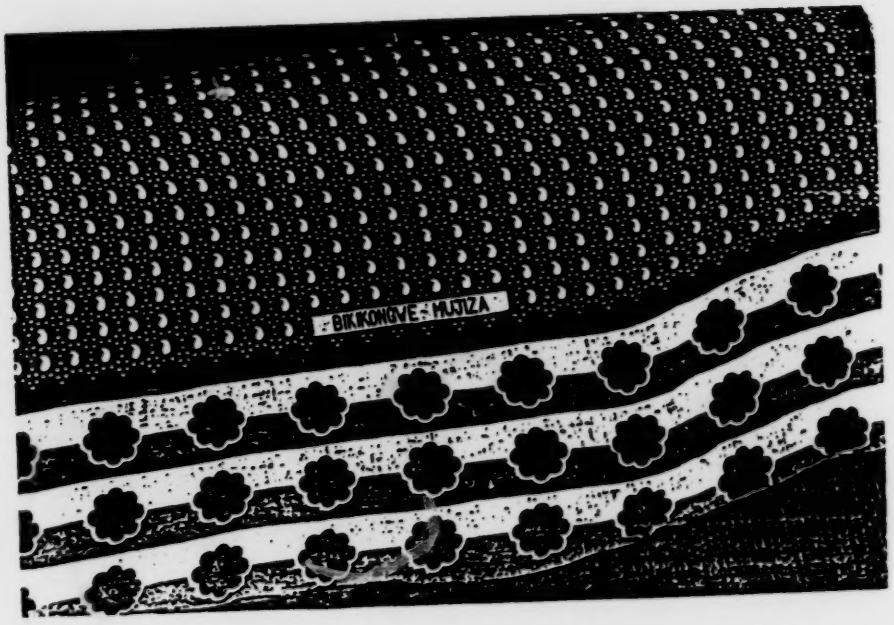

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AIM 6: To Define the Ibo Concept of Male Superiority and the Role of Women in Ibo Culture.

PROCEDURE: "A woman's place is in the home."
"She drives like a man."
"He drives like a woman."

- What are the meanings of these statements?
- How do they make us feel?
- What does their existence indicate?

- How does an Ibo man insult another?
  What does this reveal about the Ibo?
  What things are expected from Ibo men? Ibo women?
  Where can you find examples of these in the text?
  How does the fact of multiple wives support the value structure?

- Students will write on the relationship between the woman's role in Ibo society and Okonkwo's treatment towards (a) his family (b) the festival.

* * * * *

AIM 7: To Enact Rituals and Key Incidents in *Things Fall Apart*

PROCEDURE:

- In this lesson, the students will enact rituals and key incidents from the text through the game of Charades.

  - Teacher will secretly assign incidents to students:
    tap a palm tree for wine
    play ogene, play ekwe
    mash yam foo-foo
    break the kola nut
    play flute
    wrestle
    harvest yams
    sit "like a woman"
    dig for your iyi uwa
    use snuff
    eat eggs in secret
    run with a child on your back
    make a sacrifice at the shrine
    paint the walls
    paint each other

shave heads
bargain for a bride price (broomsticks)
plait someone's hair
repair the wall

- Students will enact their charade and teacher will list on chalkboard.
  - How do these rituals and incidents help us better understand the text?
  - What rituals do we have in our own society that are similar/different?
  - How are some of these rituals means of commuincation?

* * * * *

AIM 8: To Learn About a Culture While Examining Its Proverbs: 2000 B.C. and earlier

Handout - Proverbs: *Things Fall Apart*

PROCEDURE:

- What kinds of topics are usually covered by proverbs?

- Distribute Handout - Proverbs: 2000 B.C. and Earlier
  - What areas of Middle Eastern life are being commented on in each of the proverbs?
  - How would you interpret and/or rephrase each proverb?

- Distribute Handout - Proverbs: *Things Fall Apart*

  Assign a specific proverb from the sheet to each row/group with the following task:
  - Select a recorder or reporter for your group.
  - Rephrase the proverb.
  - Be prepared to discuss the context in which this proverb can be found in the text.
  - Identify a cultural value or priority illustrated by the proverb (e.g. respect for age, the value of success, family ties, etc.)
  - Comment on the sagacity or validity of the proverb for us.

  Each group/row reports on its proverb.
  - How do the proverbs reveal the values of a culture?
  - Compare and contrast the proverbs discussed in class.

- Write a story or fable which illustrates the wisdom or truth of a proverb. The last line of the story should be the proverb.

  - Does your story highlight cross-cultural similarities? Discuss.

AFRICAN PROVERBS

Truth:

- Truth keeps the hands cleaner than soap.
- Whereas a liar takes a thousand years to go on a journey, the one who speaks the truth follows and overtakes the liar in a day.
- If you travel with fraud, you may reach your destination but you will be unable to return.
- Honor withdraws from those who lie.
- Scandal is like an egg; when it is hatched it has wings.

Patience:

- With patience you can skin an ant and obtain its liver.
- If you put your ear close o the ground (and listen attentively), you can hear the footsteps of an ant.
- However long the journey, at ends at the door.

Children:

- There is no wealth where there is no children.
- The stream won't be advised; therefore its course is crooked.
- When you take away a knife from a child give him a piece of wood instead.

Cooperation:

- The hand of the child cannot reach the shelf, nor can the hand of the adult get through the neck of a gourd.
- When spider webs unite, they can tie up a lion.
- Anyone who thinks that cooperating with each other is not useful, let him hold his upper lip and see whether the lower one alone can speak.

Helping Each Other:

- Not to aid one in distress is to kill him in your heart.
- If your parents take care of you until you finish teething, you take care of them when they lose their teeth.

AIM 9: To Complete an Anthropological Study

PROCEDURE:

- Today you are going to be an anthropologist.
  - In your biology and social studies class, you learn that all people have certain identical basic needs. What are they?
  - In what ways are people different?
- Create a blank chart in your notebook. This chart will be used as you do your anthropological research.

A Study of Okonkwo's Tribe

	Example	Page reference
Holidays		
Food		
Rituals		
Customs		
Religion		
Drinks		
Houses		
Marriage		

- Why can we call this a viable culture?
  - Any similar concepts in your house? Your life?
  - Are their any customs we should accept? Explain.

Leslie Marti-Munoz is an Art teacher at Richmond Hill High School. Although she is not working with an interdisciplinary team, she has successfully adapted classroom art projects to the themes and topics covered in the social studies and English classes. She has contributed four projects which can be adapted to different organizing centers and different regional areas of study.

I. MURALS

The creation of a mural gives the student an opportunity to mesh his own self-expression with that of the group, building cooperation and interaction among the students.

Objectives:

- To give the child a sense of being the necessary factor in the success of the group.
- To heighten sensitivity to the contrast of colors.
- To give the child an experience in good unified design.
- To build the child's self-esteem.
- To enjoy the element of surprise in the finished product.
- To provide an interdisciplinary experience based upon a specific theme they are studying in their English or social studies class, in order to produce a deeper understanding of theme.

Materials:

Pencils; kraft paper or a roll of inexpensive paper; craypas, magic markers or crayons; collage materials; scissors; broad masking tape.

Motivation:

Teacher will lead a discussion about murals: their functions, their themes, their symbols. Examples of murals will be demonstrated with particular attention to color, color schemes, design and subject matter.

Process:

1. Students take turns covering the entire surface of the paper with continuous curved lines, creating a variety of sizes and shapes.
2. The back of the paper is divided into straight line diagonal segments. These are numbered.
3. A small sample sketch (map) is made as a guide.

4. Segments are cut and distributed to the students.

5. The class decides on the topic and color scheme for the mural.

6. Designing is done on the curved line side. Lines are used to indicate color separation. Subject matter is drawn in pencil before the color is added.

7. When all sections are complete, the mural is joined on the back (numbered side), following the small guide sketch, and taping the edges with masking tape. It fits together like a jig-saw puzzle or a patchwork quilt.

Note: These is no top, bottom or sides to the mural. it can be viewed in many ways.

Expansion Ideas:

- Murals may be made by substituting outlines of students lying down in overlapping positions instead of curved lines on the top side of the paper.
- Mural may be made of objects (any images) drawn on the top side of the paper instead of the curved line design.
- Original areas may be filled with glue followed by sand or a variety of textures and collage.
- Areas may be filled with mosaics.
- Murals may be made of wood sections.
- Mural may be used as a backdrop or scenery for a play.
- Mural may cover a large box to make a puppet show stage.
- Mural can relate to different subject areas, class trips, etc.

Subject Areas:

Transportation, sports, games, hobbies, holidays,m seasons, fantasy, art, music, science, travel, fairy tales, nursery rhymes, etc.

II. PUZZLED WALL HANGINGS

Objectives:

- To give students an experience in handing ceramic materials.
- To give students background information in creating a ceramic wall-hanging.
- To provide students with knowledge of art fundamentals, elements of design, originality, techniques and concepts in ceramics.

Materials:

Firing clay; Basic ceramic tools - wooden modeling tools, pin tools, trimming tools, sponges; a work board on which to handle and work with clay; burlap, rolling pin, textures; drawing paper, scissors, pencils.

Motivation (Introduction):

Introduce the students to the different types of ceramic wall hangings that can be made. Show samples of ceramic wall hangings which incorporate different types of materials such as yarn, wire, etc., that have been done by former students or from illustrations. Discuss the many cultures which use ceramic wall-hangings as a form of art.

Procedure:

Step 1: Demonstrate for the students have the clay is prepared.

Step 2: Distribute drawing paper and students will create a composition. A theme must be decided on before the composition is created. Begin to consider size, texture and elements of design such as rhythm, movement, unity, gesture, etc.

Step 3: Have the students consider a way to destroy their finished composition with a scissor. The wall hanging must be divided in such a way that it enhances the composition, like a puzzle.

Step 4: Have students number each divided section of the composition.

Step 5: Students roll out clap into a slab and then place their divided sections of the composition on the slab and begin to cut-out each section.

Step 6: Students make holes on each section for a wire or yarn to be placed through in order to hang the composition. Remind students to number the clay division also, so that a clear record of the sections may be placed together for reconstruction.

Step 7: Let clay dry until leatherhard (still workable, some moisture left). At this stage, one can take a carving tool to re-emphasize or enhance any texture or details on the clay.

Step 8: Allow ceramic piece to dry thoroughly and bisque fire.

Step 9: Ceramic wall hanging is then glazed and reconstructed with yarn or wire.

III. CULTURAL MASK PROJECT

This project combines research, writing and artistic interpretation.

YOU ARE REQUIRED TO:

1. Research a culture and their use of masks or research a culture you are interested in (Mexican, Ethiopian, Indonesian, Russian, Asian, South American, etc.)

2. Bring in a photograph, magazine clipping, drawing or a reproduction of a mask or a face which represents the culture you are researching.

3. Create your mask or reproduce your photo into a drawing of a mask.

4. Write a paper (approximately 700 words) on the culture and the use of the mask within that culture. In your essay, include why you chose that culture, how it affects you, why you were interested in it, how and why the mask is used.

5. Ask yourself the following questions when you are doing your research:
   - What is the culture all about?
   - What is their way of life?
   - Why did they create masks?
   - How did they create masks?
   - How did they use their masks? (Ceremonies? Magic? Voodooism?)
   - What are the reasons for choosing that culture or mask?
   - How did I recreate that mask or face?

Objectives:

- To introduce students to working with ceramic materials and modern ceramic devices.
- To provide students with a knowledge of art fundamentals: elements of design, originality, techniques and concepts in ceramics.
- To provide students with an interdisciplinary experience in the art class.

Materials:

Firing clay; basic tools: wooden modeling tools, carving tools, needle tool, sponges, etc.; a work board on which to handle and work with clay; burlap, rolling pin, textures; drawing paper, scissors, pencils and newspaper.

Motivation (Introduction):

Discuss with the class the different types of ceramic masks that can be made. Demonstrate samples of different cultural masks (various medias) which incorporate a variety of themes and include diverse materials (raffia, leather, yarn, etc.). Show examples of work done by former students as well as historical masks.

Procedure:

Step 1: Demonstrate how the clay is prepared.

Step 2: Distribute drawing paper and have students create a mask composition which is appropriate to the culture they researched. Decide on a themes before the composition is created. Consider size, texture and elements of design such as rhythm, movement, unity, etc.

Step 3: Using their reference materials, students will begin to draw on the slab of clay. Students will draw the details of the mask - eyes, mouth, etc.

Step 4: Students model the features, using ceramic tools.

Step 5: Let the clay dry until it is leatherhard (still workable, carvable). Students can use the carving tool and needle tool to emphasize a specific design. Textures can be carved in the clay. Remember to provide small holes on either side of the mask to attach yarn for w wearing or display.

Step 6: Allow work to dry thoroughly. Bisque fire mask. Glaze and then display.

Step 7: Have students evaluate completed masks and research papers.

IV. JEWELRY MAKING

Objectives:

- To give students the experience of handling ceramic materials.
- To give the students some "hands-on" experience in creating ceramic jewelry.
- To produce a creative, wearable and unique object for the "craft" market.

Materials:

Firing clay; Basic tools - wooden modeling tools, pin tools, trimming tools, sponges; a work board on which to work and handle clay; aprons or work clothes; clay gun extruder, burlap, rolling pins, textures; jewelry findings (earrings, pins, bracelets, etc.)

Motivation (Introduction):

Discuss with the students the different types of ceramic jewelry that can be made. If possible, show samples of different ceramic jewelry pieces, either made by former students, purchased or photographs. Continue the discussion with the students regarding the different cultures which have used ceramic jewelry both as a work of art and as a fashion accessory.

Procedure:

Step 1: Prepare the clay. Get the excess air out of the clay be kneading (wedging).

Step 2: Roll the clay out with a rolling pin on a piece of burlap (prevents sticking to table or board and, additionally, gives texture to the clay). Clay must be rolled out evenly about 1/4 to 1/2 an inch in thickness.

Step 3: Remove the clay from burlap and place on working board. Begin to create the design considering size, shape, texture, color and the elements of design. When designing, use basic tools to define lines, shape, etc. Use clay gun inventively in creating the jewelry designs.

Step 4: Let clay dry until leatherhard (still workable with some moisture left). Use the carving tool to re-emphasize or enhance any texture or details on the clay designs.

Step 5: Let ceramic piece dry thoroughly. Bisque fire.

Step 6: After the bisque firing, the ceramic pieces may be handpainted or glazed. Appropriate findings should be attached to the jewelry.

AN AFTERWORD

The examples of curriculum writing seen in this guide are only a small portion of the total output of **New York and the World** participants. We have and will continue to distribute exemplary lesson plans, curriculum ideas and enrichment projects generated by individuals and school teams.

New York and the World has sponsored research projects conceived and promulated by teachers. These are in our library and available for teachers to examine. They include:

• Video: Taiwan: Tradition and Change	John Orlowski, Tottenville High School
• India: Marriage Customs	John Gileece, Susan Jasper South Shore High School
• Carneval	Steve Schwartz, South Shore High School
• Teaching Current Events	Mike Tobias, South Shore High School
• Women's Role in Turkish Society	Joanne Kaya, South Shore High School

Della Levine of John Jay High School has contributed a highly detailed curriculum for Special Education High School programs. She has focused on the ancient cultures of Latin America and includes excellent strategies for teachers and worksheets for students. This project is available for examination also.

South Shore High School in Brooklyn, New York has played a strong role in the Humanities project of New York and the World. Many 9th grade social studies and English teachers have worked collaboratively to develop exciting units. Some of the teachers have been involved in individual research projects with Giselle Martin-Kniep, the evaluator for the New York and the World Project. Many have engaged in individual curriculum research projects: Mike Tobias - Developing weekly current events lessons; Steve Schwartz - The Carneval: Latin America and New York (with video); Joanne Kaya - Rug Weaving and Turkish Women (with slides); Karl Benzinger - Music; and John Gilleece and Susan Jasper - The Traditions of Courtship and Marriage. These units are available at The American Forum and teachers should examine them for innovative ideas. It is impossible to reproduce them in this guide because of their length and complexity but we are including an overview of the courtship and marriage curriculum.

Curriculum Unit Title: The Traditions of Courtship and Marriage

Created by: John Gilleece and Susan Jasper, South Shore High School

Guiding Question: What is revealed about a culture in its marriage traditions and customs?

Unit length: 6 weeks

Objectives: Students will be able to:

- Compare and contrast arranged marriage customs in several different cultures.
- Read and view materials from several cultures.
- Discuss the pros and cons of arranged marriages.
- Become involved in a (simulated) matchmaking situation.
- Familiarize themselves with American marriage customs.
- Read and discuss world-wide attitudes towards women.
- Look at divorce customs in several different cultures.

Questions:

- What can we tell about a culture by examining its traditions?
- What are the pros and cons of the tradition of arranged marriage?
- How do you complete a matchmaking personality profile?
- How does the tradition of arranged marriage aid Mrs. Pan in adjusting to life in America?
- How did Romeo and Juliet break the arranged marriage custom?
- What new and old Japanese traditions are presented in "The Jay"?
- Why is arranged marriage a common tradition for royalty or other leaders of countries?

- How can marriage by arrangement be better than marriage for love?
- What traditions does Wang Lung (The Good Earth) honor on his wedding day?
- How is the tradition of arranged marriage changing in many countries?
- How do American marriage traditions differ from other cultures?

Procedures/Strategies:

- Developmental lessons
- Videotaped materials/questions sheets
- Cooperative Learning groups
- Hands-on creative activities
- Individual writing assignments: journals, letters, personals, point of view narratives, poetry, biographical narratives
- Simulated socialization : e.g. "matchmaking" couples

Evaluation:

- Tests
- Homework activities
- Group and individual projects
- Review sheets/video worksheets
- Journals/portfolios

Materials:

- "Tradition" - song from Fiddler on the Roof
- The Good Deed - short story
- "Matchmaker" - song from Fiddler on the Roof.
- Yenta's "Matchmaking Service" - application form
- Personal ads - local magazines and newspapers
- Romeo and Juliet - selected scenes
- The Jay - short story
- "Coming to America" - scene from movie video
- The Needle - short story
- "Wang Lung's Marriage Day" - Chapter 1 The Good Earth
- "Do You Love Me" - song from Fiddler on the Roof
- Collected articles on American marriage customs
- Newspaper articles
- Snapshots of a Wedding - short story
- Poems on arranged marriages - China, Vietnam
- Time Magazine - articles on worldwide attitudes toward women
- Wedding First, Love Later - Indian marriages